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MARCH 2008

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THE HUMAN BODY: A USER'S GUIDE
- Juice Your Brain
- Save Your Heart
- Sell Your Kidney

POLITICIANS GONE WILD!
We Name the Beltway's Biggest Badasses p.100

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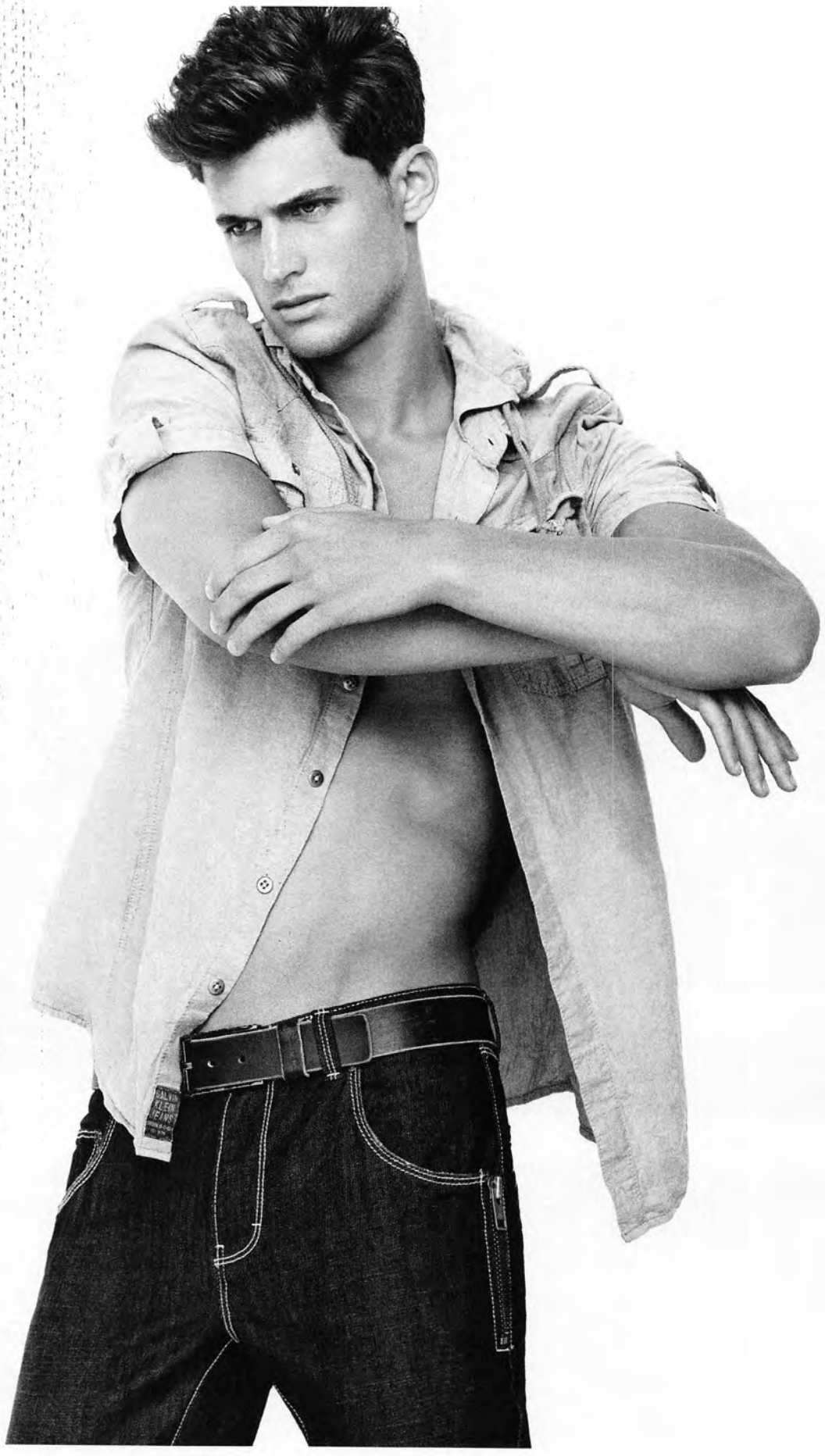

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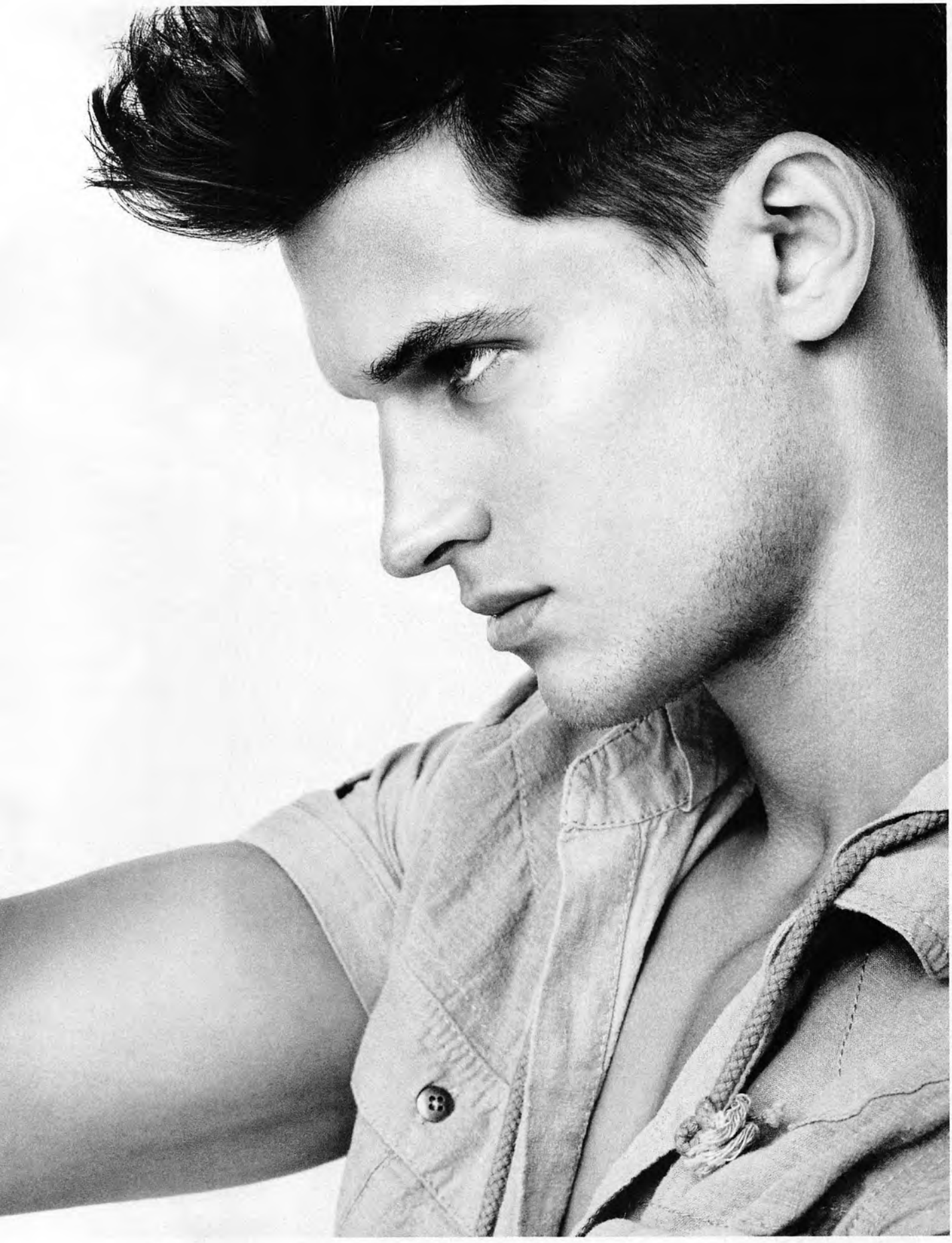

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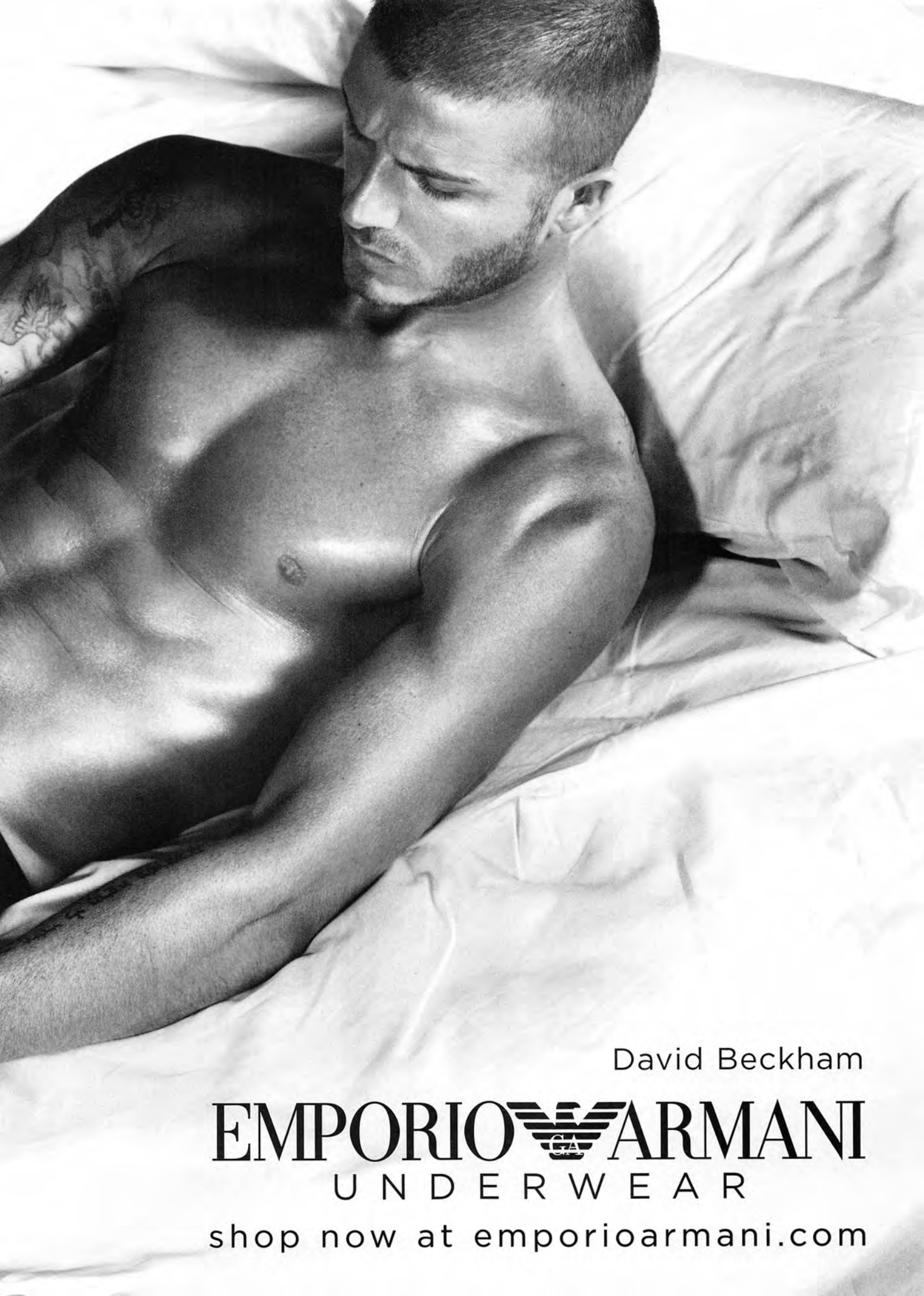
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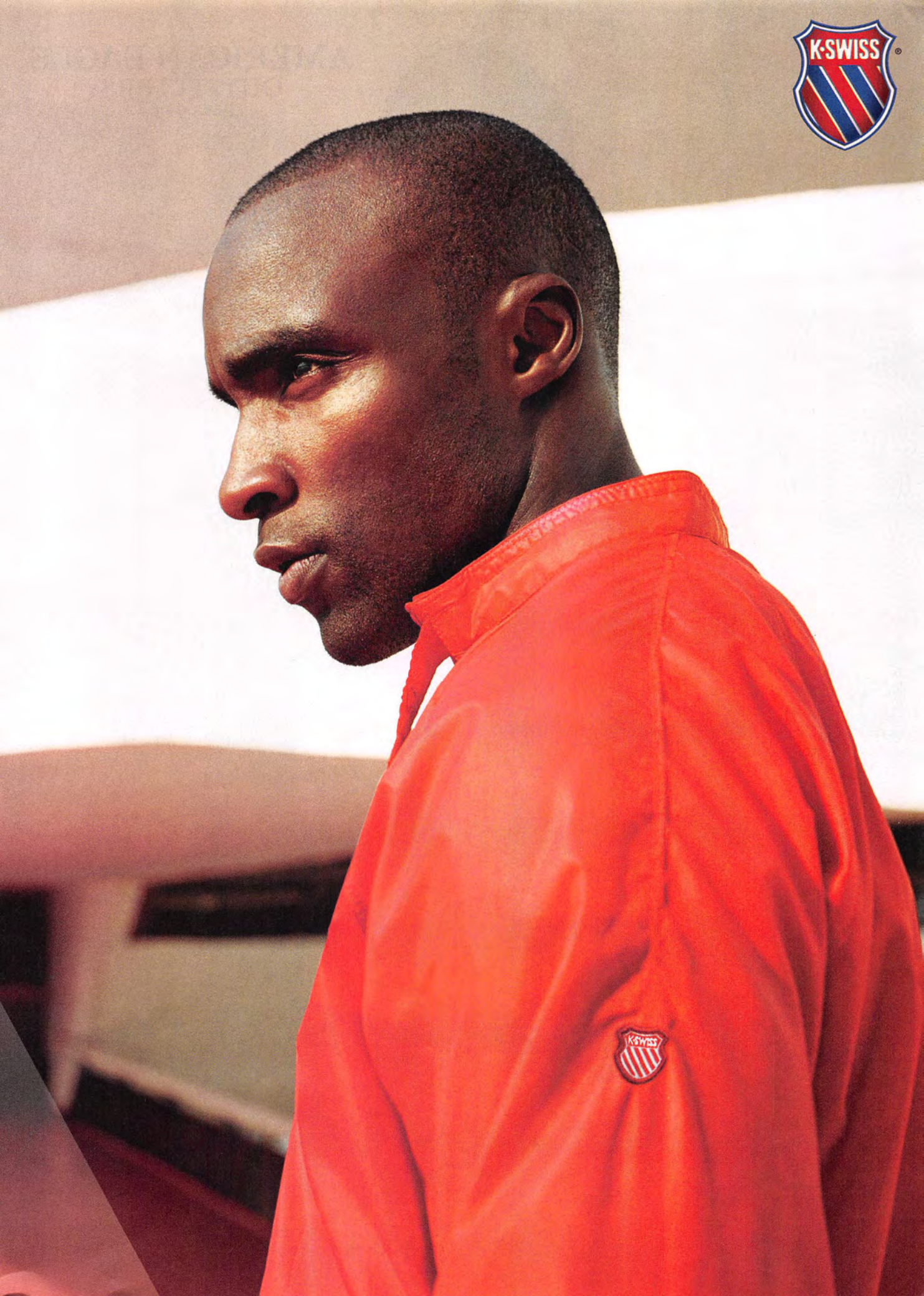
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Photograph, Naomi Kaltman; wardrobe styling, Karen Shapiro; fashion consulting, Leah Smith; hair, Robert Vetica for Magnet LA; makeup, Donald Simrock for margaretmaldonado.com; set design, David Ross for artmixbeauty.com; pink deconstructed ruffle shirt, Comme des Garcons; silver tights available at Barneys; bottoms available at Kiki de Montparnasse.

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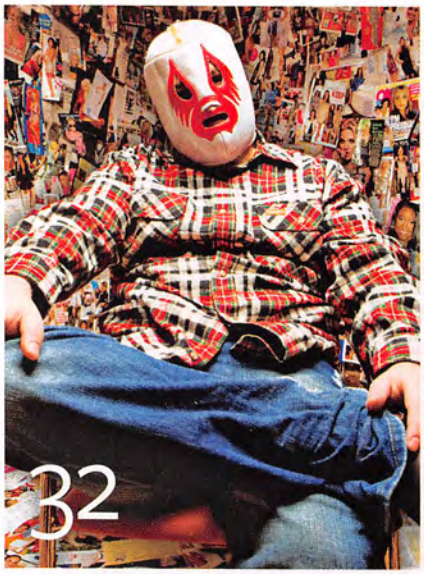

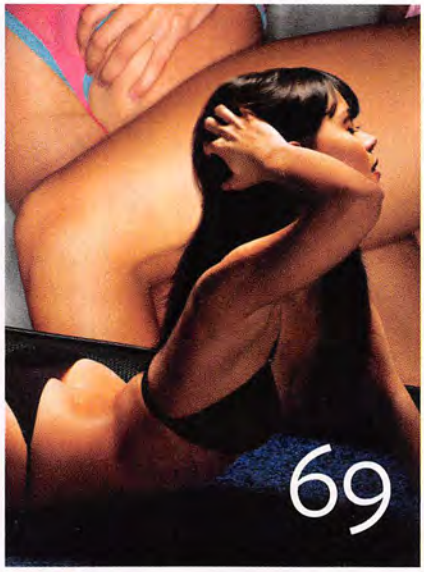

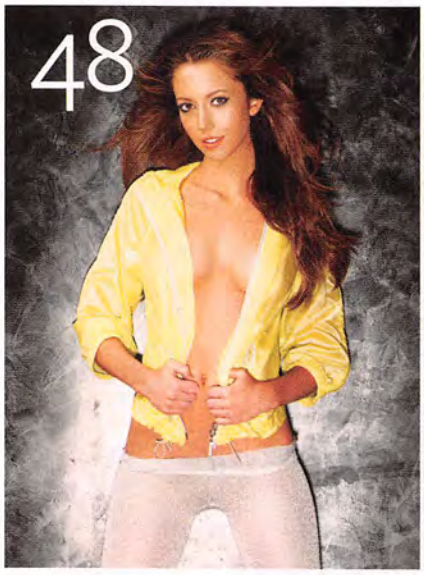

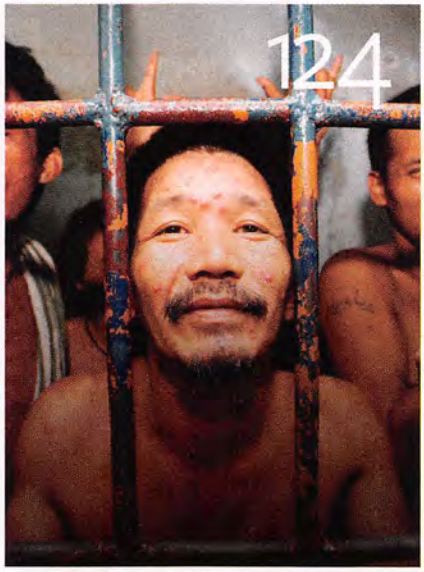

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Maxim Digital

What's going on at **maxim.com** and **maxim.com/mobile**? Something tells us you're about to find out.

DUNKIN' DOLLARS

Oddsmaking guru Danny Sheridan on March Madness in Sin City.

ARE YOU A FAN OF BEING IN VEGAS DURING TOURNEY TIME?

In every sports book on that opening weekend, hundreds of males—every one of them betting on every game—all bond. In fact, March Madness doesn't refer to games here; it refers to the madness of betting. Emotion is rampant every nanosecond, like a shark feeding frenzy. And the people aren't sports fans—they're betting fans. They don't cheer if their team wins; they just want to beat the spread.

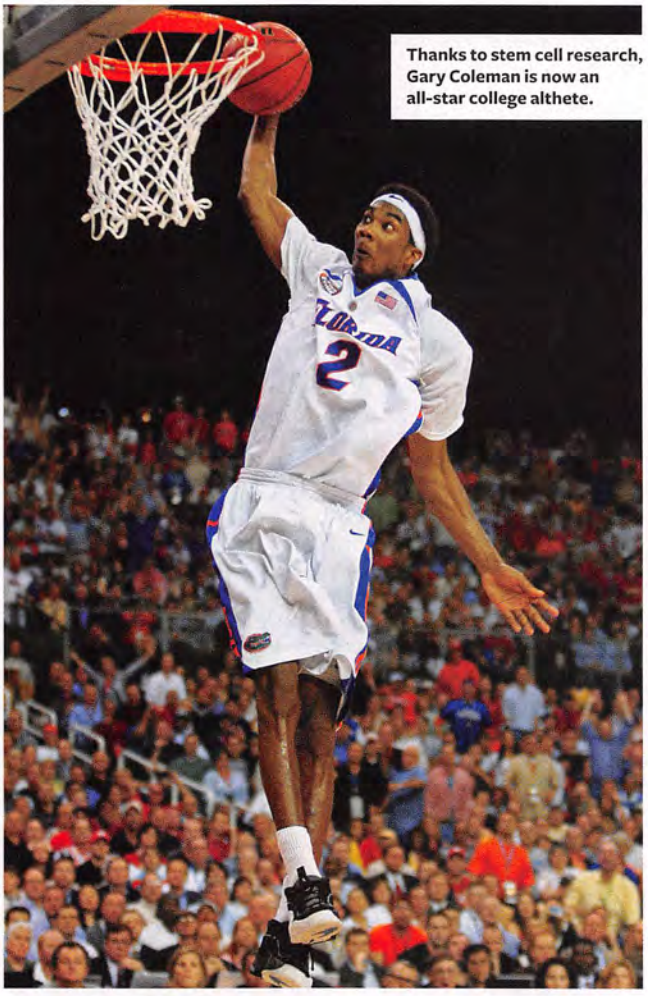
DO YOU GET IN THE SCRUM?

No, I don't bet the games. In fact, I only put odds on a handful of teams for my clients. During last year's college bowl season, I picked eight of the 32 games. If I had tried them all, I wouldn't have picked half of 'em right.

ANY ADVICE FOR FIRST-TIMERS?

It happens all the time: A team makes a garbage shot at the end of the game that ruins the line, and people lose. So there's lots of superstition. Just don't say, "This is a piece of cake!" before the final buzzer—you'll get yourself killed.

Heed Danny's advice on p.128 if you want any hope of filling out a winning bracket.



Thanks to stem cell research, Gary Coleman is now an all-star college althete.

Democracy at Work

Mark your Garfield calendar, because on February 25 this year's Hometown Hottie voting begins at maxim.com. Two and a half months later, we'll have 100 finalists—chosen by you. God bless America!

Phone Fun

If the unemployment line isn't as raucous as you'd hoped, check out V CAST On Demand's Maxim channel, where you can download killer jokes and sexy Miss Maxim videos. Don't have V CAST? Text MXM2243 to 51945.

Maxim to Go

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Kristi Yamaguchi has fallen on hard times.

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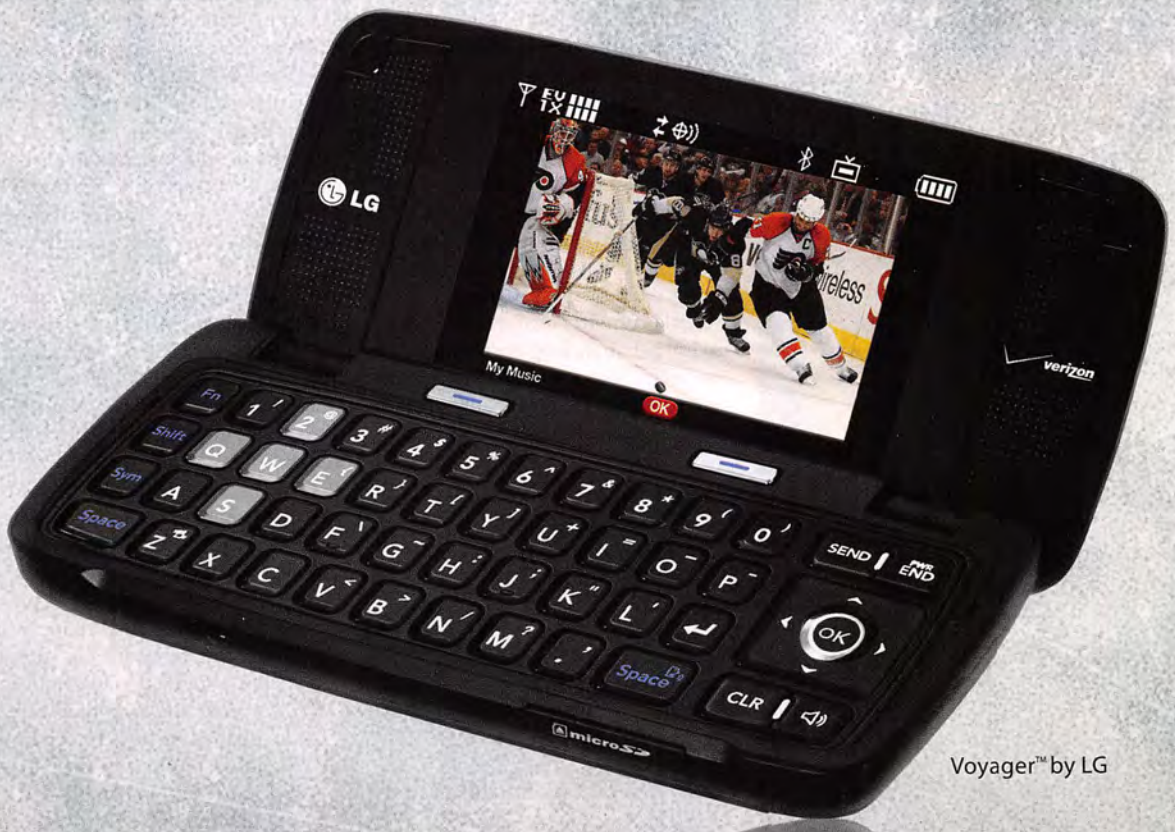

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Editor's Letter

MARCH 2008

Life poses many great questions: Why is there war? Is there a God? Are free will and determinism compatible? Why do the bathrooms at *Maxim* have automated soap dispensers but toilets that never work past noon? And where the fuck are my apartment keys? But of all the mysteries that present themselves to modern man, perhaps the greatest is the human body. This issue's feature "Guy's Anatomy" is a definitive user's guide to the most mysterious and perfect machine anywhere—your own earthly vessel. The body is a remarkably intricate collection of systems that work seamlessly so you can eat, drink, screw, and do thousands of other things. Ever wonder how your organs turn a BLT into energy? How your brain—a three-pound hunk of flesh—ponders the meaning of the universe? Or what really happens inside your sex organ at the moment of climax? Today the worlds of science and medicine are discovering more than ever about how your precious parts work—and how not to kill them. You've spent so much time examining the anatomy of our cover models; now turn to page 92 and we'll take you deeper than you've ever gone before beneath your *own* skin. Get ready for a fantastic voyage. Just be sure to lock the door first. Hey, doesn't anybody knock around here?

Speaking of slimy, hard-to-look-at things, this month we also turn our attention to the officials currently leading our nation. As election season heats up—is there anything more exciting than kicking back with a brew and watching Wolf Blitzer's around-the-clock caucus coverage?—we've pored through hundreds of pages of research, talked to Washington insiders, and rewatched the "I'm Just a Bill" episode of *School House Rock!* a few times to get a handle on the political parties fighting for our votes. Let other news outlets dissect economic schemes or that scintillating "Change vs. Experience" debate; we have loftier goals. Both Republicans and Democrats claim to be the party of toughness. But which is really more capable of fearlessly leading our country in these insane, explode-y times? As we discovered, it's easy to say you're a badass; it's another thing entirely to be one. Our exclusive results are on page 100. And as a special bonus, our relentless research also uncovered the fact that extreme-right-wing newsbabes are about 1,000 times hotter than liberal-ass PBS pusses like Jim Lehrer. See page 36 for the stunning findings.

Rock the vote! Save your skin! And while you're at it, enjoy the issue.

James Kaminsky
Editorial Director

MAXIM BY THE NUMBERS

22	Length, in feet, of our cover girl's small intestine if unraveled
126	Square feet of skin possessed by *Maxim*'s art department
2	Eyes that were bloodshot after researching the medical marijuana story
7	Bars of soap that could be made from senior editor Patrick Carone's body fat
1	Number of penis pictures removed from this issue at the last minute
0	Number of people who are upset about that
25,000	Quarts of spit the average person produces during a lifetime
1	Pound lost by senior editor Maria Fontoura during in-house weight-loss contest
2.5	Times intern Blaine's blood vessels could circle the globe if lined up end to end
2:11	Ratio of myometria to ductus deferens among *Maxim* editors. Not bad, huh?
2	Number of perfect legs possessed by Danneel Harris (p.106)

PHOTOGRAPHS, GREGG DELMAN (JIM); MARGO STELEY/ALAMY (EYES); LARS KLOVE/GETTY IMAGES (SOAP)

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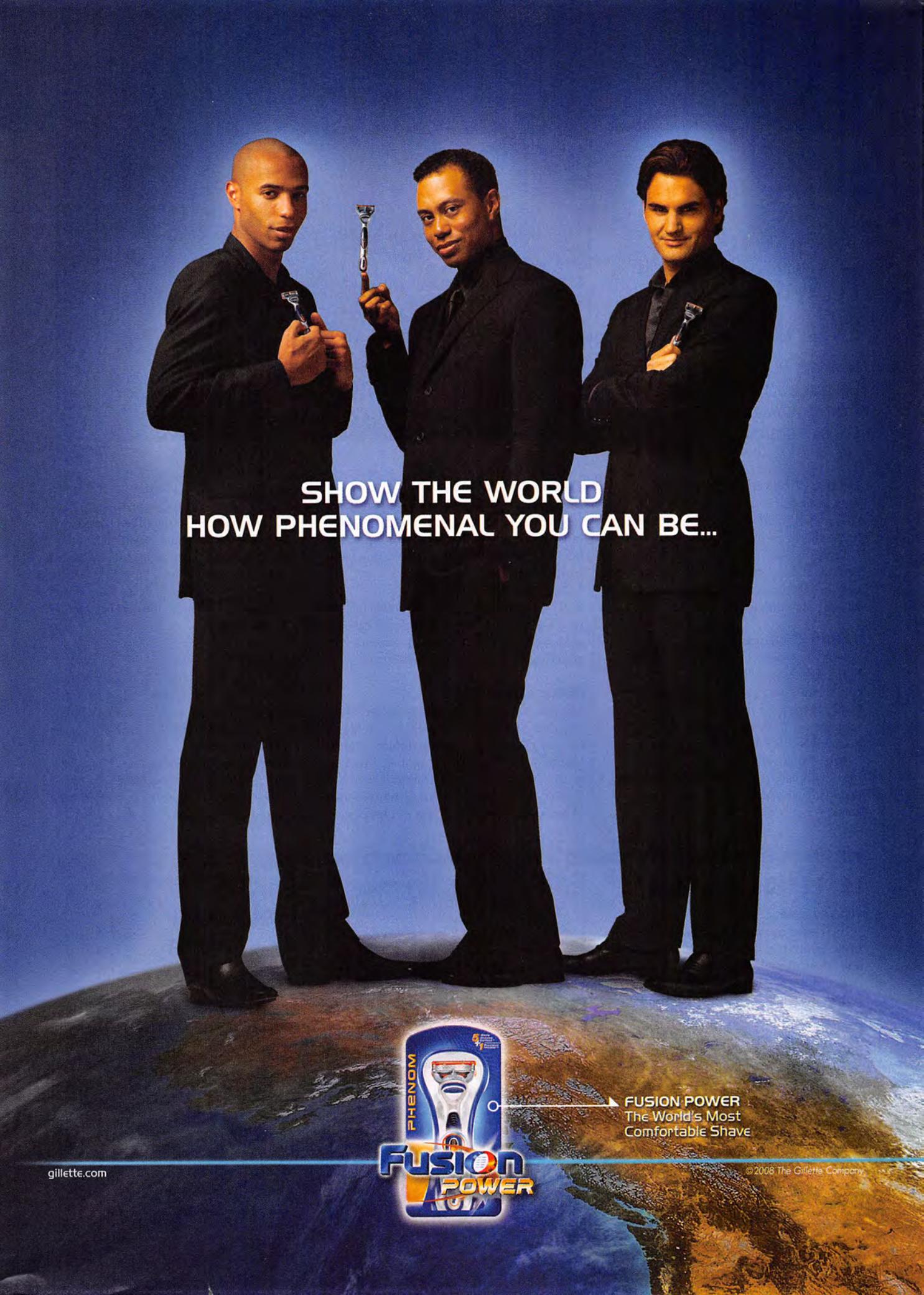
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Letters

Make us feel loved—or hated! Drop us a line at **letters@maxim.com**.

MARCH MADNESS

Readers were rabid for Mischa Barton, but that didn't stop 'em from bitching about other stuff. Lousy ingrates!

"On second thought, these aren't great pajamas."

On the Wings of Angels

First Sarah Michelle Gellar graces your cover [December], then Mischa Barton [January]. You know, this heaven place is pretty cool.

Craig Moore via e-mail

Yes, Maxim is indeed heaven. But take note, jihadists: The only virgins waiting for you here are dudes with patchy mustaches.

The *Maxim* Curse

So you do an article on Evel Knievel [December], and he croaks. Then you do pieces on NHL tough guy Chris Simon and cutie Mischa Barton [January]. He receives a record 30-game suspension from the league, and she gets popped for DUI. Who's your next target?

Brian Reed Chicago, IL

Next month look for our exposés on skunked beer, male-pattern baldness, and the bastard who knocked up Jessica Alba.

Cosmo Controversy

On page 82 of the January issue, you say that a cosmo is manlier than a car bomb ["The Drinking Man's Guide to Booze"]. I think your list belongs in *Cosmo*. Next time have someone with a penis make that decision.

Paul Binder via e-mail

Paul, your latest attempt to trick us into sending you photos of staffers' penises is not going to work. We applaud your tenacity, but for the last time, take your unquenchable thirst for man parts elsewhere!

Maltese Drinkin'

I can attest to the story about Oliver Reed drinking himself to death ["The Drinking Man's Guide to Booze"] during the filming of *Gladiator* in Malta. While traveling there I walked into a bar with pictures of Reed all over. Apparently he'd come in and drink himself into oblivion, and locals would find him passed out in the gutter. The last time they went to rouse him, they realized he was dead. They ended up renaming the bar Ollie's Last Pub.

Al McMillan Dartmouth, Nova Scotia

Thank you for personally attesting to being in a bar that had a bunch of pictures of Oliver Reed in it. We once ate in a diner that had a signed photo of Paul Lynde hanging on the wall, so we can imagine what you've been through.

Low Steaks

In your article on the Philly cheesesteak ["American Hero," January], Elliot Andrews neglected to visit Jim's Steaks in South Philly. Pat's, Geno's, and Tony Luke's can't even begin to compare to Jim's.

Josh Posnan Philadelphia, PA

Our bad, Josh. But since you're no doubt a fan of your city's sports teams, you're used to impotent whining and crushing disappointment.

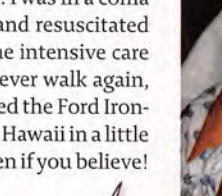
LETTER OF THE MONTH

Man of Iron

In 2004 I was in a terrible car accident involving a dump truck. I broke my clavicle, pelvis, and most of my ribs. The impact even collapsed both of my lungs, and I lost 60 percent of the blood in my body. I was in a coma for more than two months and resuscitated from death eight times in the intensive care unit. Doctors said I would never walk again, but guess what—I just finished the Ford Ironman Championship in Kona, Hawaii in a little over 14 hours. Miracles happen if you believe! Just thought I'd let you guys know.

Brian Boyle via e-mail

Guess the only thing that wasn't injured in that wreck was your gigantic ego. Brag much, Brian? Sheesh.



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Q: My dad goes to strip clubs just about every weekend. I know it bothers my mom, and to be honest it kind of weirds me out. Should I talk to him about it? Or should I just forget about it since he's a guy?

J. Fields via e-mail

Hiroki: You should go with! Don't be shy—Dad is a god. Pay for him for lap dance, then you can watch his penis and compare yours. "Oh, Dad, we are same!" And your mom doesn't care, because she hate him.

*To solicit your own life lessons from a bona fide lunatic, e-mail **hirokihelps@maxim.com**.*

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Got a knee-slapper? Send it to **jokes@maxim.com.**

JUST HUMOR US, OK?

The *Gilligan's Island* where the professor makes LSD...

Joke of the Month!

An old man with a cue-ball-size head is sitting at a bar.

"Excuse me," says the guy next to him. "I don't mean to be rude, but I noticed you have an extremely tiny head. Is that a birth defect?"

The old man says, "No, my ship was torpedoed by the Germans in WWII. I was the sole survivor, so I swam to a deserted island.

"Then one day a mermaid appeared and said she'd grant me three wishes. For my first wish, I wanted to be rescued. She sent for help.

"For my second wish, I asked for all the money I would ever need. Wish granted. My third wish was to have sex with the mermaid."

"What'd she say?" the guy asks.

"She said, 'I'm sorry, but mermaids can't have sex.'

"So," the old man continues remorsefully, "I said, 'Then how about a little head?'"

Q: What did the sign on the door of the whorehouse say?
A: WE'RE CLOSED. BEAT IT.

Q: What's green, two miles long, and has an asshole every two feet?
A: A St. Patrick's Day parade.

Snail Harassment

By Nicholas Gurewitch

Yo Man. Check out the rack on that babe
Listen. You guys have a "rack" just as much as I do. We are hermaphrodites
Dude, I think she just called you gay

MY FAVORITE JOKE

By Michael Ian Black

Two cannibals are eating a clown. One says to the other, "Does this taste funny to you?"

Michael Ian Black just released his first comedy CD, I Am a Wonderful Man. *For tour dates, go to michaelianblack.typepad.com.*

Whack Jobs

A waitress in a New York City restaurant sees three Japanese businessmen furiously masturbating at their table.

She runs over to them and says, "Hey, what do you guys think you're doing?"

One of the Japanese men explains, "Can't you see? We're all very hungry."

The waitress asks incredulously, "So how is jacking off in the middle of a restaurant going to help the situation?"

One of the other guys replies, "Menu say, 'First come, first serve.'"

Horny Hospital

A beautiful swimsuit model about to undergo a minor operation is lying on a gurney in a hospital corridor waiting for her doctor.

A man in a white coat approaches her, lifts up the sheet covering her, and visually examines her naked body. He walks away and confers with another man in a white coat. The second man then approaches the girl and performs the same examination.

When still another man approaches the model, she asks impatiently, "These examinations are fine, but when are you going to start the operation?"

He shrugs and says, "Your guess is as good as mine. We're just here to paint the walls."

Wheel Simple

After hearing a couple's complaints about how their sex life isn't what it used to be, their marriage counselor suggests they consider a new position.

"You should try the wheelbarrow," the counselor says. "Lift her legs from behind and off you go."

"Sounds good to me!" the husband says.

"Well, OK," his hesitant wife says. "But on two conditions. First of all, if it hurts, you have to stop right away, and second, you have to promise that we won't go past my parents' house."

ILLUSTRATION, MORGAN SCHWEITZER; PHOTOGRAPH, MATTHEW SIMMONS/WIREIMAGE.COM (BLACK)

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Please Flaunt Responsibly

INCOMING

{IF IT'S OUT THERE, IT'S IN HERE}

MY FIRST TIME

K.D. AUBERT

You've seen this SoCal siren in Victoria's Secret catalogs while you were "shopping for your girlfriend." And now K.D.'s busting out of her bustier and onto the big screen with two new movies this year: *The Grand* and *Surfer Dude*. Listen in as she recalls some of her fondest firsts.

First Firing
I was fired from Carl's Jr. for eating the fried zucchini bites before taking them to customers. The manager called me in and said the customers had been complaining. I had just eaten some, so I'm sitting there with a mouth full of crumbs.

First Broken Heart
I found out my high school boyfriend was cheating on me with one of my friends, so I confronted him in front of everyone in the school hallway. I became the girl you don't mess around with.

First Movie She Loved
A Christmas Story. I've always wanted to touch my tongue to a pole to see if it really stuck.

First Big Fall
I went skiing for the first time and wore jeans, a sweater, makeup, and big hoop earrings—not really ski attire. I went right to the ski lift thinking I could ride up and just ride it back down. I got to the top and they made me get off. I didn't know what two black diamonds were. I thought it might have meant "fabulous." Next thing I know, I'm rolling down the mountain like a donut, skis are flying everywhere, earrings are scratching my face.

First Major Embarrassment
I was in the car with a bunch of people, and I was wearing my first weave. When I rolled up the window, I didn't realize my hair was stuck in it, and when I turned my head, my weave stayed in the window and was no longer attached to my head. My friend was laughing so hard she had to pull over.—*Laura Leu*

"I CONFRONTED MY CHEATING BOYFRIEND IN THE SCHOOL HALLWAY. I BECAME THE GIRL YOU DON'T MESS WITH."

PHOTOGRAPH BY STEVE SHAW

MAXIM'S INFERNO

The circles of hell are set on high this month.

1 Limbo

Bulgaria is combating its energy crisis by building a nuclear power plant—on a fault line! The site is so earthquake-prone that four Russian reactors in the area have been shut down. That's one way to dissolve the EU.

2 The Lustful

Debilitating illness might get a lot sexier now that the FDA is considering making ecstasy a prescription drug to help cancer and posttraumatic stress patients. (No, this doesn't justify all the money you blew on glow sticks in the '90s.)

3 The Gluttonous

Reason number 7,092 to move to Amsterdam: Heineken has created the Delivery Men service in the Netherlands, which lets lazy drinkers track bar deliveries via GPS and Google Maps. Never face a kicked keg again!

4 The Greedy

iDiamond Ear earbuds are plated with 18k gold, studded with 204 diamonds, and cost only $6,400. Do they sound better than the earbuds you get for free with your iPod? Nope. But they will get you punched in the face in an instant!

5 The Sullen

The world's least sexy wet T-shirt contest could happen March 30 when WrestleMania 24 is held outdoors in Orlando's Florida Citrus Bowl Stadium. It's rain or shine, so bring a poncho along with your love of oily men in spandex.

6 The Heretics

The A-Team is about to get effed. A movie remake will feature a team of laser-armed Gulf War vets. Hmm. "I pity the fool who steps in my light amplification by stimulated emission of radiation beam!" just doesn't have the same zing.

7 The Violent

Cute alert! Gun-makers Charter Arms have introduced the Pink Lady revolver, a darling little .38 Special +P whose bright pink body kills even when it's not driving a punk's brain out the back of his head. Pow!

8 The Fraudulent

Ice Breakers Pacs, the breath fresheners from your (suddenly much cooler) friends at Hershey, look just like heat-sealed baggies of blow, but our research shows that eating one won't make you grind your teeth and talk for hours.

9 The Traitors

Now is clearly the time to be picky, so Congress recently passed a bill that prohibits gang members (people who like to kill other people!) from joining the military. Now if you'll excuse us, we'll be getting a neck tattoo just in case of a draft.

ILLUSTRATION, SEAN MCCABE. K.D. AUBERT PAGGE: STYLING, KAREN SHAPIRO; HAIR, AARON LIGHT WITH CELESTINE AGENCY; MAKEUP, GARRETT GERVAIS WITH MARGARET MALDONADO AGENCY;

YOUR NBA DESTINATION

WEDNESDAYS AND FRIDAYS ESPN

SUNDAYS abc

STARTS JANUARY 27

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Drunken Stepfather's Jesus Martinez: "What do you mean you want to see other people?"

PERVARAZZI NATION!

Voyeuristic celebubabe sites cater to the bored and horny masses.

Does anyone really care about Britney's latest breakdown or Lindsay getting another DUI? Not so much. But a paparazzi shot of Hayden Panettiere in a bikini? Now, *that's* news we can use. Enter the "pervarazzi," a new wave of Web sites that share one common goal: to provide leering cubicle monkeys with red-carpet nipple slips, poolside camel toe, and inadvertent celebrity hoo-ha flashes, all served up with a heaping dose of snark. The most entertaining of the bunch is Drunken Stepfather, a four-year-old T&A bonanza peppered with the misogynistic, deranged, and often hilarious ramblings of a 37-year-old letch named Jesus Martinez (a fictional character created by the site's author). The postings range from the appealing ("Jessica Alba's Nipples in a Bikini") to the slightly less so ("Reese Witherspoon's Mom Ass in Yoga Pants"), but it's still more fun than clicking on the Drudge Report.

"Sites that show hot starlets in compromising positions are in the gray area between legitimate news and porn, so you can pretend you're looking at Paris Hilton upskirt pics because you want to know what she's up to," says Martinez, whose site gets 100,000 visitors a day. Tamer sites like Egotastic! and HollywoodTuna draw even bigger audiences, thanks to fewer nude shots, which allows them to be linked more often. Straight-up boobage or not, the pervarazzi posse aims to get you as titillated as possible without the risk of being caught staring at hardcore smut. "These sites are the closest thing to porn that still may be safe for work," says Noah Robischon, managing editor of blog empire Gawker Media. "And the headlines are a lot funnier." Just don't forget to wipe the sweat off your mouse before you go home.—*Neel Shah*

Web Swingers

A guy's guide to steamy SFW action.

Egotastic.com
The biggest traffic-getter of the perv posse, due in no small part to its obsession with Jennifer Aniston's impossibly toned ass.

HollywoodTuna.com
The requisite pap shots, with a boobalicious bonus: "Tunaflix," a.k.a. DVD reviews from top-heavy porn model Sandee Westgate.

IDontLikeYouInThatWay.com
Once observed of bimbonic punch line Tara Reid, "Her stomach looks like a wax seal on Thomas Jefferson's mail."

Bastardly.com
Shamelessly rips off Perez Hilton's patented scrawling on photos; features a best bikini body face-off.

#4 IN A SERIES

Bacon Porn

Bite into pulmonary perfection!

A recent study found that mice with a diet rich in nitrates—a key ingredient in preserving bacon—showed 48 percent less cell death after heart attacks than mice with normal diets. You *could* get the same benefits of the miracle compound from water and vegetables, but why not fry up a pan of greasy heart medicine instead?

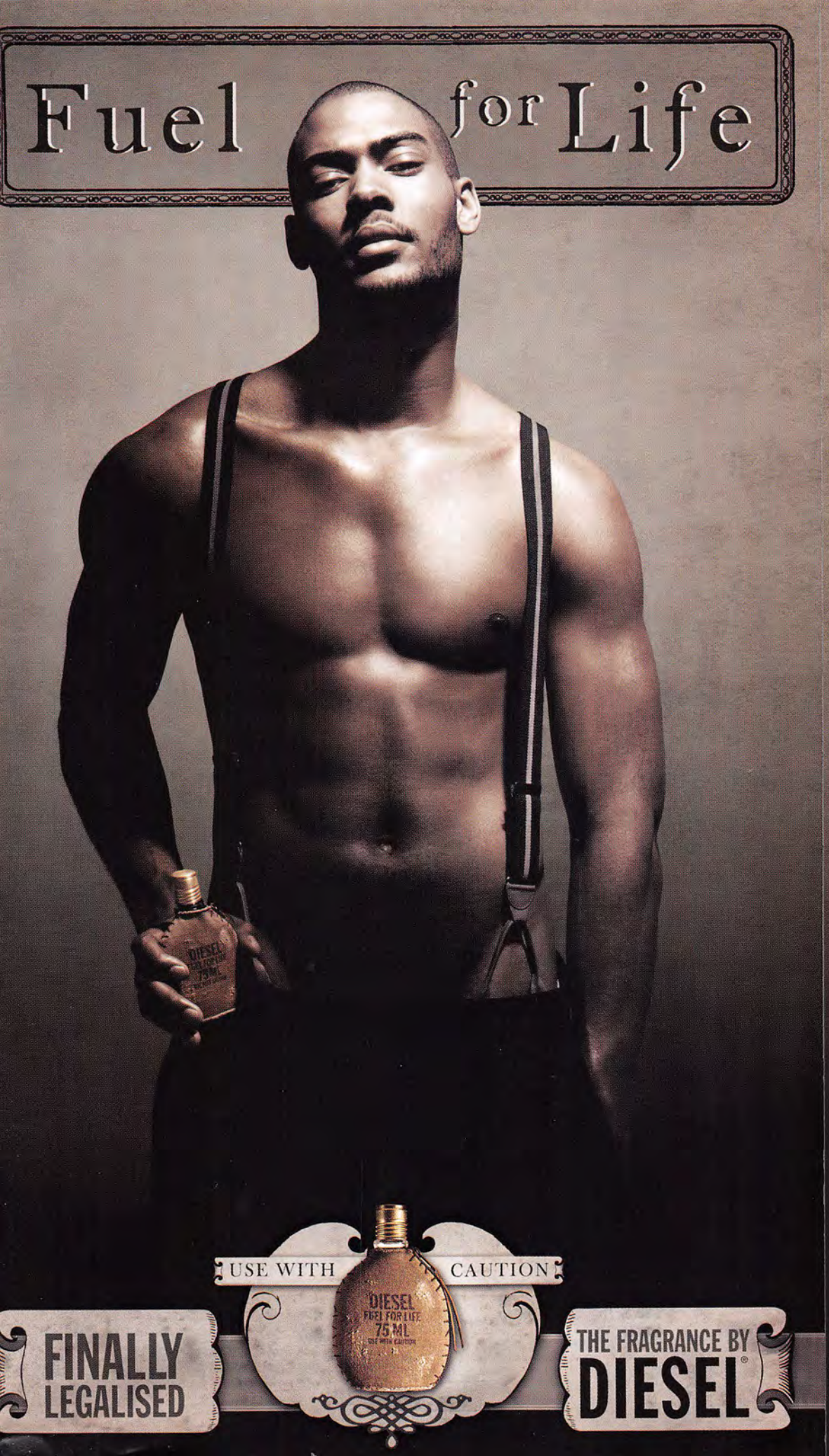
The greatest love of all

BIG NUMBER

47,984

Total number of drinking establishments in America. Happy St. Paddy's Day!

PHOTOGRAPH, GREGG DELMAN (PERV); SET DESIGN, EYAL BARUCH FOR ART WING N.Y.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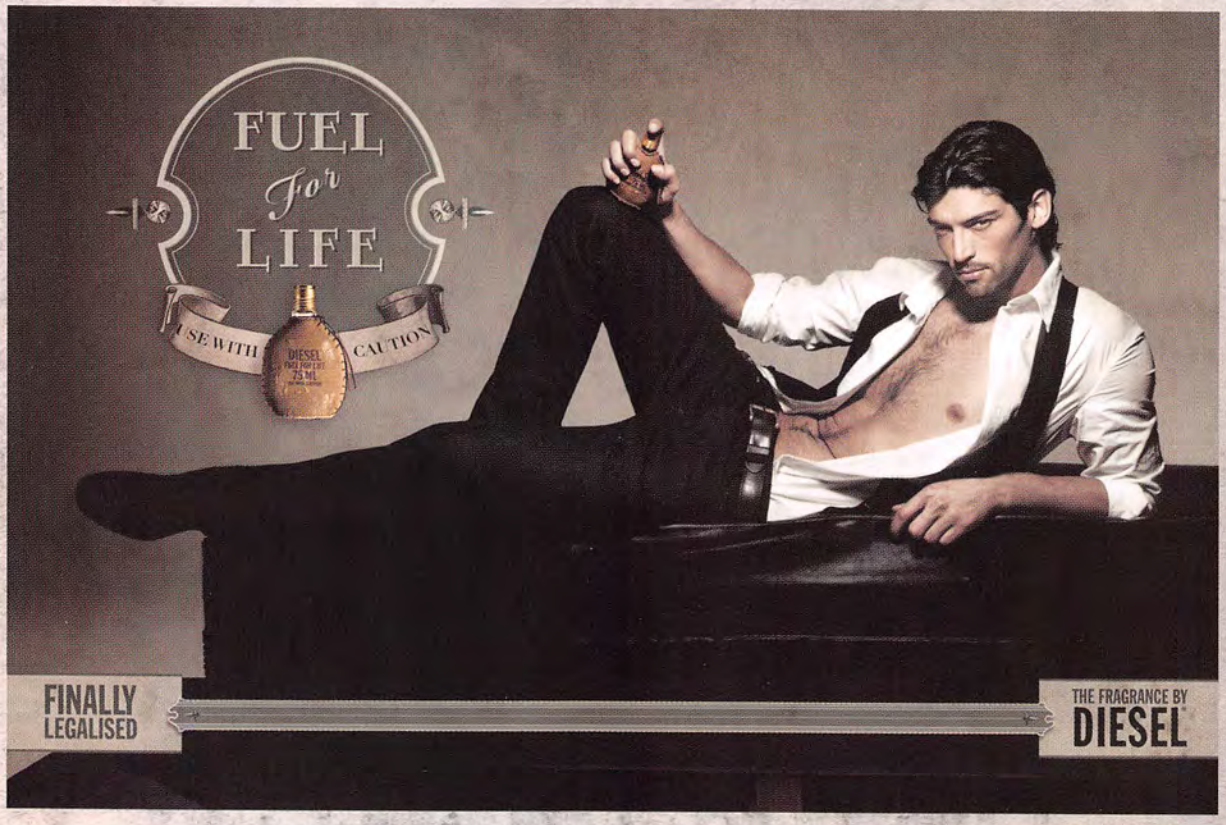
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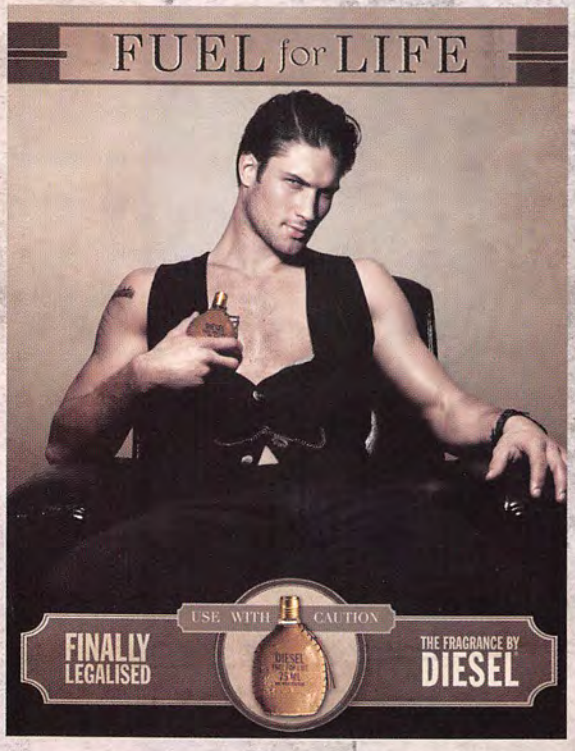
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MAXIM INSIDER

SoCo LEGENDARY NIGHTS

presented by MAXIM & BLENDER

On Thursday, November 8th, Maxim and Blender held a Legendary Night with live performances by *The Honorary Title* and *The Pierces* at the Blender Theater in NYC. Guests also enjoyed SoCo, a Mardi Gras photo booth and a chance to appear online at the SoCo Night Institute Video Room.

To see exclusive videos, visit
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Maxim and Ray-Ban invite you to Never Hide and party until the sun comes up at Space, a high energy, after-hours dance club in Miami this March.

Never Be Afraid. Never Give Up. Never Hide.

RAY-BAN.COM

SPACE

CLUBSPACE.COM

St. Pauli Girl beer is known both for full-bodied taste and the iconic collectible poster. Visit **stpauligirl.com** in March to receive a free poster featuring model Irina Voronina.

St. PAULI GIRL
IMPORTED GERMAN BEER

MAXIM Oasis

Maxim transformed the Moorea Pool at the Mandalay Bay Resort & Casino, Las Vegas into a party that proved to be hotter than the desert sun.

Celebrities and VIP's enjoyed the event which featured chilled Dos Equis from a branded ice bar, PlayStation®3 cabanas, a Dockers Lounge, Dodge Avenger DJ Booth, UFC Skybox and Cuervo shots served in real ice shot glasses. A memorable evening was had by all.

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BRACKET BUSTERS

They ruin your March Madness every damn year. Which adversary should you be sure to exclude from your office pool? To the hardwood!

Creepy IT guy
VS.
Your boss' a-hole kid
Creepy IT guy
VS.
Desperate gambler with a can't-lose "system"
Desperate gambler with a can't-lose "system"
VS.
Twice-divorced guy who could "really use the money"
40-year-old who comes to work in a jersey
VS.
Guy who won't shut up about No. 12 seeds
40-year-old who comes to work in a jersey
VS.
Anyone who refers to himself as a "Dukie"
Anyone who refers to himself as a "Dukie"
VS.
Anyone who knows where Gonzaga is
GONZAGA
Creepy IT guy
VS.
Anyone who refers to himself as a "Dukie"
Creepy IT guy
VS.
Guy who shouts, "You're hurtin', dude!" after your team loses
Guy who shouts, "You're hurtin', dude!" after your team loses
VS.
Superior who "forgets" the entry fee every day
Scary mail-room guy
VS.
Guy who shouts "You're hurtin', dude!" after your team loses
Scary mail-room guy
VS.
Girl who picks teams based on mascots
Xbox addict who simulates games on College Hoops 2K8
VS.
Guy who shouts, "You're hurtin', dude!" after your team loses
Jackass with 10 marginally different brackets
VS.
Superior who "forgets" the entry fee every day
Superior who "forgets" the entry fee every day
VS.
Dick Vitale
Guy who does an "awesome" Dick Vitale impersonation
VS.
Dick Vitale
THE WINNER
Guy who shouts, "You're hurtin', dude!" after your team loses

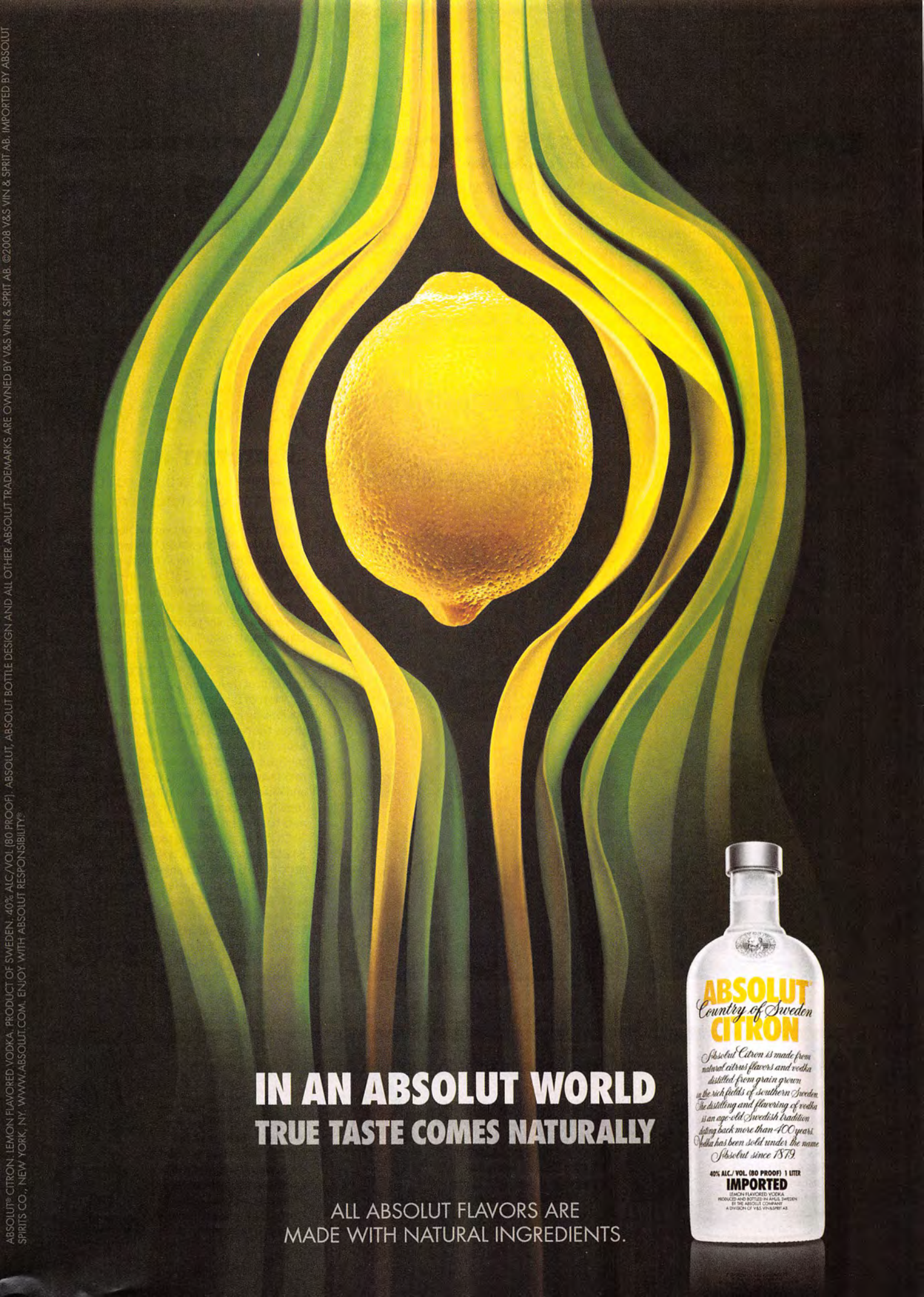
TRENDSTOPPING

Movie Mayhem

Crooks are taking their cues from the big screen.

A multiplex-inspired crime wave began last December, when two prisoners escaped a New Jersey jail by digging holes in their cell walls and covering them with girlie pictures, just like in *The Shawshank Redemption*. Then there was the aging duo who wheeled their dead friend's corpse to a New York check-cashing facility to cash his Social Security check, à la *Weekend at Bernie's*. Finally, a gun-toting bandit held up a Massachusetts bank dressed like a dowdy Robin Williams in *Mrs. Doubtfire*. Given the increasingly lame trajectory of movies being used for inspiration, we're bracing for a totally boring cat burglary spree ripped off from *Hudson Hawk* or, worse, a medical fraud case cribbed from *Patch Adams*. Please, God, make it stop.

Luckily, their careers are alive and well.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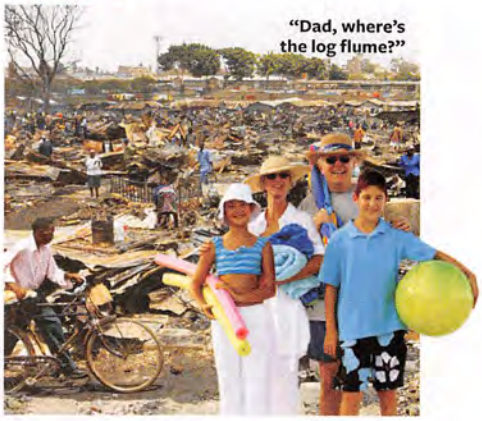
FAIR AND BABELICIOUS

The more conservative the news network, the hotter the babes.

Now that the presidential dogfight is in full swing, you may find yourself zoning out in front of cable news channels nearly as often as you tune in to *SportsCenter*. But here's a tip: While Fox News Channel's politics tilt undeniably rightward, the anchor-babes they hire are more plentiful—and noticeably hotter—than their counterparts on less conservative news channels. In fact, after drinking brandy all day while gorging on election coverage, we came to realize that the more GOP-friendly the news outlet, the cuter the chicks. Don't believe us? Check out this admittedly less-than-scientific chart!

TRAVEL



Slummin' It

"Poorism" tours let bourgeois pigs gawk at broke-ass foreigners.

If we wanted to hang out with violent drug dealers and glue-sniffing street kids, we'd go home for Easter. But some folks (mostly of the rich variety) crave this kind of human interaction, leading to the rise of "poorism." Travel agencies like Be a Local (bealocal.com) and Favela Tour (favelatour.com.br) specialize in sending first-class passengers to impoverished nations to get a taste of the depressing squalor you saw in *City of God*—without the risk of being killed for the contents of their fanny packs.

"Most of the people who come on the tour are looking for a different experience and want to see the real Rio," says Marcio Balthazar, co-owner of Be a Local, which takes tourists around the Rocinha favela, overlooking the city. Slum tours have also popped up throughout India and Africa. Mumbai-based Reality Tours & Travel (realitytoursandtravel.com) reports that business has increased ninefold since 2006.

Costs range from $40 for a bus trip with Be a Local to $2,900 for two weeks in South Africa with Global Exchange (globalexchange.org). Slum tour companies are quick to point out that they at least indirectly support the locals and that the tours aren't overly intrusive. "They're either indifferent to the tourists or amused by them," says Chris Way of Reality Tours & Travel. Kind of like how we feel about the homeless.—*Ben Goldstein*

To Don't List

Be sure to take some time and not do any of the following things this month.

March 4–8

The 36th Annual Concrete Sawing & Drilling Association Convention hits the Red Rock Casino, Resort & Spa in Vegas. (This year's theme: "adventure.") Who will be dubbed the CSDA Concrete Queen? We can hardly stand the wait!

March 30

Grand opening of the world's largest quilt museum on the east campus of the University of Nebraska-Lincoln. More than 2,300 quilts—you read that right: 2,300 motherfucking quilts—will rock your patchwork-loving ass, son!

March 31

Run—don't walk—past the newsstand, where the March *Penthouse* features a full-frontal shot of Danny Bonaduce, who is trying to rebut an embarrassing Internet pic of his micro-phallus. Don't worry, Danny, we already know you're a giant cock.

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THE HELLCAT

THE TUCSON TUSSLER

THE SANDY SQUIRE

THE YOUNG AMERICAN

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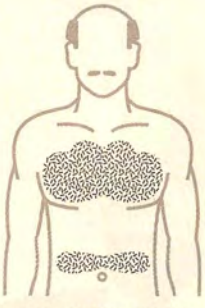

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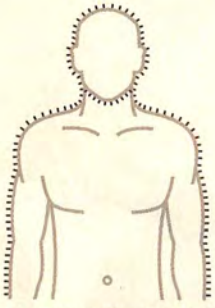
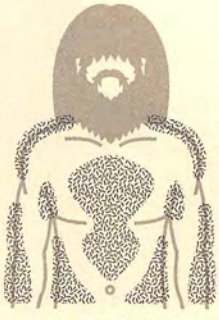


THE PERIMETERIAN

THE SENTINEL

THE TWIN SPIDERS



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Old Spice

CHRISTINA MILIAN

Enjoys long walks on the beach and haunting our fantasies.

Dear Christina,

So we hear you're gearing up to put out a new album—good for you! We know how hard it is to "get back into the swing of things" when you've been chilling out for a few years. It's kind of like when we went away to rodeo clown school one summer and came back to find that our family had moved away. People are so quick to forget! What a bunch of jerks, right?

You're best known as the sexy starlet who played a sexy singer in *Be Cool* and a sexy high school girl in *Love Don't Cost a Thing*, but of course your real passion is music (us too!). According to your MySpace blog, Rick Ross, Lil Jon, and Frankie J. are all contributing to your upcoming record. And you're the irresistible eye candy in the new CW sitcom *Eight Days a Week*. Who wants to be a Milian-aire? We do!

Hey, we heard you dumped your ex-boyfriend, Nick Cannon, after you discovered he was cheating on you . WTF??? For the record, if we were ever so lucky as to have you answer any of the postcards we've been sending you, we'd be totally faithful. By the way, we're pretty sure we've been putting the wrong stamps on them, which is probably why you haven't been able to write back. It's cool, we know you're busy.

Love Ya
Maxim

Her secret shame: She never learned to button.

PHOTOGRAPHS: X17 AGENCY; JEMAL COUNTESS/WIREIMAGE (INSET)

ASK MAXIM

Want to melt your mouth, or maybe just kick a shark's ass? You've come to the right place!

Your anus will never speak to you again.

CAN YOU SCARE OFF A SHARK BY PUNCHING IT IN THE NOSE?

Ari Margolis, St. Louis, MI

In a word, yes! "Hitting a shark in the tip of the snout is the best thing to do," says Daniel R. Huber, a marine biologist at the University of Tampa. "All its sensory systems are focused there." If you're finding it hard to aim so precisely, try to smack the gills. "A blow in that area will scramble them up," advises Huber. Can't punch because it ate your hands? Ummm, try bleeding really hard in his eyes, because you, sir, are totally screwed.

Finally, a throat that can handle us!

WHAT IS THE SPICIEST, MOST STOMACH-DESTROYING DISH ON THE PLANET?

Josh Macintyre, Richmond, VA

We'll defer to Dave DeWitt, coauthor of *The Spicy Food Lover's Bible*. "You can make any meal the hottest in the world by adding an inordinate amount of chili pepper or hot sauce," DeWitt says. "But the consistently spiciest entrée out there is vindaloo." This traditional Indian gut-burner consists of chunks of lamb, beef, or pork slathered with a blend of chili peppers, cumin, mustard seed, and other spices. But who needs a whole meal when you can simply inhale a Bhut Jolokia pepper? With more than one million Scoville heat units (nearly twice as hot as the former champ, the Red Savina), it is the spiciest pepper in the world. Vindaloo made with Jolokia? An organ-melting hell feast we wouldn't wish on an Al Qaeda rest stop.

Presenting itself for spring mating season

Is it possible to want to kick an illustration's ass?

CAN I GET CARPAL TUNNEL SYNDROME FROM PLAYING *GUITAR HERO III*?

Jim McManus, Brattleboro, VT

Detroit Tigers pitcher Joel Zumaya famously missed three games of the 2006 ALCS due to wrist and forearm inflammation. The purported cause? His obsession with best-selling video game *Guitar Hero*. Game reps are predictably mum on whether the insanely addictive *GHIII* can cause full-blown carpal tunnel syndrome (compression of the median nerve, leading to tingling and numbness in the hand), but marathon sessions can definitely give your mitts fits. Dr. Cordelia Carter, an orthopedic surgeon at Columbia-Presbyterian Medical Center, warns, "*Guitar Hero* can certainly be associated with hand pain and tendinitis." To prevent embarrassing injuries caused by tapping out solos on a tiny toy guitar, take a break every 40 minutes and ponder the emptiness of your life.

WHAT THE HELL DO THOSE CAR MODEL NUMBER AND LETTER PREFIXES MEAN?

Gregory Kinyota, Hoboken, NJ

Dude, are you trying to give us a headache? OK, here goes: Car companies use prefixes to convey information in a straightforward way, but there isn't a single system for all cars, and there are often exceptions to a company's own rules. With a BMW 530i, for example, the first number refers to model size (the 5 series), the last two to engine size (3.0-liter), and the "i" means "fuel injected." However, the BMW 535 is a 5 series, but it actually has a 3.0-liter engine instead of a 3.5. Annoying, isn't it? Letters may refer to a car feature ("LEV" means "low-emission vehicle") or trumpet a specific brand (with the Jaguar XJ, "XJ" means "experimental Jaguar.") And it only gets sillier from there. But don't worry, Greg, you'll be fine as long as you remember this essential code: Camaro = Pussymobile.

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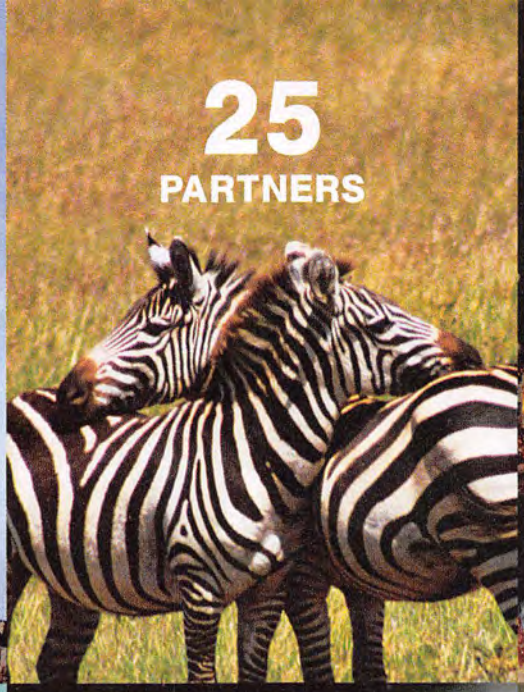

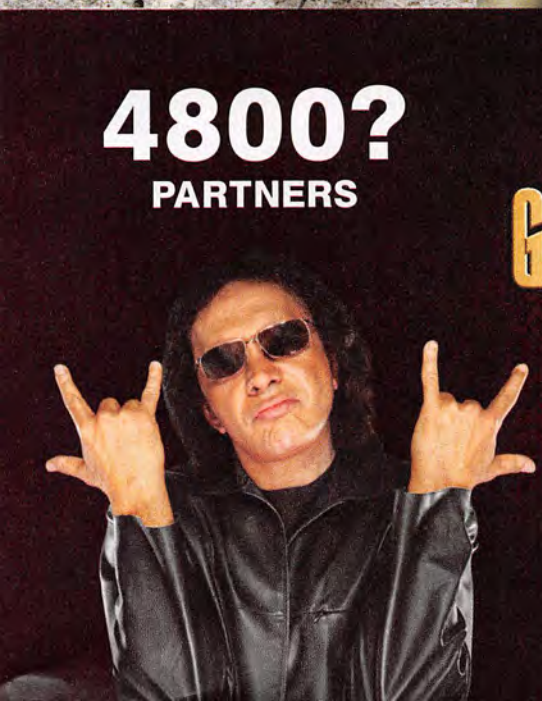

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PAGE 52 MUSIC PANIC AT THE DISCO SHAKE IT
PAGE 54 369 GHOSTBUSTERS AND KIRK AHEAD

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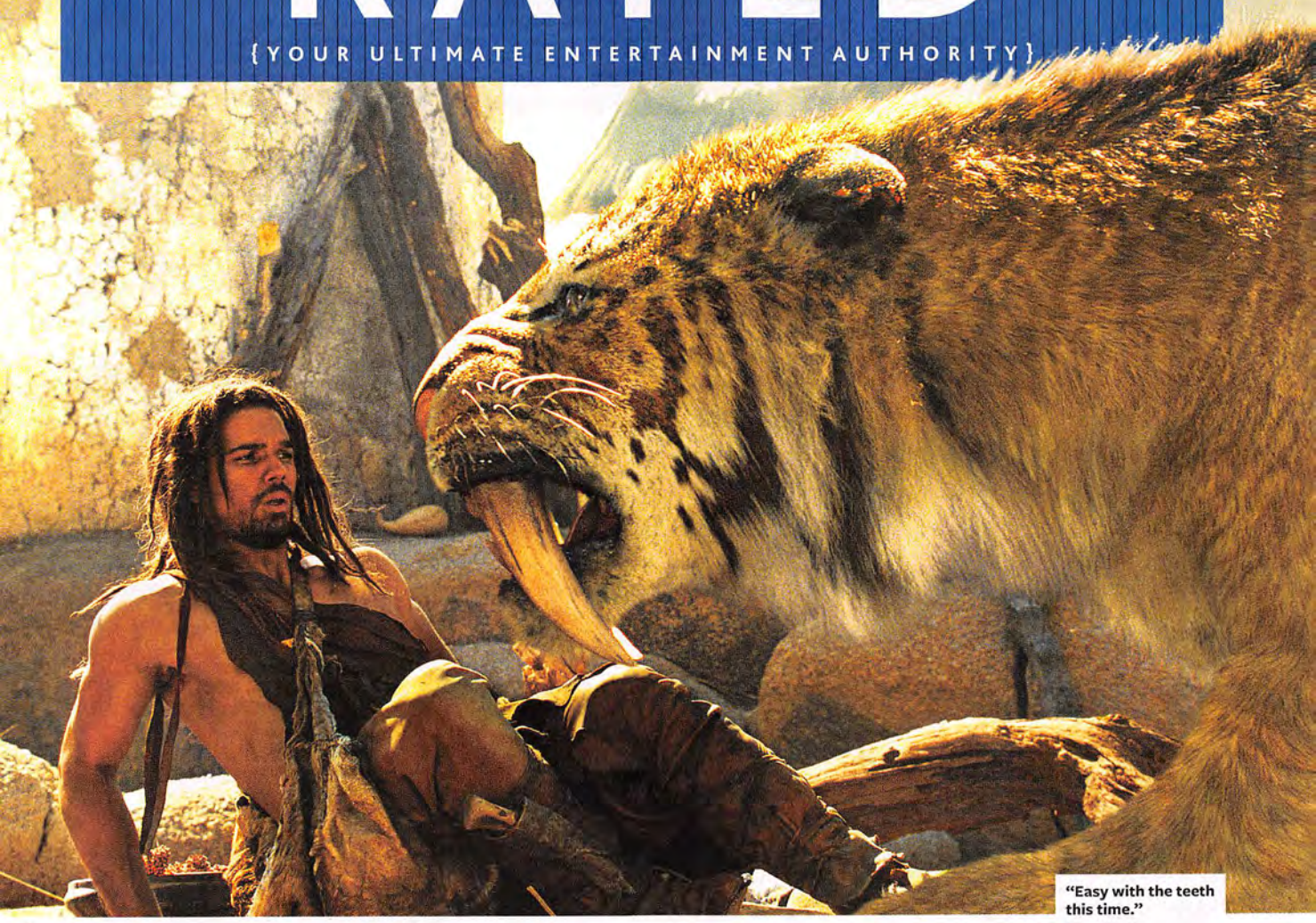


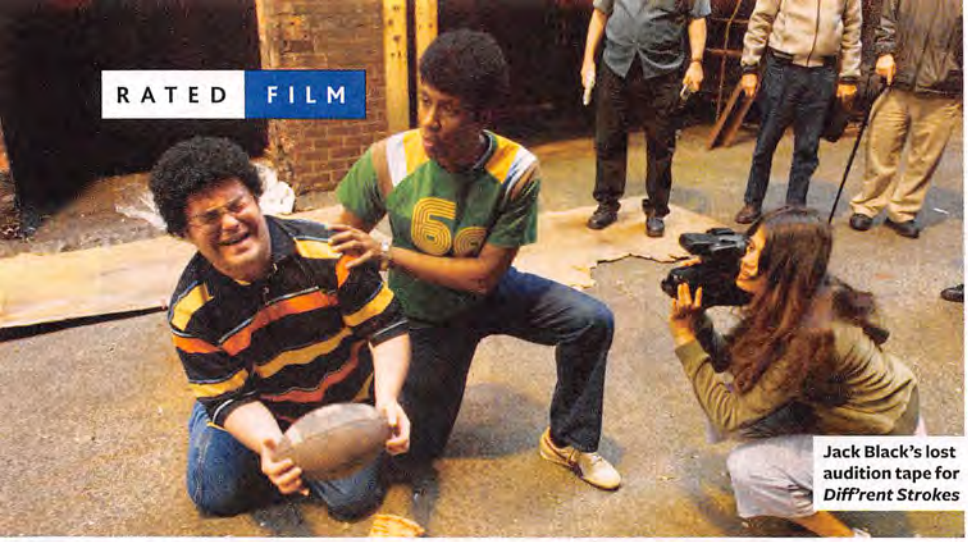
"Easy with the teeth this time."

HISTORY OF VIOLENCE

Blockbuster director Roland Emmerich gets prehistoric with his caveman epic, *10,000 B.C.*

Director Roland Emmerich practices what he preaches: "There are so many people who can make small movies, why should I do something small?" Cases in point, his *Independence Day* and *The Day After Tomorrow* were blockbusters packed with groundbreaking effects and end-of-the-world plot lines. Even his version of a period piece, *The Patriot*, featured gruesome scalpings and huge battles. Now he polishes his supersize rep and turns back the clock even further, to the beginning of history, in *10,000 B.C.* The saga follows D'Leh, a hunter in a remote tribe whose lady is kidnapped by warlords. To save her, D'Leh must undertake a *Lord of the Rings* meets *Apocalypto* quest against a backdrop that mashes an eon or two of human history, from hunter-gatherers to an advanced pyramid-building civilization and the "god" who enslaves it. While he stresses that *10,000 B.C.* shouldn't be taken as a history lesson, Emmerich went through great pains to ensure that entire cultures, not to mention extinct animals like saber-toothed tigers, were portrayed as accurately as possible. Creating such a sweeping tale is an odyssey of its own. Emmerich, who cowrote the film, devoted more than two years to the project—thanks in no small part to its visual effects. That's no surprise when you realize that it took 144 hours to create each *second* of the stunning six-minute woolly mammoth hunt scene that opens the film. With all this attention to detail, only one thing is conspicuously absent—movie stars. "I couldn't see a well-known actor running around in this movie," explains Emmerich. "It's prehistory. I just couldn't imagine Jake Gyllenhaal there."—*Mike Olson*

Roland Emmerich's *10,000 B.C.*, starring Steven Strait and Camilla Belle, hits theaters March 7.



Jack Black's lost audition tape for *Diff'rent Strokes*

JUST REDO IT

Be Kind Rewind director Michel Gondry offers DIY filmmaking tips.

1 | Don't rewatch the movies.

Work from your vague memories. The guys in *Be Kind Rewind* have to remake a bunch of well-known films, like *Ghostbusters* and *Boyz in the Hood* (above), but they don't rewatch them first. The film you make will be more personal, even if certain things are way off the mark.

2 | Use what you've got.

I like when technology is handmade. It makes both the filmmaker and the audience more creative. In *Be Kind Rewind*, we comment on movies like *Sin City*, where people get shot and make puddles of blood. Whenever anyone gets shot, we stuck a pizza pie on the wall behind them.

3 | Don't overact.

Sometimes actors overact when they do certain characters. It's going to be bad enough anyway, so just act normal. Even if it's the worst, that might be the funniest thing to watch. Jack Black and Mos Def really helped each other get this right in our movie, and it was nice to see.

4 | Stick it to the man.

Imagine a system where everybody creates their own entertainment and doesn't have to participate in an economic system to enjoy their spare time. People would re-create scenes using whatever they find and make it their own. That's the true spirit of the DIYer.

"Yes, the carpet does match the drapes."

'Fro Zone

Semi-Pro's Will Ferrell follows a fine tradition of Afro-rocking white guys.

Leon Trotsky Even when this Bolshevik revolutionary was in exile, he continued to oppose Stalinist bureaucracy...and regularly scheduled haircuts.

Richard Simmons The flamboyant exercise guru likes his hair the way he likes his ladies: big, sweaty, and ready to be conditioned.

Art Garfunkel Sure, Paul Simon was far more talented than his ex-partner, but the Funkel's 'fro accentuated that at least he was taller.

Bob Ross Just look at the happy little burnt-sienna mess of hair that sits atop the late *The Joy of Painting* star's hippy-dippy head.

Sideshow Bob Springfield's resident homicidal maniac hates barbers as much as Kelsey Grammer (who voices the freak) hates driving sober.

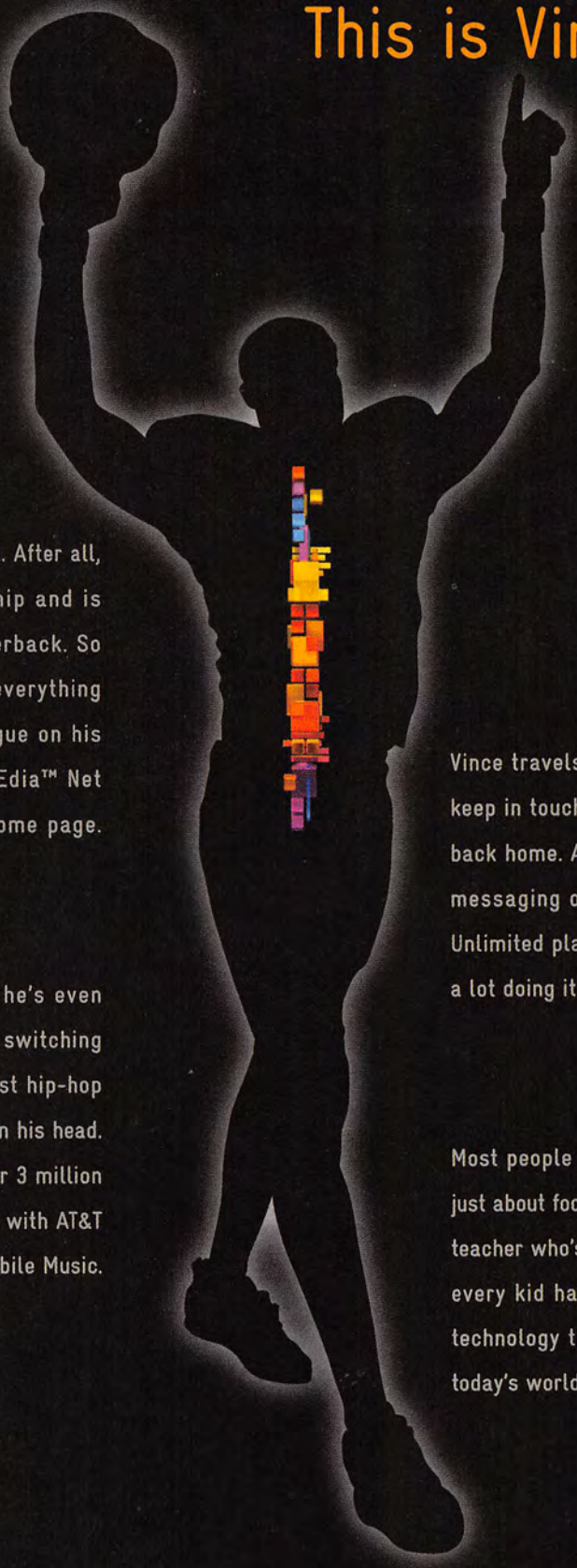
Andrew Stockdale Wolfmother's sound and this do aren't the only things that are '70s throwbacks; they also throw a *great* fondue party.

The Checkup

Sifting through the cinematic heap.

	Dumb-ass in charge of a society	Title lacks exclamation point	Popular comedians of the world, unite!	Dysfunctional families	Executions galore	Also known as We Own the Night	OUR TAKE
Horton Hears a Who! Steve Carell voices the mini mayor of Who-ville and Jim Carrey lends his esophagus to Horton the elephant in this Dr. Seuss classic.	✓		✓	✓			"From the creators of *Ice Age*" is less than encouraging, and if Carell doesn't make up for *Evan Almighty*, he needs his big-screen funny license revoked.
Vantage Point The president's been shot! In Spain! Possibly by Spaniards! Forest Whitaker taped it! Dennis Quaid's in the Secret Service! Explosions!	✓	✓			✓		Gimmicky but cool. Ghost Dog, Quaid, and their cast mates each get their own before-and-after-the-assassination segments, leading to a mind-blowing reveal.
The Other Boleyn Girl Corseted cuties Scarlett Johansson and Natalie Portman star as Henry VIII's competing love interests in 16th-century England.	✓	✓		✓	✓		History lovers won't drop $10.50 for the story's inevitable ending...but they will spend the cash on the inevitable ScarJo sex scene with Eric Bana's Henry.
Pride and Glory Irish cop Ed Norton must choose between his family of po-po (Colin Farrell and Jon Voight) and truth, justice, and the American way.		✓		✓	✓	✓	A winner. Between director Gavin O'Connor and Colin Farrell—finally playing someone who's actually Irish—there's potato-eating authenticity to spare.

This is Vince Young.



Wireless Sports Updates

Of course Vince Young is into football. After all, he did win a college championship and is currently a starting pro quarterback. So you know he keeps up on everything happening in the league on his phone's MEdia™ Net home page.

Ringtones

As fast as he is on the field, he's even faster off it. Vince is always switching up his ringtone for the latest hip-hop track he's gotten stuck in his head. Luckily, he's got over 3 million to choose from with AT&T Mobile Music.

Picture Messaging

Vince travels for work. A lot. So he likes to keep in touch with his mother and friends back home. And with unlimited picture messaging on his MEdia™ Max Unlimited plan, he saves a lot doing it.

Me/Charity

Most people don't know that Vince isn't just about football. He's also a volunteer teacher who's working to make sure every kid has access to the technology that drives today's world.

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SOUTHERN EXPOSURE

Meet the viral video vixen who's as funny as she is hot.

Since the video for Taryn Southern's Sapphic love song parody for Hillary Clinton, "Hott 4 Hill," became an Internet sensation, we've been wondering where the rising comedy star will pop up next. The good news: She's starring in a series of T-Mobile videos (check out "Not My Sock") and two 2008 films, *Senior Skip Day* and *Deep in the Valley*. Here's what else we found out about the Webutante.

She's a big hit in the ER.
My friends and I were in a car accident coming home from a toga-themed high school dance. We were taken to the ER in these teeny togas, and the doctors go, "We're going to have to cut these off." There were definitely more doctors than necessary in that room.

On-screen love scenes? Not always awesome.
In *Senior Skip Day*, I had to make out with a guy while I had fried chicken in my mouth. For my first movie make-out session, that was, well, awkward.

No means no, Uncle Creepy.
This one guy would call me all the time going, "Please give me a chance!" Then he tracked down my e-mail and sent me pictures of him and his girlfriend. At least I didn't get any explicit shots.

To see what went down at Taryn's photo shoot, go to **maxim.com** for exclusive video.

TARYN'S VIDEOS, INCLUDING "HOTT 4 HILL," AVERAGE OVER 1.25 MILLION HITS A WEEK.

PHOTOGRAPH BY STEVE SHAW

STYLING, KAREN SHAPIRO; HAIR, AARON LIGHT WITH CELESTINE AGENCY; MAKEUP, GARRETT GERVAIS

Raise your hand if this seems homoerotic!

PHOTOGRAPH, MARIUS BUGGE (*HUMAN GIANT*)

HUMAN STAINS

As MTV's *Human Giant* charges into its second season, we hit the set to see how comedy gold is spun out of common douchebaggery.

One thing the stars of *Human Giant* (above, left to right, Rob Huebel, Paul Scheer, and Aziz Ansari) know for certain is how to make fun of that uniquely American invention. No, not the musical...the douchebag. Though they made their bones working New York City's alternative comedy circuit, they shot to YouTube stardom and got MTV's attention because of their short films about cocky assholes. From "Shutterbugs," a satire aimed at scummy child-actor agents, to "Illusionators," a spoof of bombastically arrogant magician Criss Angel, no broheim was safe. "We love playing idiots who think they're the shit, but aren't at all," explains Ansari. This tradition continues in season two with "Dude-Bro Junction," a parody commercial for a cheesy bar where meatheads rule. We went to a New Jersey dive bar to watch them shoot the skit, witnessing firsthand how the guys channel their inner pricks.

Look the Part

Backward baseball caps and bead necklaces help the actors get into character. "If you wear a Dave Matthews shirt, play a little Hacky Sack, and have a tendency toward date rape," says Huebel, "Dude-Bro Junction is the bar for you." The guys crack up the crew with improvised dialogue. "I got this T-shirt for $200!" shouts Scheer during one take. "I like talkin' about my dick!" Huebel replies.

Know Your Movie Quotes

Incessantly quoting movies is fundamental to dumb-ass behavior. Hence, Saturdays are "Borat-urdays," where every drink ordered in a Borat voice is half-price. In this scene the actors play beer pong and shout, "My wi-i-i-fe!" while wearing black mustaches. In the last take the director instructs them to go off script, which quickly devolves into the actors yelling, "Remember that? From that movie? I said something from that movie!"

Be Casually Racist

Insensitive white dudes can take advantage of another theme night at the Junction, "Me-So-Mondays," when guys say, "Me so horny!" in funny Asian accents for double Jäger shots. After a rousing shout of the catch phrase, every actor and extra on set stares lasciviously at the lone girl seated at the bar. As the sketch wraps, Huebel apologizes to the young lady, proving the *Human Giant* guys aren't really jerks; they only play them on TV.—*Jane Borden*

The second season of *Human Giant* starts March 11.

"Does this body armor make my ass look big?"

Game On

They made 'em. We played 'em. Now it's your turn.

Army of Two

EA • Xbox 360 • PS3

Pal up and play as a mercenary duo in the first third-person shooter that lets you and a buddy co-op snipe, parachute, and even resuscitate each other via a CPR mini-game. It's a fun ride but still can't compare with the old-school classic *Contra*.—*Jesse Brukman*

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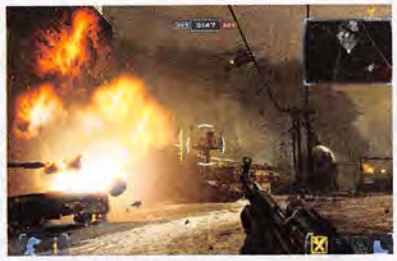


Frontlines: Fuel of War

THQ • Xbox 360 • PS3

Wield the weapons of 2024—helicopter drones and exploding remote-control cars—to secure the last oil resources on Earth. A multiplayer mode and a plethora of classes put this on par with *Halo* for best online experience (next to Club Jenna).—*J.B.*

●●●●○

Rainbow Six: Vegas 2

Ubisoft • Xbox 360 • PS3 • PC

Fans of the first *Vegas* will return for the hot graphics and stay for the new jump-in, jump-out co-op multiplayer and online deathmatch modes. Plus, smaller maps create more intimate fragfests as your team rids Sin City of terrorists. Next, Celine Dion!—*J.B.*

●●●○○

Panic in the Locker Room Shower

DISCO INFERNO

Panic at the Disco are keeping their cool as they put the finishing touches on their hotly anticipated sophomore effort, *Pretty. Odd.*

"You don't have to worry, 'cause we're still the same band," sings PATD frontman Brendon Urie in tune with a chiming electric guitar on "We're So Starving," the opening track of the band's new disc, *Pretty. Odd.* The line is both a joke and a fitting introduction to an album that finds the Las Vegas–based outfit trying to outgrow their emo origins. "The funniest part to me is that Jon Walker, our bassist, sings along with that line, and he wasn't even in the band last time," says guitarist Ryan Ross of Walker, who replaced original member Brent Wilson in 2006. "That whole song is just very lighthearted and fun." Lighthearted? Fun? Not the adjectives we would use to describe PATD's debut, *A Fever You Can't Sweat Out*, which rode theatrical, tortured tales of manipulative girlfriends and the men who love them to platinum status. But PATD are no longer the melodramatic 17- and 18-year-olds who made *Fever*. "I've noticed that things aren't bad all the time," says Ross, now 21. "So I've tried to write songs that people will want to hear when they're getting off work rather than something that's going to bring them down." To that end the band focused on capturing a loose, classic-rock vibe, drawing influence from a newfound embrace of the Beach Boys, the Beatles, the Stones, the Kinks, and Bob Dylan. How that will work out isn't entirely clear, since tracks were still being mixed at press time. "I think it sounds a little more real and human than our last album," offers Ross. "*Fever* was good for how young we were, but for me it's kind of like a yearbook picture. You look at it like, 'Oh, man, *that's* the suit I was wearing?' This album will surprise people, 'cause if we weren't surprising people, there's no real point in listening."—*David Peisner*

Playlist

For your aural satisfaction, here's what's dropping this month.

Nas • Nigger • Def Jam

●●◐○○

The title of Nas' latest album is an inciting slap in the face, so perhaps the music was bound to sound pale in comparison. Those expecting an angry lyrical bloodbath will be disappointed, and some of the beats are downright radio-friendly. Don't worry too much, though: A song such as "The Fear of the Black Man's Dick" probably won't win over many Miley Cyrus fans. —*David Peisner*

The Black Crowes • Warpaint • Silver Arrow

●●◐○○

The Black Crowes already sounded like grizzled classic rockers on their 1990 debut. While it certainly was a neat trick for a bunch of wasted twenty-somethings to pull off, it hasn't left Chris Robinson and the gang much room for growth. Now that they're legitimately grizzled, they sound pretty much like they always have: boozy, competent, and in slavish debt to the Stones, the Allmans, and the Faces. —*D.P.*

The Gutter Twins • Saturnalia • Sub Pop

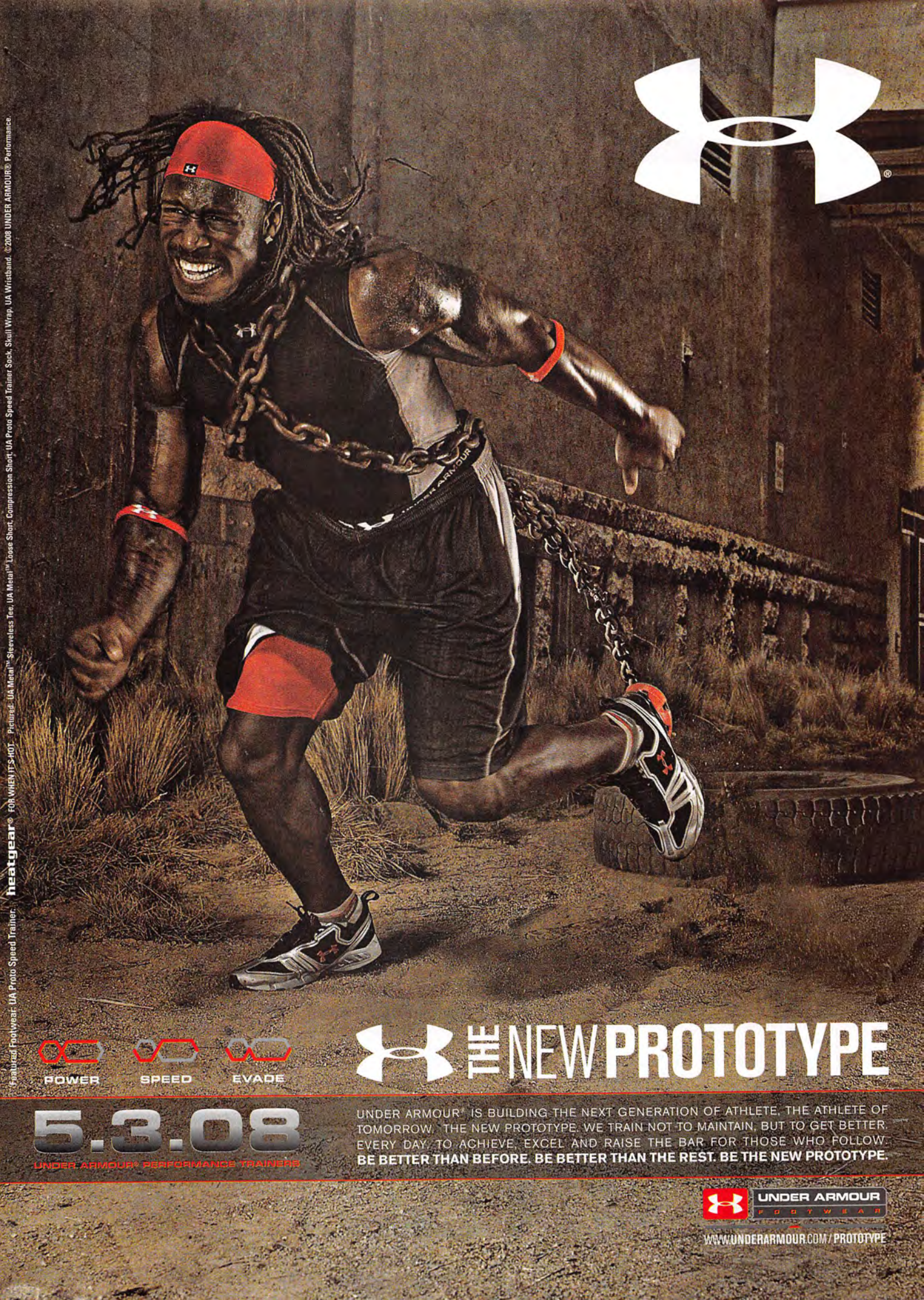
●●●●○

In a just universe—or at least a darker one—the Afghan Whigs and Screaming Trees would've owned the '90s. Instead, their respective frontmen, Greg Dulli and Mark Lanegan, settled for cult stardom. Their first full-length collaboration is an angry, twisted rock 'n' soul jaw-dropper that dials the guitars, drums, and dysfunction up to 11 and makes you want to wallow in the same gutter as they do.—*D.P.*

Music Math

Ashlee Simpson • Bittersweet World • Geffen

She may be a nakedly ambitious lip-syncer, but the younger Simpson sister is no fool. She recruited world-class knob-twiddlers Timbaland and the Neptunes for this '80s-leaning makeover, and damn if they don't do a decent job of boosting her voice with elastic beats and hot hooks.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The future of pop culture, filed and sorted for your anticipatory pleasure.

GET PSYCHED FOR

Indefinite Leave to Remain

Dig out that library card, because David Sedaris—maybe the funniest American humorist since Mark Twain—is back on the bookshelf. His new collection includes essays about a Polish crybaby and chimps at a typing school.

My Life on the D-List

Kathy Griffin returns for a fourth season of dissing *actual* celebs. The Academy of Television Arts & Sciences saw fit to bestow an Emmy on the show. We see fit to bestow a brick through the TV whenever this parasite appears.

You Don't Mess With the Zohan

Adam Sandler is an Israeli commando (!) who moves to Manhattan to fulfill his dream of being a hairstylist. We're hoping the fact that Judd Apatow is a cowriter will save this suicide mission.

STAY AWAY FROM

Ghostbusters: The Video Game

Cross-streams with the 'Busters in their ongoing battle to dispose of supernatural visitors. Written by Dan Aykroyd and Harold Ramis, the game features the voices of the original film cast.

Celine Dion World Tour

The chest-thumping overemoter is embarking on a globe-spanning tour. With more than 45 dates in the U.S. alone, she's sure to swing perilously close to your eardrums. Pity you if your *Titanic*-loving girlfriend scores tix.

Dollhouse

Buffy creator Joss Whedon returns to TV with this sci-fi drama about secret agents imprinted with custom abilities. Not-so-secretly hot Eliza Dushku takes the lead, so even if the premise sounds like an *X-Men* ripoff, we'll still tune in.

TIME WILL TELL

Star Trek XI

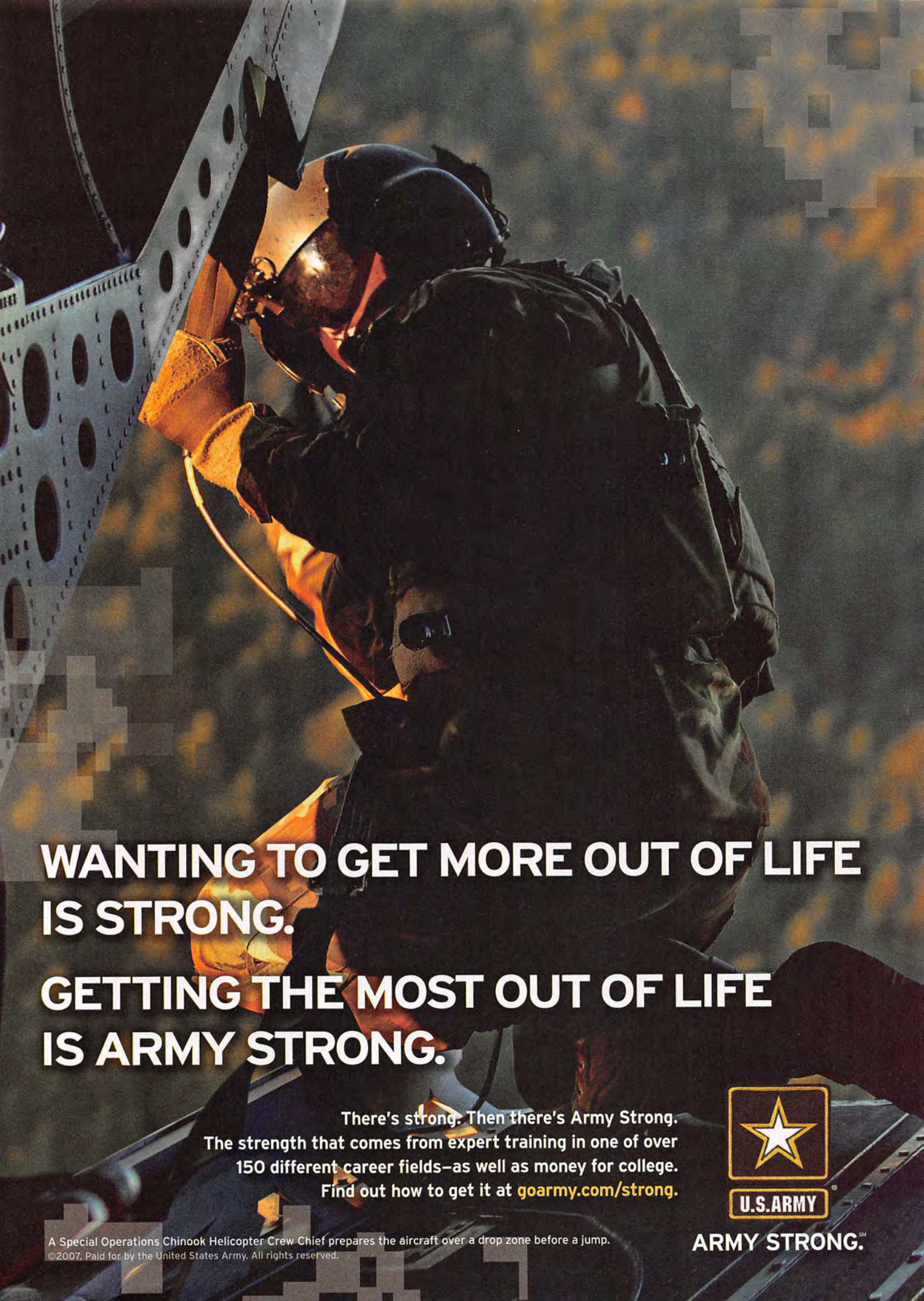
Kirk and Spock are back! Though the plot is shrouded in so much mystery that cast member Winona Ryder can't even beam off set for a smoke, with *Lost* virtuoso J.J. Abrams at the helm, we're willing to offer an early Vulcan salute.

Marley & Me

We kind of get why Owen Wilson might feel kinship with a lovable yet naughty pooch. But that's no excuse for starring in a lame movie with one, based on the tear-jerking bestseller about a Labrador and his frustrated owners.

New Garbage Album

One of the '90s' coolest bands is in the studio, and drummer Butch Vig says their new disc will lean toward "melancholy bummer music." We look forward to a listen...and to another glimpse of Shirley Manson's sexy, rocking self.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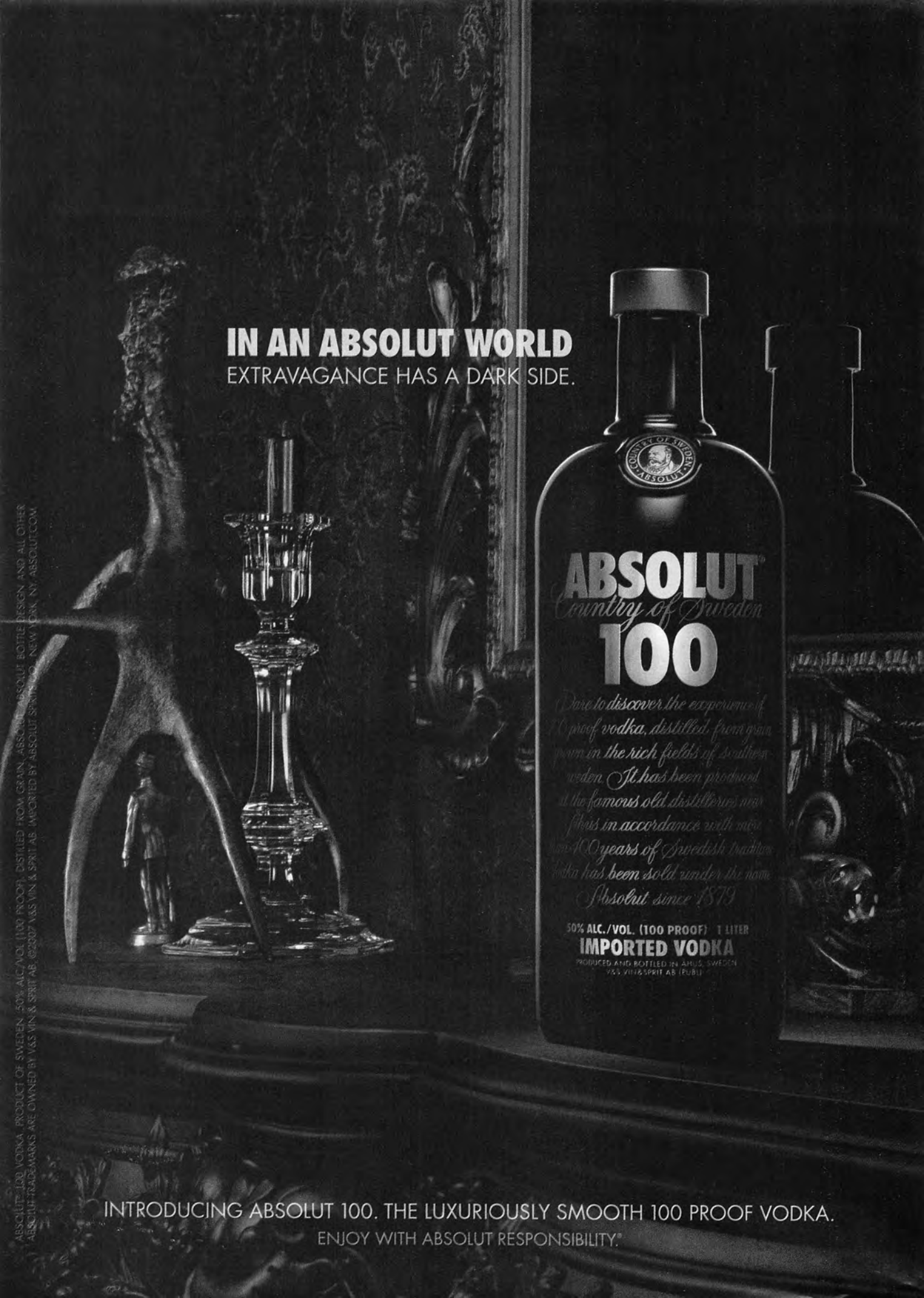
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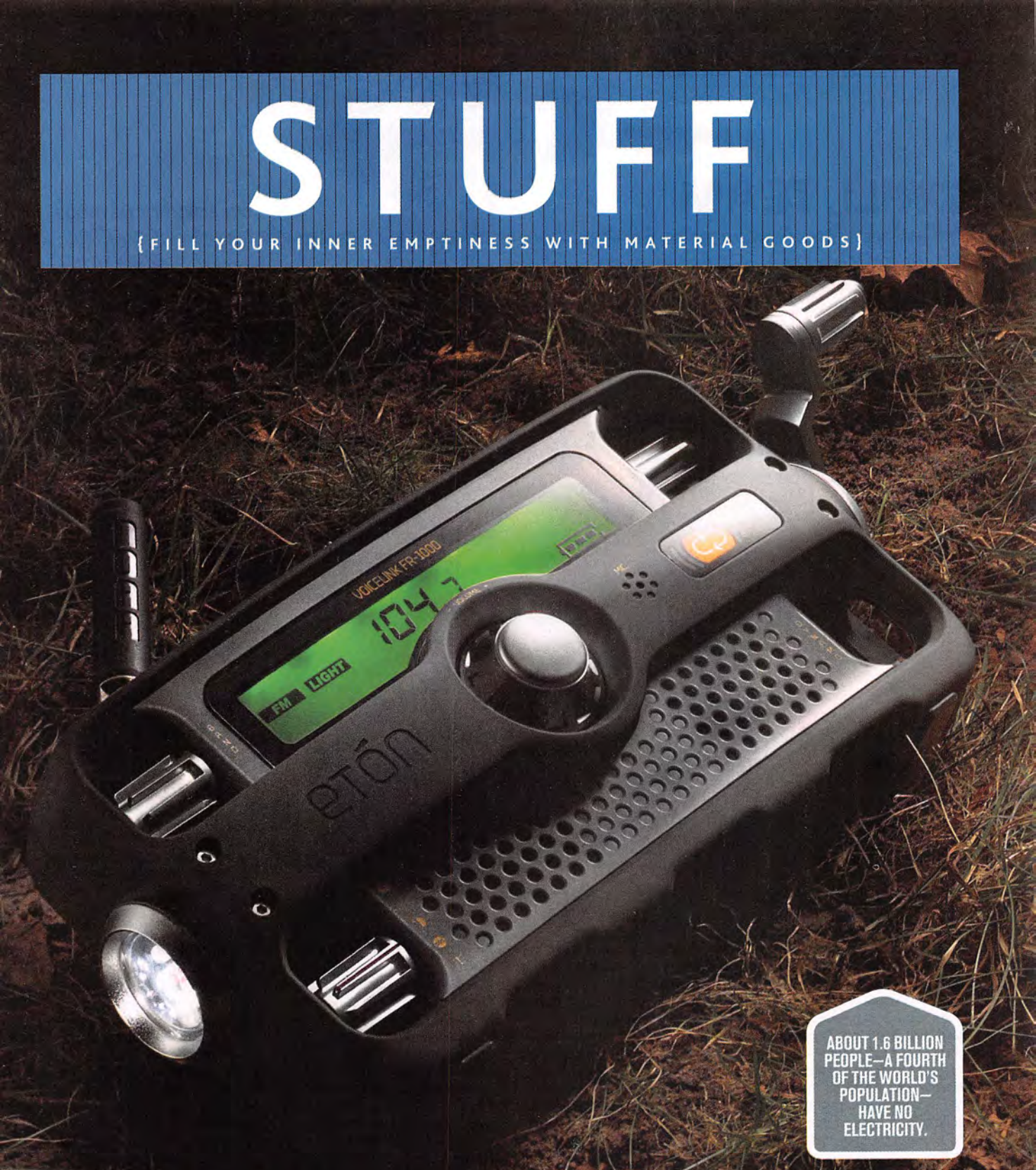


ABOUT 1.6 BILLION PEOPLE—A FOURTH OF THE WORLD'S POPULATION—HAVE NO ELECTRICITY.

CRANK IT UP

This no-batteries-needed wilderness radio saves lives—and pumps out the jams!

Hardcore survival gear is traditionally designed for awkward Boy Scouts and paranoid baked-bean stockpilers, so eye-catching design isn't always a priority. Not so for Etón's svelte-but-sturdy FR1000 Voicelink radio, a tough-as-hell self-powered communicator that'd make even the sissiest city slicker happy to find himself hopelessly lost in Jellystone Park. Packed into the handsome exterior is a smorgasbord of lifesaving tech: an AM/FM receiver, a NOAA weather radio and alert system, a flashlight, a flashing SOS beacon and siren, a cell phone charger, and a two-way walkie-talkie with GMRS technology. "Ma! We need more Funyuns. Tent located south-southwest of the garage!" Once you've exhausted the Voicelink's four AA batteries, use the side-mounted crank to charge an internal dynamo for an endless supply of power...as long as your arm doesn't get tired. *$150, etoncorp.com*

TEXT: MAX CATTANEO

PHOTOGRAPH BY ASTERISM

DRILL TEAM

Lithium-ion batteries make cordless drills lighter and more powerful than ever. But which ones make us trigger-happy, and which leave us feeling screwed?

OUR SCIENTIFIC METHODS

Hardwood: really boring

Ice: two frozen tools

Lock breaker: keyless entry

The Green Monster
Hitachi DS18DL, $240

Lowdown: It looks like a Transformer's side arm and wins the power-on-paper test: 1,800 rpm and 570 in.-lb. of torque. Filthy!
Lock breaker: Godzilla powered through the tumblers of a commercial padlock in just 25 seconds.
Hardwood: We bored thick 5/16"x2" lag screws straight into solid oak, a task recommended by...none of the manufacturers. But this baby punched the screw through in a mere 9.18 seconds.
Ice: To test grip comfort, weight, and battery life, we crafted fantastical sculptures in 300-pound blocks of ice. Our tester's "surgically repaired" elbow gave out under the Hitachi's heaviest-in-test 4.6 pounds before he could complete his masterpiece. Pussy.
Verdict: Big, heavy, green—and tough as balls. Recognize.

RATING ●●●●○

The Featherweight
Skil 2815-02, $100

Lowdown: The cheapest and most American of our drills underwhelms on paper—800 rpm and a battery life of 1.3 amp hours. But is this a 2.5-pound David among Goliaths?
Lock breaker: It took an epic two minutes and 37 seconds before the lock popped. U.S.A.! U.S.A.! U.S....Wait, that's not impressive.
Hardwood: The Skils' directions didn't warn us against drilling into oak. So we did, and 32 seconds later got a smelly, smoky, sparky light show. To its credit, however, the Skil eventually revived. U.S.A.!
Ice: Since its 3/8" chuck couldn't handle our massive bore bit—oh, grow up—we drilled with a smaller bit for more than half an hour. Do smiley faces count as ice sculpture?
Verdict: Stick to realistic tasks—like distressing denim or fixing Granny's spectacles.

RATING ●●○○○

Great White Hope
Makita BDF452HW, $200

Lowdown: The sweet combo of Olsenian weight (3.5 pounds) and Mustangian torque (450 in.-lb.) made a nearby pro woodworker drool—before he told us that the kickback would snap our wrists.
Lock breaker: It took 47 seconds of metal-on-metal grinding before the lock popped. Honestly, we expected a better effort.
Hardwood: It forced an oversize screw through the hapless piece of lumber in just 10.78 seconds. Anybody need a coffin—cheap?
Ice: This ergonomically perfect tool flung icy blizzards and bored scores of holes—until its battery died long before any of the others. Luckily, recharges take 15 minutes.
Verdict: Built to be ridden hard and put up wet...from carving a delightful ice unicorn. Don't judge.

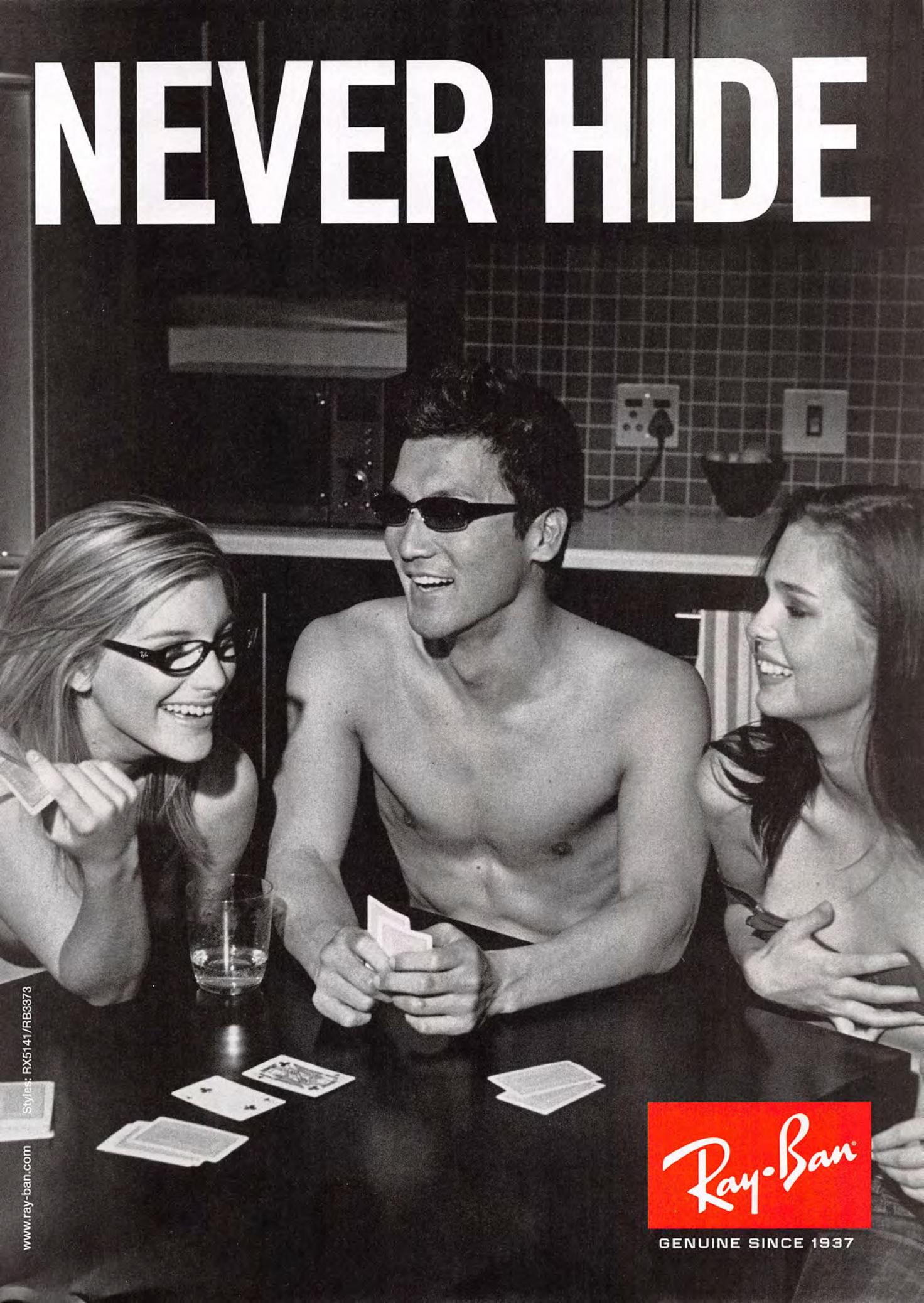
RATING ●●●●○

The Neon Beast
Ryobi P813, $159

Lowdown: Though Ryobi intends its tools for the DIYer, this oddball has specs tough enough for a contractor (1,600 rpm, a 24-position clutch) and a glowing green exterior that'd delight any nu-raver.
Lock breaker: Our ex-girlfriend will be so surprised—it destroyed the lock in 10 seconds! Seriously, it was kind of unsettlingly easy.
Hardwood: A remarkable six seconds. Norm Abram territory, son.
Ice: It was as if Ryobi designed the drill just for jackasses like us. It viciously ripped through the block, then begged us for more. One tester complained about its "odd balance" due to the bulky 2.4 amp-hour battery. Still, his ice likeness of Brian Boitano was awe-inspiring.
Verdict: We have a winner! Ideal for heavy-duty repair jobs at home *and* in black-lit dance clubs.

RATING ●●●●◐

PHOTOGRAPH BY ASTERISM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GENUINE SINCE 1937

THE FIRST-EVER DIGITAL CAMERA RECORDED A .01-MEGAPIXEL IMAGE IN 1975.

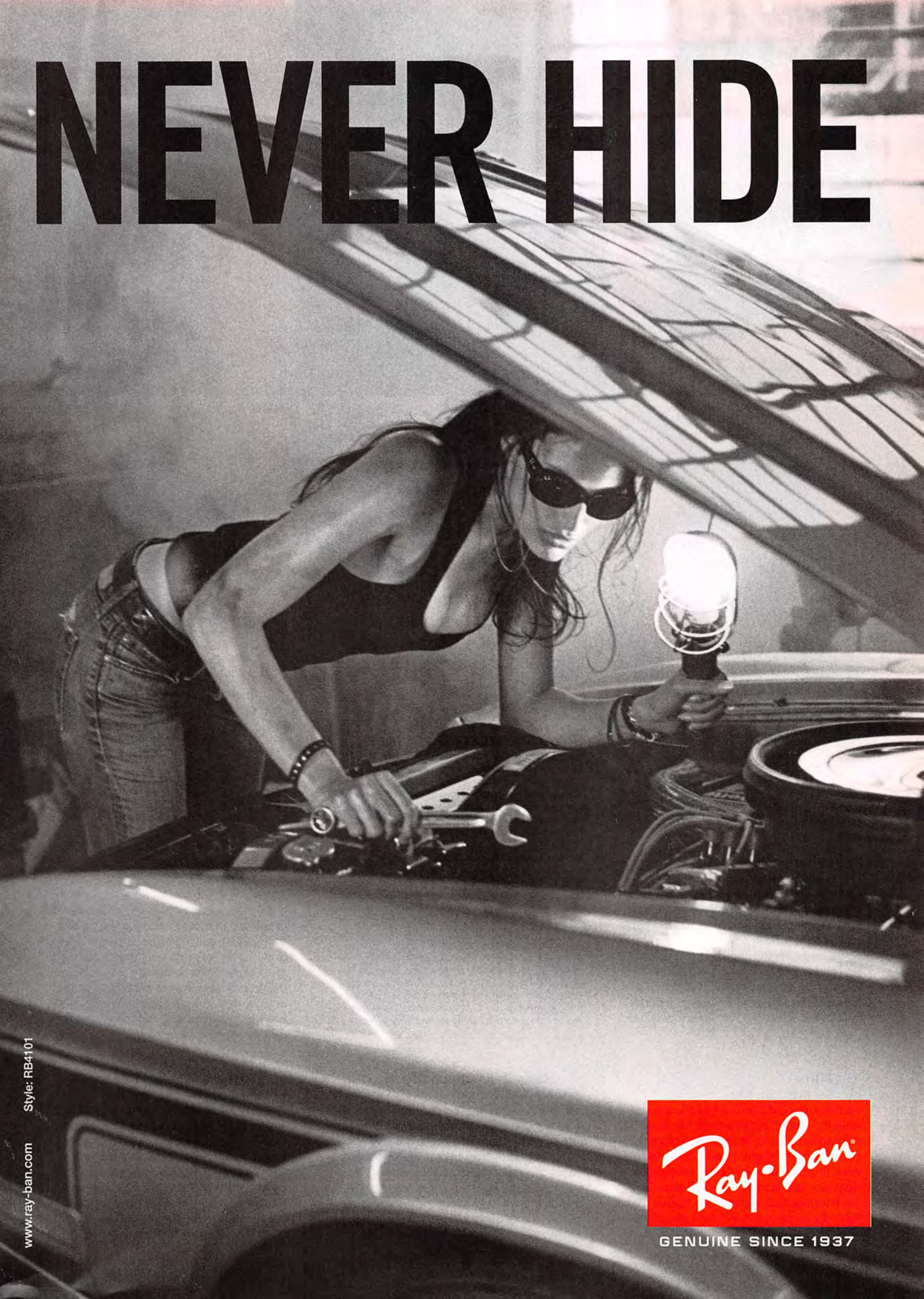
FILM BUFF

Snap up this analog classic for a lady who likes to experiment.

So your girl loves her digital cam but bores you silly with pics of pie-faced coworkers and her cat clawing the TV? Get her Lomographic's Diana+ camera and make her photos tolerable again. The newly reissued 1960s cult classic uses 120-format film and creates trippy, blurry images with supersaturated colors. On top of the original's two shutter speeds and manual focus, Lomo updated the Diana with pinhole and panoramic functions. It won't just make her hold off on pointless photos; it'll keep her from instantly deleting your bedroom shots. Long live film! *$50, shop.lomography.com*

PHOTOGRAPH BY ARTHUR BELEBEAU

STYLING, ELLE STRAUSS FOR BA-REPS.COM; HAIR, GREGORY PURCELL FOR MARK EDWARD, INC.; MAKEUP, CHICO FOR JUMP MANAGEMENT.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Style: RB4101

1

3

4

2

BETTER THAN iPOD?

Unlike Apple's wündergadget, these MP3 players allow you to "rent" millions of new songs for $15 a month.

HOW TO SCORE ENDLESS TUNES

Napster to Go: The most songs
Sign up for an account here and legally steal the largest legit downloadable music catalog in the world, with more than five million songs (PC and Mac). New music suggestions are based on the real usage patterns of like-minded music hogs instead of "experts." No one really likes Hawkwind anyway.

Rhapsody to Go: The most added value
In addition to three million songs, Rhapsody (PC and Mac) offers lyrics to help you decipher the toothless wastoids you've been slurring along to all these years. Plus, your sub lets you listen to new music on your TiVo, and sometime soon, your Verizon phone.

Zune Pass: The most Zuney
A Zune Pass (PC only) allows Zuneheads to engorge their Zune portables with three million songs; it's like a monthlong stay at Old Country Buffet, but for Zunes. Zuners build a widget that can be embedded in blogs or Facebook. The result? Friends see what you're Zuning before Zuning you mercilessly for it.

5

1 Creative Zen 32GB

Services: Napster, Rhapsody This piano-black-only credit-card-size ultralight player is nearly unnoticeable in your pocket but boasts the largest Flash-based memory currently on the market. You can pack up to 8,000 songs, rented or owned, in just about any format, and use a built-in SD slot that lets you pop in memory cards with even more tuneage. The only thing limiting your portable music selection? Your atrocious taste! *($350, creative.com)*

2 Zune

Service: Zune Pass
iFanboys mocked Zune's limited functionality when it debuted, but Microsoft has supershizzled its music-oriented media player into a bona fide iPod classic beater. Really. We dig: sleek, fingerprint-proof casing, crisp three-inch color LCD screen, FM tuner, and seamless interface to Zune Pass [see sidebar]. We don't dig: quasi-useful wi-fi sync and share features *($150–$250, 4 GB–80GB, zune.net)*

3 Haier Ibiza Rhapsody

Service: Rhapsody
It may look like an iPod on thalidomide, but the Ibiza has wi-fi chops the others don't. Simply bring it within range of an open hot spot and you can instantly snag any tune in Rhapsody's huge collection (if you're a subscriber). We had an impromptu urge to hear the Stones' "Sister Morphine"—never mind why—and in a few clicks the entire *Sticky Fingers* album was in our pocket. *($300 for 30GB, haieramerica.com)*

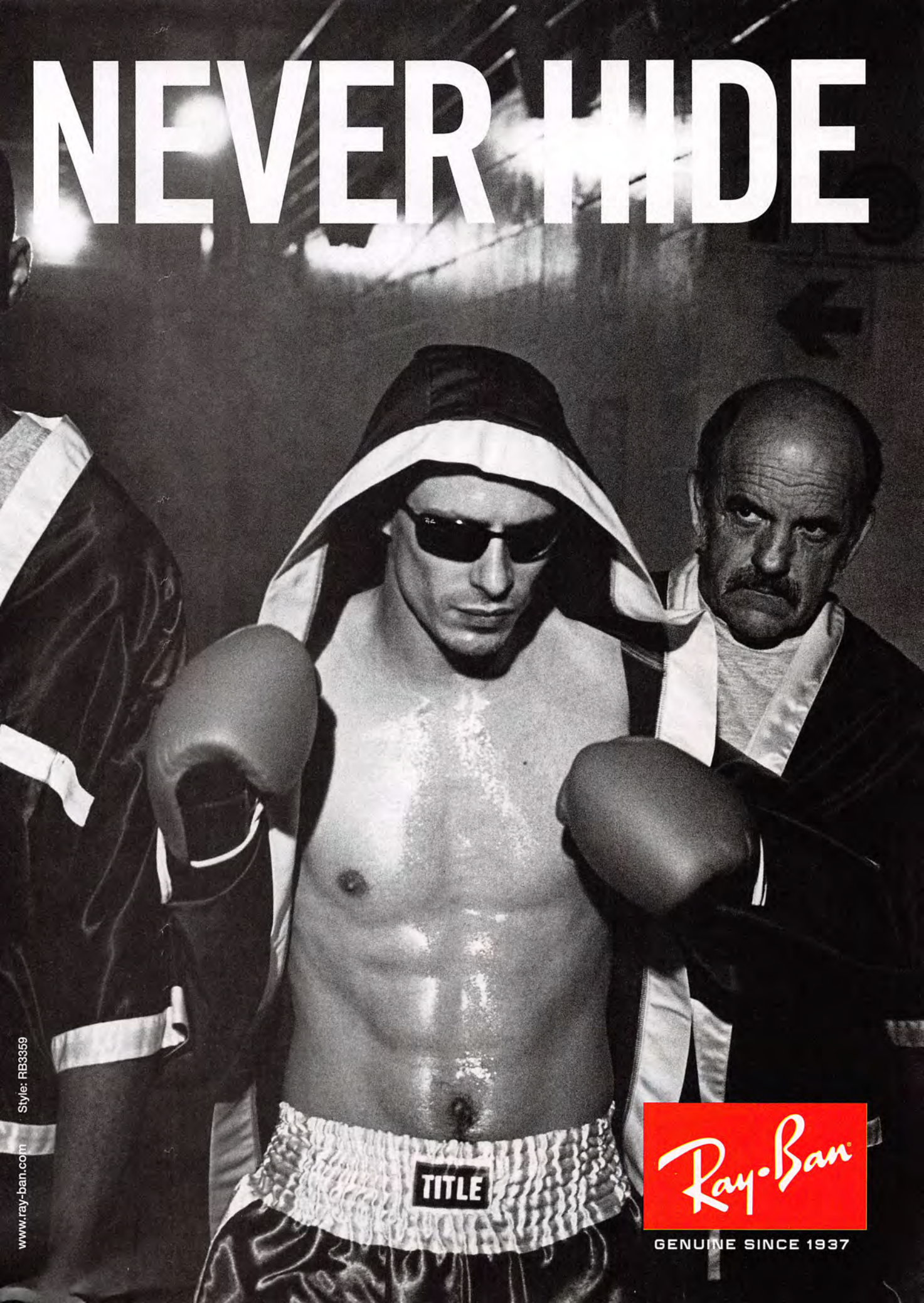
4 Samsung P2

Services: Napster, Rhapsody
The looker of the bunch also plays the most audio formats, displays 30 fps video on a brilliant 16:9 touchscreen, and supports Bluetooth. Connect up to three pairs of wireless headphones for oddly silent dance parties, or sync up your cell phone and answer calls on those same phones. The best part: Without a business-dude earpiece glued to your skull, you won't look like a Bluedouche. *($250 for 8GB, product.samsung.com)*

5 Toshiba Gigabeat T400

Services: Napster, Rhapsody
Wanna convert an annoying audiophile who whines about MP3 sound quality and fetishizes vinyl? Try the T400, a tiny player whose sound enhancement compensates for frequencies lost in data compression, enhancing MP3 highs and lows. It looks like Captain Kirk's intergalactically ugly communicator—but audiophiles are *always* Trekkies anyway. *($119, for 4GB toshibadirect.com)*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SATOSHI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BLUES CRUISER

Grammy-nominated guitarist Kenny Wayne Shepherd's cure for muscle-car madness: Buy another.

Sweeping Dusters

Old Dusters are still under collectors' radar, I did some research and found this 1970 body, no rust, great condition, only two owners. My team dropped in a rebuilt 406-cubic-inch crate engine that puts out 435 hp and 470 lb.-ft. of torque. This is a really light car, so to have that much horsepower makes it really fast. We also beefed up the suspension so that it's more stable and lowered the car to give it a better-looking stance. Then Chip Foose, who's the hottest customizer right now, did some one-off wheels for it.

Man's Best Friend

Mopars [old Chryslers, Dodges, and Plymouths] are selling high right now—everybody wants to do up a Barracuda or a Charger. When I was a kid, I always had Hot Wheels cars in my pockets, and I was a big fan of *The Dukes of Hazzard*, so the '69 Charger was an icon for me. I have a '69 and a '72. My dog's name is even Dodge.

Dear Ol' Dad

My father-in-law, Mel Gibson, is welcome to drive my cars if he wants, but he hasn't found the urge. We did take a motorcycle trip together from L.A. to Lake Tahoe one time. It was a pretty long ride...but we had fun.

Slow Learner

Within the first six months of having my license, I wrecked my car three times. But now I think that if I didn't have a career in music, I would have pursued drag racing—I'm actually taking the car out to the strip this weekend.

Love Seat

People get fired up about old cars; they'll talk your ear off. Once I overheated my '50 Ford and had to call for a tow truck; an old guy saw me in the mall parking lot and told me about how he had one and modified the steering column so he could have more room to be with his girl on the front seat. I was kind of creeped out. He was *way* too old to be telling me that.

Kenny Wayne Shepherd's *Ten Days Out: Blues From the Backroads* CD-DVD is in stores now.

"I'M A THROWBACK. MY CARS AND GUITARS ARE BOTH DECADES OLD."

"The hood decal? Won it playing Skee-Ball."

TEXT: JESSE WILL. GROOMING: CHERINE ANAYA WITH ARTISTS BY TIMOTHY PRATO

PHOTOGRAPH BY MARK MANN

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* Rates are per couple and include hotel transfers and baggage handling. Rate does not include Hotel Taxes. Offer valid from January 15 to March 31, 2008. Package is subject to availability. Other restrictions may apply. All packages and prices are subject to change and may be withdrawn without notice.

ARCADE FIRE

Turn house arrest into a dream vacation with this basement-friendly gaming gear.

1 Foos Is Loose
The rough-and-tumble game of foosball gets classy with this cherry-finished Oxford table by Sportcraft. Its elite touches include carved wooden players, wooden balls, a faux grass table surface, and a storage compartment underneath. Best of all, the table is so swank that your opponent will never expect you to jab him in the nuts with its handles. *$879, orvis.com*

2 Able Table
Show your pals you take Ping-Pong—er, table tennis—very seriously with this high-end table from Chicago-based Killerspin. A glare-resistant blue powder coat means no more claiming, "I lost it in the lights!" while its sturdy two-part, 410-pound construction eliminates volley-ending wobbles. So you'll have no excuses for losing in pathetic 0-11 blowouts. *$1,999, killerspin.com*

3 Ball Dropper
Pachinko games are as plentiful in Tokyo as slot machines are in Vegas. Simply drop tiny silver balls into the machine, and when they hit a target, you win... more balls! Yes, the Japanese are crazy—but the game can be way addicting. And you can't get more authentic than this refurbished unit, which was once used in Tokyo's Ginza district. Bonsai, playa. *$330, hammacher.com*

4 Soft Target
Electronic dart machines are great—except for the beeping and blinking and the need to use frustratingly nonlethal plastic darts. That's why we prefer an old-school classic like this bristle-board target housed in a hardwood cabinet. So crack open a beer and keep score the old-fashioned way: by cheating your ass off while using a chalkboard. *$199, restorationhardware.com*

5 Bumper Crop
Unless you own a funeral home, you probably don't have room in the basement for a dozen pinball machines. Cue UltraPin, a machine that ditches 3-D balls for the virtual sort, displaying 12 vintage Bally and Williams games on a 32-inch LCD monitor. Bumping and nudging the cabinet even alters the course of the ball. But not, sadly, the course of your life. *$4,800, globalvr.com*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SATOSHI ILLUSTRATION BY AARON ASHLEY

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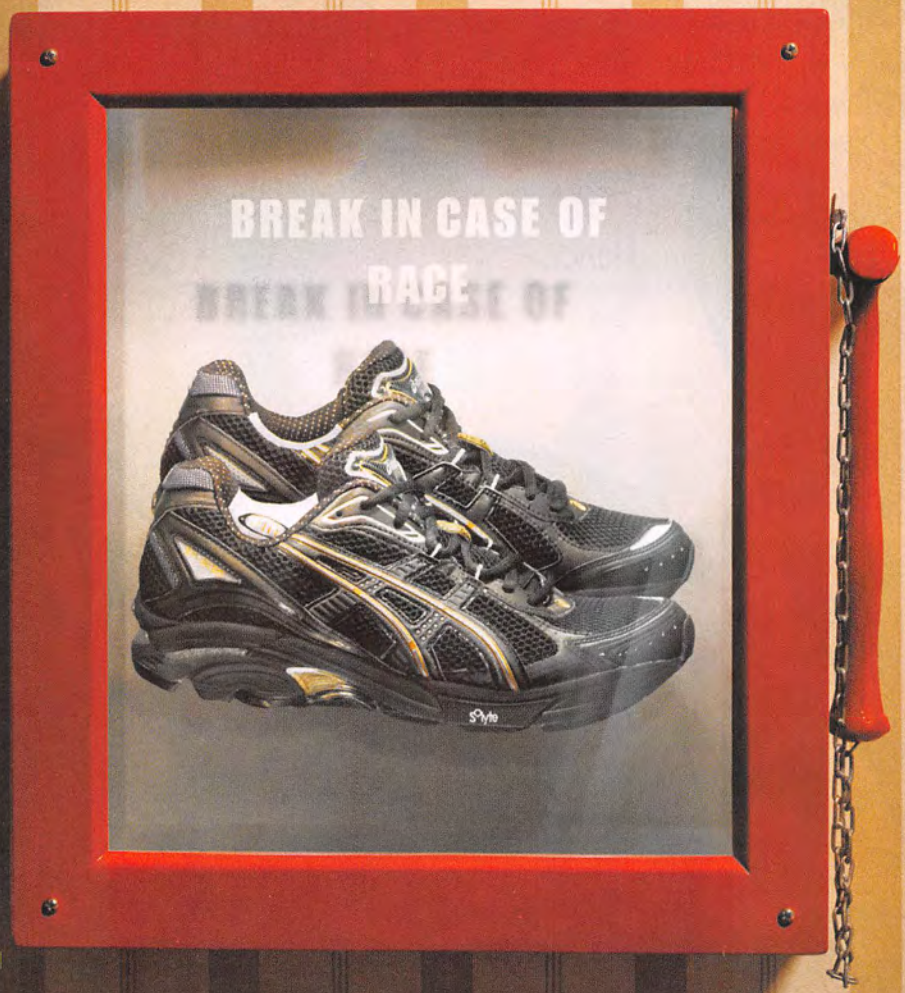
sound mind, sound body



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BY GILLIAN TELLING

The X-Files

Women like porn as much as you do. They're just better at hiding it.

The first time I ever saw real porn—filthy stuff, not *National Geographic* pictorials—I was 12. My sister and I found a dirty magazine in the street, and, after looking around to make sure no one had seen us pick it up, we ran home and proceeded to pore over the pictures—full-on nudity, penetration, even a water-sports shot. To us the stuff was practically radioactive, and we were petrified to be caught with it. Plus, we knew that girls weren't supposed to like dirty pictures. Trouble was, we did. We were fascinated by images of things we'd never seen before and admitted to each other that they made us feel...kind of funny. So to avoid getting busted, we hid the mag in a bucket at the top of a tree, which we climbed for months afterward so we could look at our prized smut.

Of course, this was in the '80s, and we were kids. In recent years, thanks to porn's widespread availability online, the number of women ogling pervy pics—from the comfort of their homes, not perched in a tree—has skyrocketed. A 2007 Nielsen/NetRatings survey revealed that one in three users of online porn were female. Smut, it seems, has ceased being a man's game. And now that we've joined in, some of the rules have changed. In fact, these days pretty much everything you thought you knew about women and porn is wrong.

Myth #1: Women hate filth.

One of the long-held beliefs about gender and pornography is that women dig lushly written erotica by the likes of Anaïs Nin, while guys go for graphic pictures or videos of buxom, waxed blondes (and the occasional brunette!) strenously engaged in a variety of acts ranging from the Pile Driver to the Reverse Mambo. It's an idea that's dying a fast death in the age of voluminous Internet porn—especially the new genre of free, user-generated sites like YouPorn and XTube. Both feature walls of thumbnail screen-grabs from their video libraries with quick, helpful descriptions. ("Ridin' and cummin'," anyone?) And for those who want to cut right to the chase, each site has a Google-like search field. God bless instant access! "I was always curious about porn, but I never would have walked into a seedy video store and passed a copy of *Edward Penishands* to the person behind the counter," says Nina,* 26. "On YouPorn and XTube, I can search for everything from lesbian to anal to all-Asian-amputee porn and decide what I like in the privacy of my own home—no eye contact with another human necessary, thank goodness."

The other key to the appeal of these sites is authenticity. "Amateur porn on XTube can sometimes be a bit freaky, but it's so much better than watching real porn stars, who are all spray-tanned a nuclear shade of orange and have melon boobs that look like they're about to burst," explains Kelly, 27. "Instead, it's real couples who are actually into each other, with no lame story lines. Just straight-up sex." Bottom line: When we know people are being *paid* to whimper and grunt and put their mouths every place imaginable—rather than doing it because they actually want to—it makes the whole enterprise pretty unsatisfying. But regular joes who are just that horny...well, we can actually relate.

Myth #2: Women won't watch porn regularly.

It's fair to say that the average woman isn't risking her job by checking the Goddess Post every day at work. But when it comes to how frequently we look at porn, it's definitely more than you think. "I watch it all the time," says Sarah, 32. "I find it inspiring. It's a big part of my self-seduction routine. I do it less when I have a boyfriend, but when I'm single, it's a few times a week." Jill, 30, says, "I do it most often when I come home drunk looking for a little solo action. I'll get in bed with my vibe and my laptop and flip on the YouPorn. It helps me come super quickly." And Molly, 28, also uses porn to get herself in the mood, on average three times a week. "I live alone, so it's easy to get into it," she explains. "I tend to watch it more on the weekends, when I have time to devote to really getting off well." Other girls confessed to peeping naughty downloads anywhere from a couple of times a month to several times a day.

Of course, you'd never know we use smut this much, because we do our best to hide it. Truth is, even though we're in the midst of a porn revolution, many of us still feel uncomfortable with the idea that we're into this stuff as much as we are. That attitude likely stems from the fact that we're shielded from pornography when we're young. "Finding a stack of porn under your 12-year-old son's bed is kind of cliché, but finding a stack of porn under your 12-year-old *daughter's* bed would make most people freak," notes Anne Semans, marketing director for famed sex shop Babeland, which has locations in Los Angeles, Seattle, and New York. Likewise, when women grow up and learn about the wonderful world of filth, they're still not going to brag to friends that they spent the evening with a pack of Twizzlers, ➤➤

*SOME NAMES HAVE BEEN CHANGED.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHARLIE LANGELLA

She just watched our Bar Mitzvah video.

Sexual Stealing

Porn can be educational. But don't bring *everything* you see into bed.

"What's with guys in porn drooling on their dicks to lube them up? It's disgusting. And it makes it seem like they desperately wish they could blow themselves." **Nina, 29**

"Don't make us switch positions every 30 seconds. You think it makes you look like a pro. We find it annoying as hell." **Jenn, 25**

"I once had a guy spit on me while he was giving me oral. If you spit on someone on the street, they'd smack you—the rules should be no different in bed." **Kelly, 27**

"Don't tap me with your penis. You know, where a guy goes tap-tap on various parts of your body? I'm not sure what that's supposed to achieve, but it's seriously gross." **Robin, 23**

a vibe, and a copy of *Sperms of Endearment*.

No matter how hard we try to cover our tracks, though, we still slip up now and again. Nicole, 25, was once busted by her mom after a visit home. "I'd Googled 'two-sided dildo' on my parents' computer like an idiot, and all of a sudden all these nasty hardcore sites started popping up like crazy—graphic images of huge penises, money shots, double penetration, the works. I was horrified and closed all the windows, but I didn't clear the history. I found out weeks later that my mom used the Internet right after me, and all the same windows popped up uncontrollably. She called my sister and asked if I had a pornography fetish." And I'll never forget the story of a girlfriend whose parents' friends used her apartment once while she was out of town. She returned to find she'd left a hardcore flick in the DVD player, which they'd kindly placed on top of the TV for her. The title? *Ass Fingers*.

Myth #3: Women don't like kink.

Conventional wisdom holds that women like softly lit pornos featuring romantic story lines and tender lovemaking. And occasionally that may be true. But with the anonymity of the Net, we're also more than willing to explore content that goes far beyond standard sex. Many straight women, in fact, enjoy watching lesbian action, precisely because it's *not* regular guy-girl sex. "Straight porn is typically just bang-bang-bang, without the guy caring if the woman gets off," says Mayumi, 31. "With two girls, I know they're making each other feel good." Adds Molly, "I don't like when it's a guy just railing a girl from behind and her boobs are flying around, because that's not how I actually get off. In girl-on-girl there's a lot of oral, and I'm sure another girl would know exactly what to do down there."

Does that mean lots of women are closet lesbians? Hardly. While men might choose porn that mirrors what they want to do in real life, many women do the opposite—we use it as a vehicle for indulging our fantasies, from the mildly kinky to the truly depraved. With porn, we can cross lines we'd never dream of crossing in the real world. "I'm into anything that explores taboo power dynamics, like teacher and student or daddy and the baby-sitter," says Susie, 29. "I love the idea of sex between people who aren't supposed to have sex." Even a fairly common sex act like anal is something many girls enjoy *seeing* more than *doing*. "I would never tell my boyfriend that I get so turned on by watching anal, because he'd try to convince me that I actually want it when I seriously don't," says Laurel, 28. "I think the idea of it is hot, but in real life it's too painful."

> "PORN IS A BIG PART OF MY SELF-SEDUCTION ROUTINE."

Some women's fantasies are freakier and even more explicit. "I get turned on watching one woman go down on two guys," says Nina. "I *definitely* have no real urge to have two penises in my mouth at once. It's just so dirty that I find it hot. But a boyfriend would have a tough time grasping that—I wouldn't want him thinking I want to give blow jobs to every guy I meet." One girl who has a fetish for orgy and gangbang videos explains the distinction between fantasy and reality this way: "My thing with gangbangs is they remind me of freer times, like the '60s, or even the days of Roman orgies, when all that mattered was getting off. We have so many sexual nerve endings; to have them all touched at once seems like it would feel incredible. That said, because of safe sex issues and me being too uptight, I'll never actually do it. Plus, what if you go to one and all the people are fat and ugly like on *Real Sex*?" Women are smart enough to know that there are few fantasies, when acted out, that could live up to what exists in our minds—or on our laptops. Dream orgy: smooth-skinned, well-endowed young bucks who tend to our every sexual desire. Real orgy: a bunch of gray-pubes whose wangs are hidden underneath sagging bellies. Sad, but true.

Then there are girls who are into things they couldn't possibly do in real life, like Jess, 27, who loves *hentai*, a bizarre and bizarrely popular genre of animated porn from Japan. "It's totally over-the-top, like cartoon women having sex with monsters, but because it's animated, it's not gross to me," she explains. "I don't want to see a human fucking a tree stump, but in cartoon form it's actually hot—less graphic and more fantastical." And when the characters getting busy are drawn, there are no body flaws or sexual problems. Is a cartoon girl going to have trouble fucking that tree stump because she's having a bout of vaginal dryness? No way.

Perhaps most surprising, many straight ➤➤

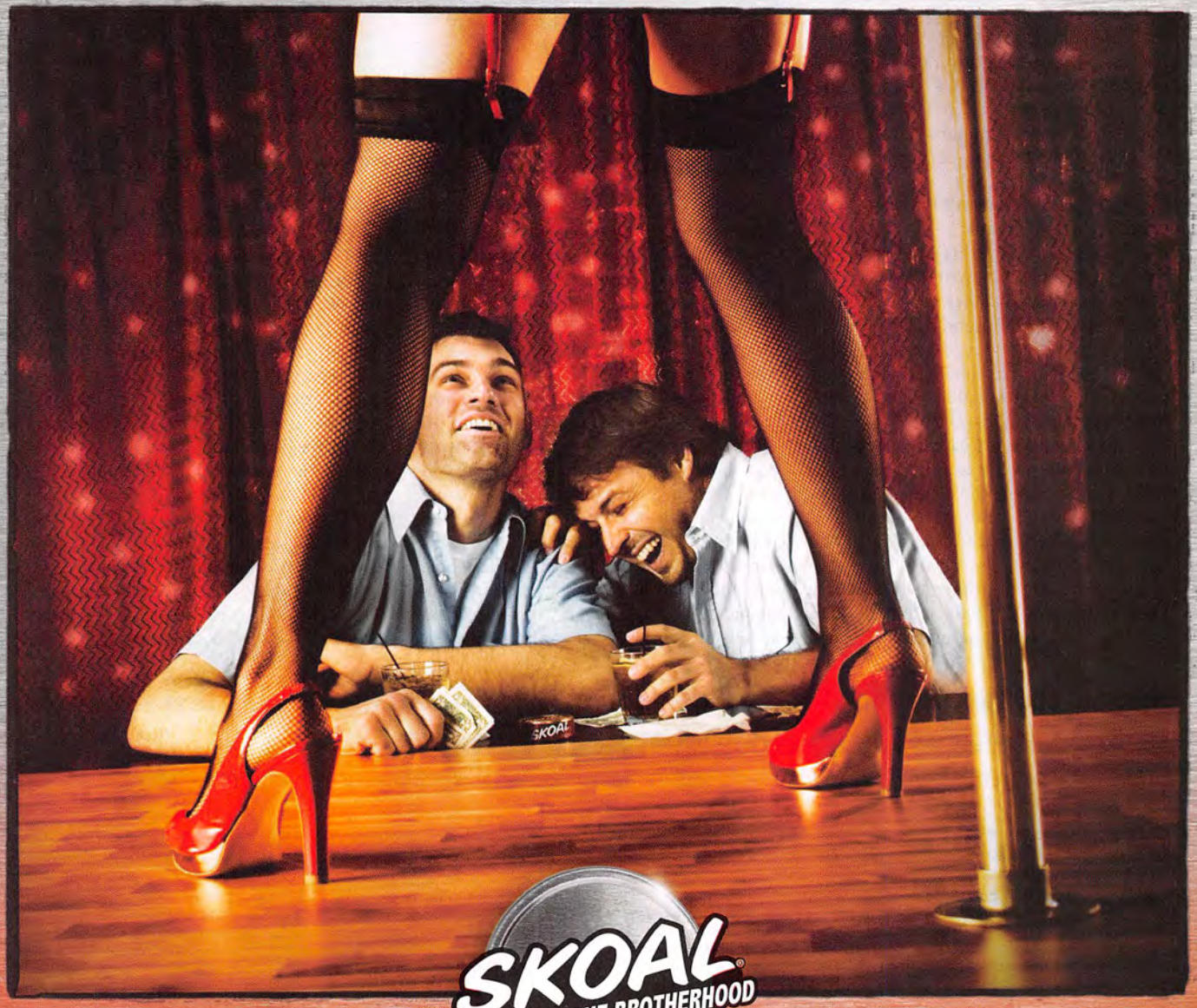
STYLING, ELLE STRAUSS FOR BA-REPS.COM; HAIR, JEANIE SYFU FOR REDKEN/CUTLER; MAKEUP, JANE CHOI FOR MAC AT ARTWING NY; PROP STYLING, EVA BARLICH AT ARTWING NY; MANICURE, NAILS, 7 WEEKS FOR MARY EDWARD INC

What was the best dip of your life?

At my buddy's Vegas bachelor party.

Why?

Who's asking?



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women confessed to being turned on by gay male porn, though theories as to why vary. Tabitha, 28, who says gay sex is her favorite thing to watch, pins the appeal on "the idea of seeing a man being controlled or dominated." Nina, on the other hand, likes watching men give in to what she thinks is "their ultimate taboo—something they're afraid of." Stephen Braveman, a sex therapist based in Monterey, California, suggests a reason that might be the most obvious: "Women like gay porn because no women are being objectified in those videos." Maybe, after watching scene after scene of women being poked and prodded, a total absence of females comes as something of a relief once in a while.

"Must...see... *Antiques Roadshow...*"

Myth #4: Women don't want to watch porn with you.

On the contrary, most women I spoke to said they'd happily watch X-rated films with their boyfriends, noting that they think it would be a great tool for hotter, more adventurous sex. Steph, 27, says that when she watched porn with her boyfriend, it inspired them to try new positions. "We'd watch, and he'd whisper something like, 'We can do that better,'" she recalls. "And so we would. It also gave me new ideas; I never would've thought to touch a guy's balls while I was going down on him, but I did after I saw a girl doing it in a film. My boyfriend said it was the best he'd ever had." In fact, according to a 2004 MSNBC survey of more than 15,000 people, 35 percent of women who said they liked porn claimed it gave them "more ways to look or act sexy." And 26 percent said it helped them feel more comfortable telling their partners what they want. One girl even told me she likes to watch it before her boyfriend comes over because it gets her excited about the sex she'll be having with him.

But if you're going to attempt to introduce porn into your relationship, the key is not to spring it on us out of nowhere. "My college boyfriend used to try to get me to watch porn with him, but never by asking me or having a discussion about what we liked," says Nicole. "Instead, he would cue up one of his hardcore DVDs before I came over, and then, as we were making out, grab the remote and hit Play. It was so cheesy. And he'd have it so the people would be midact, like the girls would be screaming and getting fucked every which way, when we were just kissing. What was that supposed to do for me?" And if your idea of a turn-on doesn't exactly match hers, you could be in for a big fight instead of a night of unbridled passion. "My ex had one porno of a super young girl getting DPed by two guys, and when we watched it he told me how much he wanted to see that happen to me," says Kelly. "I was so disgusted that I called it quits soon after."

Another rule of thumb: Don't talk about how hot the girl is in the video. *Ever.* Remember, we're turned on the most by real-looking people who remind us of ourselves. So if we find out your ideal is an impossibly skinny chick with balloon boobs and a bleached anus, we're going to feel pretty inadequate. Unless, that is, you actually *want* to spend some quality time alone with your gently used copy of *Will He Bonk Ya in the Chocolate Factory?* ●

Dos and Don'ts of Internet Porn

The Web is a minefield of filth...thank God! Here are three sites to visit with your girl and three to avoid.

SEARCH AND ENJOY

YouPorn.com
As the name implies, this site contains thousands of porn videos made by real people just like you (except way less self-conscious, and with many more tattoos). That means your girl will be able to find clips that feature relatively normal-looking women with healthy, all-natural bodies. And some of them will even look like they're out of their teens!

XTube.com
Like YouPorn, XTube is full of amateurs of all shapes and sizes, and it's refreshed with dozens of new videos every day. With a seemingly endless catalogue of smut in every category—guy-on-girl, girl-on-girl, shemale-on-shemale—there should be plenty of videos to her liking. And a bunch that you can come back to later when she's not around.

TotallyNSFW.com
For the uninitiated, that's "Totally Not Safe for Work." The home page is bathed in girl-friendly pink and purple and adroitly edited, with relatively high-quality videos and simple, snappy capsules under each image, like "Ivette taking a hot shower" and "Two babes rubbing lotion on each other." What more is there to know?

ENTER AT YOUR OWN RISK

Eroticnuns.com
Your girlfriend is about to discover that your Catholic school experience left you with deeper scars than she possibly could have imagined. And that time you asked her to wear a habit to a costume party? Suddenly, it doesn't seem so funny.

SSBBWLover.com
When BBWs (big beautiful women) just weren't big enough, someone invented SSBBW (super size big beautiful women). Unless your girl is the Michelin Man, she'll have one of two problems with this site: She'll think she can't possibly satisfy you, or, in the funhouse mirror in her head, she'll think this is what she looks like. Either one leads to tears.

Youngthroats.com
The concept: Young girls gag on enormous male members till their eyes water and mascara runs down their faces. Afterward, the former b.j. virgins have THROATED written across their chests in magic marker. Could get you dumped *and* placed on a list of local sex offenders.

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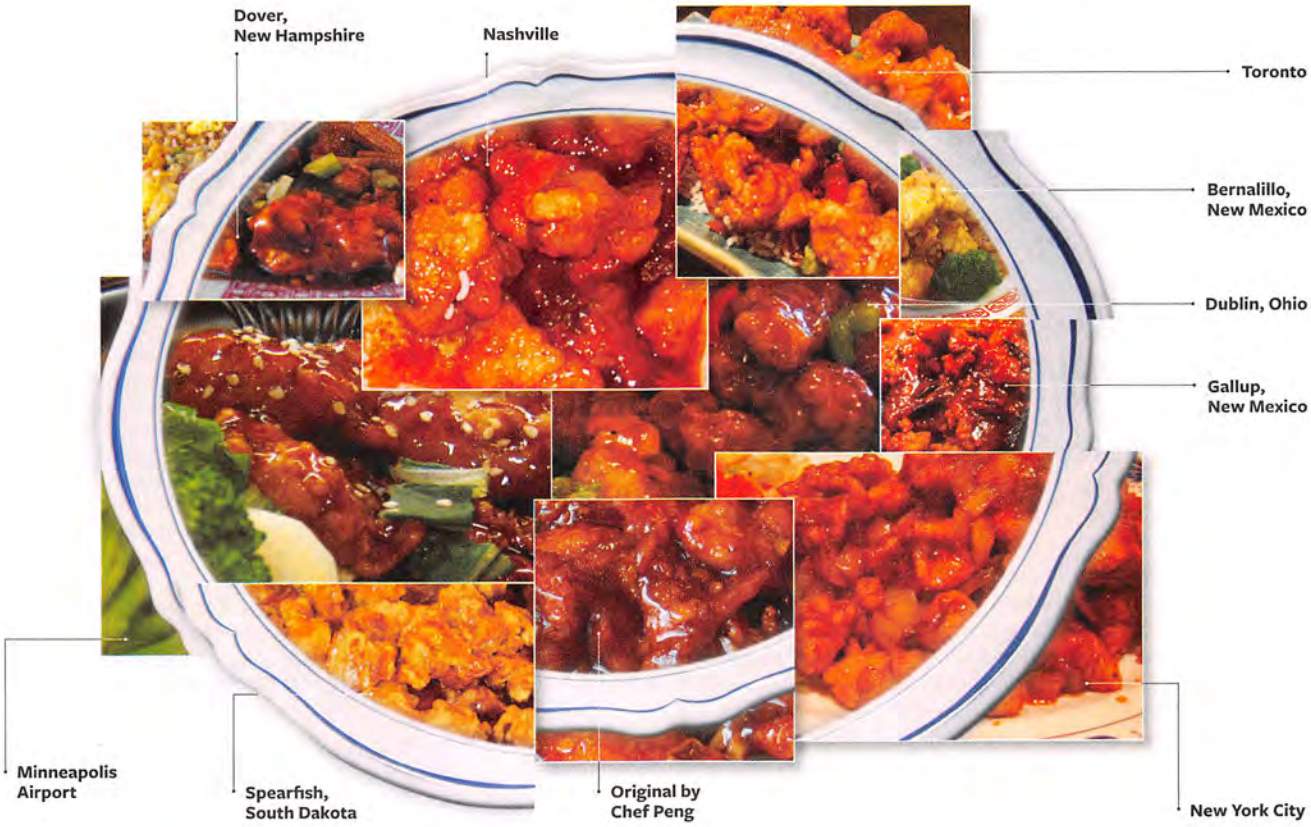
BY JENNIFER 8. LEE

Searching for General Tso

In America, General Tso's chicken is a Chinese restaurant classic. In China, it's a mystery.



My search for General Tso, military legend, son of farmers, poultry icon, has brought me to Hunan. Following a hand-drawn map to his childhood home, on a dirt road flanked by rice paddies—in the shadow of a huge billboard depicting the General himself—I hope to solve the mystery of the origins of his eponymous chicken dish and how it came to conquer America. In this rural hamlet in South Central China, Tso is still celebrated as the hometown hero who quashed a mid-19th-century rebellion led by a Chinese convert who believed he was the younger brother of Jesus Christ. There are chickens everywhere. Brown chickens, white chickens, spotted chickens, chickens crossing the road. But there is absolutely no sign of the General's chicken. "No one here eats this," explains one of his family members, five generations removed, when I ask about the famed General Tso's chicken and show him a picture of the dish.

Then it hits me: In America, General Tso, like Colonel Sanders, is known for chicken, not war. In China, he is known for war and not chicken.

General Tso's chicken is almost certainly America's most beloved Chinese food chef's special. What's not to love? Succulent crispy fried chicken pieces drenched in a tangy, spicy sauce, sautéed with garlic, ginger, and chilis, each bite a gastronomic journey: a pleasant crunch giving sway to the tender dark meat, all while your tongue experiences the interplay of spice and sweetness.

I am obsessed with this dish, and so is America. I have crisscrossed the country, sampling it in all-you-can-eat $4.95 supper buffets, urban takeouts with bulletproof windows, and esteemed five-star restaurants. I've had sauce that is brown and runny, red and syrupy, yellow and honey-sweet. The chicken has come in short squat pieces, long thin pieces, dark meat, white meat, and reconstituted mystery meat. I even tried a version in South Dakota that resembled Chicken McNuggets, and couldn't tell where the chicken ended and the dough began. There's General Tso's pizza, General Tso's dumplings, and General Tso's tofu (served in Antarctica!). At the Naval Academy, in Annapolis, they've even given it a nautical bent, serving "Admiral Tso's Chicken." In America, Tso's campaign has been overwhelming.

General Tso in a private moment

But if they've never heard of this iconic dish in the General's hometown, where did it come from? Unlike kung pao chicken, which nearly every self-respecting Chinese chef can make, the mention of General Tso's chicken left those I encountered in a state of confusion. The refrain was constant. "We don't have General Tso's chicken here." "We've never heard of it." In fact, there is hardly any variation of batter-dipped ▶▶

deep-fried chicken bits to be found here: nary an orange chicken, lemon chicken, or the sweet-and-sour chicken Americans know and love.

I finally find a promising lead in Tang Keyuan, general manager of the Xinchangfu Restaurant in Changsha, the capital city of Hunan, about an hour from the General's hometown. His eyes light up when I ask about the dish. It had been invented by a Chef Peng, he says. The name rings a bell. Peng had been one among a generation of finely trained chefs who had lifted Chinese cuisine in America from the doldrums of chop suey and egg foo yung back in the '70s. After opening his restaurant, Peng's Garden, near the United Nations in New York City, Peng quickly became a darling among the movers and shakers of international relations. Secretary of State Henry Kissinger counted the restaurant among his favorites and is credited with spreading the gospel of Hunanese cuisine in the States. Despite, or perhaps because of, his success, by the late '80s Peng had closed shop and headed back to Taiwan.

"IN HUNAN, MENTION OF GENERAL TSO'S LEFT EVERYONE CONFUSED."

Today Chef Peng spends his time playing mahjongg in his apartment in central Taipei, while his son, Chuck, runs his chain of restaurants. Close to 90, the elder Peng is a tall, patrician man with white hair carefully combed in neat parallel lines, so hard of hearing that our conversation mostly consists of me yelling into his ear in Mandarin. Originally from Hunan himself, Peng began his career working as a chef for Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek's Nationalist government. Driven out of Mainland China during Mao's 1949 Communist takeover, Peng opened a restaurant in Taipei, where he created General Tso's at a banquet, naming it for the hero of his native province.

In carefully enunciated Mandarin, I explain to Peng that the sweet-and-spicy concoction known as General Tso's chicken is now perhaps the most popular Chinese chef's special in all of America. "Sweet?" he asks, eyes growing wide. "The dish can't be sweet! The taste of Hunan cuisine is not sweet!"

But as Peng scrolls through photos of General Tso's chicken on my laptop, accumulated over months of travel, his curiosity is piqued. "This isn't right," he says, pointing at the bed of broccoli under the chicken. "General Tso's chicken should be served as is. It doesn't need broccoli!" He criticizes the next picture because the chilis are red instead of black, another for cubes of breast in place of dark meat, and he grimaces at the baby corn and carrots. "This is all nonsense," he says.

Chef Peng's Taipei restaurants continue to serve General Tso's chicken, but it's a distant cousin to the American brand: big chunks of chicken drenched in a rich brown sauce with chili peppers seductively tucked in between. The dominant taste is soy, followed by garlic and a kick from the chilis. The chicken is appropriately chewy, but there is skin on it—no crispy coating. There is also no sweetness. This is good, but this is not the General Tso's chicken America fawns over.

So where did our recipe come from, if not from the chef who named the dish? The answer, I find, may lie closer to home, in New York City. Over lunch at Shun Lee Palace, a holdover from the glamorous 1970s Chinese cuisine era, owner Michael Tong recalls a friendly chicken-general rivalry between his partner, Chef Wang, and old Chef Peng, back when Hunanese cuisine was first heating up the New York dining scene.

Inspired by the General Tso's chicken dish at Peng's original restaurant in Taipei, Wang created his own version, but with an American twist. "Once you are serving the American public, you change the texture," Tong says. The key was to crispy-coat things, a concept Wang used on several dishes that would go on to be replicated at Chinese restaurants throughout the States.

With his recipe down, Chef Wang needed a name for his chicken dish, something to distinguish it from Chef Peng's but still hark back to their shared Hunan heritage. "We all wanted to use the name of a renowned general from Hunan in the Qing dynasty," says Tong. "One guy used General Tso, so Chef Wang used another general, Zeng Guofan." But it's Wang's recipe—under the label of General Tso—that went on to conquer America.

It's not entirely clear how General Tso's name won out, but it's easy to see why General Zeng's recipe did. Chef Wang's version is the convergence of everything Americans want in a Chinese dish. First, it's chicken, a meat that Americans adore (Chinese favor pork and seafood); second, it's deep-fried (Americans love that oil); third, it has a strong taste of tang mixed with sweetness (they love sugar too). It's a perfect culinary storm: at once sweet and spicy, exotic and familiar.

In Taiwan, Chuck Peng tells me General Tso's chicken has arrived in Europe, via some of his father's disciples. I mention that it has also landed in Korea, the Philippines, and the Dominican Republic, in all its various permutations. "I think General Tso's chicken will spread around the world from the United States," he says thoughtfully, "not from Taiwan."

"Isn't that strange?" I ask.

He nods. "It's very strange." ●

Jennifer 8. Lee is author of *The Fortune Cookie Chronicles: Adventures in the World of Chinese Food.* She has never made General Tso's chicken.

Beyond General Tso

The good General got us thinking about some other name-brand specialties we'd like to see.

General Musharraf's Halal Hot Pockets
In the wake of rival Benazir Bhutto's assassination, Pakistan's prez has attempted to curry favor with his people—literally. The strongman's home-style paratha is bursting with succulent spiced mutton laced with genuine Taliban-produced opium. The perfect pre-jihad snack!

Kirk Cameron Meat Pie
The *Growing Pains* star, who now hosts a Bible-thumping syndicated show called *The Way of the Master,* pulls ingredients from Deut. 14:4–8: "These are the animals which you may eat; the ox, the sheep, the goat, the deer, the gazelle, the roebuck, the wild goat, the ibex, the antelope, and the mountain sheep."

The David Wells
Invented at a diner in San Diego, this sandwich is an homage to the town's homegrown baseball star. Layers of turkey and ham are piled high between thick slices of rye, along with Canadian bacon, cream cheese, Swiss, cole slaw, Russian dressing, and bacon bits. Then it's battered and deep-fried.

Ho Chi Minh Trail Mix
U.S. soldiers thought up this gorp variant while dodging punji sticks and venereal diseases in the jungles outside of Saigon during the Vietnam war. The smorgasbord of pork, papaya, daikon, gunpowder, mangosteen, and human ears will have you running for the latrines before you can say "quagmire."

Heather Mills McCartney's Boneless Chicken Legs
Paul McCartney's late wife Linda had a sideline in vegetarian microwave meals, and now his ex is getting in on the act. Mills McCartney's artificial legs are noteworthy for their characteristic British blandness, though they're still way more exciting than *Wings Greatest.*

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BY NEAL POLLACK

There Will Be Bud

Are medical marijuana laws a joke? With prescription in hand, one man peeks behind the smoke screen.

About a year after I moved to Los Angeles, a friend, who I think had gotten tired of me calling him at work to ask if he had any weed, gave me a tip. "You should go see my doctor," he said, "and get a prescription."

"But I can't get a prescription," I said. "I'm not sick."

"Sure you are," he said. "Everyone's sick."

"What do I tell him?"

"Dude. Tell him anything. He doesn't care."

Until that moment, it hadn't occurred to me that I could be a medical marijuana patient. Medical marijuana was for people with AIDS or glaucoma, for those dying in hospices, for old ladies with mouth-foaming dementia. Sure, I had high triglycerides and my jaw muscles sometimes cramped when I yawned too wide, but those just weren't on the same level.

Nevertheless, the next day I found myself driving to a tony office building in Beverly Hills for my appointment with a medical marijuana doctor. Once I'd grasped the concept of limitless weed, available in stores, I'd made my appointment pretty quickly.

The office's reception area lacked a receptionist. It was just an empty desk and a rubber plant. The doctor emerged from the other room, six feet tall, laid-back, and superfit. He had sandy blond hair parted in the middle, breath-strip-white teeth, and the tan of a man who doesn't work long hours.

We went into his office, which was two chairs, an empty bookshelf, and a few framed degrees on the wall.

"A friend of mine referred me," I said, and then I gave the friend's name.

The doctor scratched his chin thoughtfully. "I think I might remember him," he said. "I have so many patients."

"Right," I said. "So what did you do before you started doing...this?"

"Mostly surf."

There was a brief, uncomfortable silence.

"So tell me why you're here," he said.

I took a breath.

"I've been on antidepressants for several years, and they're not working anymore. Marijuana is the only thing that makes me feel better. You know, it's not like I..."

"Dude, this hospital food is incredible. Are there any more wax beans?"

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PLAMEN PETKOV

"I believe you," he said.

Well, that was easy! Within five minutes I'd written the doctor a $150 check. He'd signed my medical marijuana permission and stamped it with his green cross-shaped seal. It was good for 12 months. "Recommend vaporizer & edible," he wrote.

"Cool," I said.

"You should send me your medical records eventually," he said. "But there's no rush."

Legalizing It

Marijuana has been the subject of endless legal battles since 1937, when the federal government passed the Marihuana *[sic]* Tax Act. Despite a bizarre attempt during the Nixon administration to legalize it, weed has been particularly demonized during the "modern period," even as it gains new popularity. So even though 12 states now have some form of medical marijuana legislation, there's no way it will be federally legal in George W. Bush's America. Federal law trumps state law, so technically the weed-soaked world in which I find myself is entirely illegal, but these laws are tacitly ignored by most local law enforcement.

Of all the states with laws on the books, California has arguably advanced the furthest. On November 5, 1996, the state passed Prop. 215, "to ensure that seriously ill Californians have the right to obtain and use marijuana for medical purposes where that medical use is deemed appropriate and has been recommended by a physician." Medical marijuana dispensaries—like candy shops that sell grass instead of Snickers—really took off in 2004, when the state legislature passed a bill that allowed for the legal procurement of pot.

It's hard to tell exactly how many dispensaries there are in California; they're opening and closing all the time, but the L.A. City Council placed a moratorium on new facilities last year, saying there were almost 200 in the county alone. It's also impossible to know how many people are taking advantage of the law. The number's assumed to be around 300,000, but there's no centralized database, and patient information is, by law, confidential.

It's not a perfect system. Many cops don't respect the patient cards and will still slap you with a misdemeanor possession charge, even if they know it'll get thrown out in court. But for a dedicated stoner like me, this alternative universe is paradise. I didn't really smoke pot in high school or college, waiting until my mid-20s before developing a taste for the stuff. Therefore, I'm not as burned out as I could be, and I still have at least a few strong years left.

On my way home from the doctor's that first day, I stopped at a dispensary in West Hollywood. Unlike many similar establishments, which operate in near-secrecy behind blackout-papered doors in mini-malls, this one occupied a double storefront on Santa Monica Boulevard, proudly displaying a marijuana leaf on its sign. This was West Hollywood, one of L.A.'s medical marijuana epicenters, full of real patients who actually needed the stuff. I went in, nose held high and legs aflutter, like Bugs Bunny drifting after a large, tempting carrot.

A good-looking chick took my ID and my certificate, made photocopies, and called my doctor to confirm my existence. In a snap, I was staring at a glass counter full of jars of sweet, high-octane chiba. Off to the side was a refrigerator containing brownies and cookies, tubs of weed butter, candies, and pot soda. Above the counter was a coffee-bar-type menu, with varietals color-coded by price.

"Oh, sweet Lord," I said.

"Next customer!" I heard a voice say.

I looked up from my reverie to find myself facing a horribly deformed man. He had a hunchback. His arms were half the normal ▶▶

Splendor in the Grass

The cream of the medical marijuana crops.

White Widow

This bud has so many white THC crystals, it looks sugarcoated. The strain first hit the scene in the '90s. Sensi Seeds, a company that sells seeds, calls it "the backbone of the Dutch coffeeshop industry, the first of the 'white weed' strains, and an all-round commercial success." Users report a heavy high, great for couch marathons.

Super Skunk

It's exactly what it sounds like—a strain of marijuana famed for its intoxicating smell. "Like a skunk run over by a Dodge Magnum," explains one fan. "And I mean that in a good way. Squeeze a bud in your fingers and neighborhood cats gather outside your door." A winner of the 1990 *High Times* Harvest Festival, Super Skunk has become a consistent fan fave.

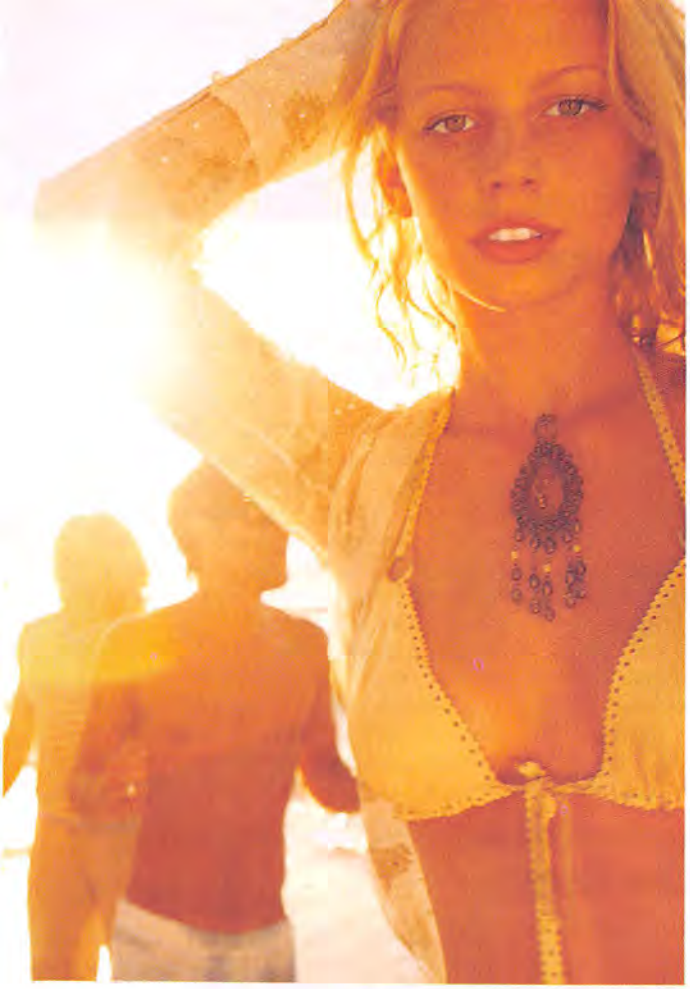
Jack Herer

"The most exquisite ganja you will ever encounter," says Sensi Seeds. A multiple Cannabis Cup winner, Jack Herer is named after the author of *The Emperor Wears No Clothes*, the best-selling pro-hemp book. Users claim a potent, cerebral high. "It's like having two rocket boosters strapped to your ass," says one user. "10, 9, 8, 7..."

Purple Haze

This strain gets its name from the bright highlights that give it a funky hue. Growers like it because the plant's hardy and can thrive in nasty climates; users choose it for its energetic high ("great for hiking and fishing," says one) and beautiful aroma. "Fruity, floral, lusty," raves one smoker. "If Marisa Miller were a strain of pot, she would smell like this."—*Mike Smith*

PROP STYLING, RICHARD ALFREDO



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ME BY MELIÁ CANCUN

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Twelve states have medical marijuana laws on the books.

myself facing a horribly deformed man. He had a hunchback. His arms were half the normal length, and his head was tiny, hovering almost disembodied under his concave chest. Whatever, I thought. Maybe he's the world's leading expert on marijuana.

"First-time patient," I said.

He looked at me coldly.

"I'd like something up," I said. "Nothing real stony or heavy. You know, a good sativa."

There are two major strains of marijuana. Sativa tends to produce clearer, cerebral "head" highs, whereas indica produces the more stereotypical effects: drowsiness, loss of motor coordination, and the munchies. It's good for people in chronic pain. Sativa is the strain of choice for "functional" stoners like me.

"How about this one?" he said, pulling out a jar that clearly said INDICA on the label. "There's really no such thing as pure sativa anymore," he said. "They're all hybrids. This one has some sativa in it."

"But..." I said.

"This is what you want," he said.

Well, he was the expert, so I bought an eighth, took it home, and, after putting my son to bed, went downstairs and loaded up my vaporizer.

Soon after, I didn't feel like writing, or laughing, or watching TV. I went to bed and lay awake, grinding my teeth, thinking about all the mistakes I've made in my life. It was like I'd taken a hit of crack laced with espresso.

The next day I hauled all the way back to West Hollywood, my little paper bag of Purple Dragon in tow. I breezed through the antechamber. My hunchbacked nemesis was the only guy behind the counter.

"I bought this yesterday, and it

A cancer patient's marijuana gum

didn't work," I said. "It totally fucked me up. You said it was sativa, and it's not. Indica makes me crazy."

"There's no such thing as pure sativa," he said.

"Just give me a refund," I said.

"I can only give you partial store credit," he said.

"That's fine," I said. "What else do you have?"

He pulled out another varietal.

"This one's pretty good," he said.

I went home and tried the new stuff. It made me even crazier than the first batch. After seeing me on the couch clawing at my eyes, my wife said, "You've got to get some better weed."

"I know," I responded. "This stuff is killing me."

Two days later I went to a Dodgers game with my friend the Rabbi, who also has a prescription. He had a little tub of something called Orange Willy. I showed him my loony weed.

"Ooh," he said. "Purple Something or Other! I've been looking for that."

"I WAS LOOKING FOR SOMETHING IN A SPRAY, OR A BREATH STRIP."

So we swapped. I took one toke of Orange Willy, and my mind felt focused and relaxed. This was the medical marijuana for which I'd been searching.

Altitude Check

I got memberships at 10 different dispensaries, and I had no idea who was in charge of any of them. Activists run some, others are the provenance of entrepreneurs, while others have been accused of ties to organized crime. No matter who's in charge, the profit margin is enormous. I chose dispensaries in various neighborhoods, in case the need for weed struck me while I was out on errands. Now that I had as much weed as I wanted, whenever I wanted it, I was happily stoned all the time, unless I had to drive somewhere. I was high at movies and weddings, baseball games and dinner parties.

My son's preschool had a fund-raiser, a silent auction with a sort of *Ocean's Eleven* jet-setting theme. There were no children allowed. All the men wore suits or tuxes, and the women broke out their finest. I brought along a couple of pot-laced chocolate-and-peppermint candies for my enjoyment, a great wafting stink coming from under my dinner jacket. By 9 P.M. the tent smelled like Willie Nelson's barn.

"Someone's been toking the marijuana in here," said the event's emcee.

When he got off the stage, I gave him a quarter of one of the patties.

At the Rabbi's recommendation, I started going to a place called the Earth Collective, on Sunset Boulevard. To get in I rang a buzzer at a door. Then I walked through a Japanese rock garden with soothing fountains, up a path to a bungalow. Now, *this* was a dispensary that I could get behind. They had an excellent selection, decent prices, and a frequent-buyer's card.

One day late last summer, I went to the Earth Collective and rang the buzzer. There was no answer. A peer over the fence indicated there was no life inside. On July 6 the DEA had sent letters to the landlords of about 150 collectives, reminding them that they were an accessory to a federal crime and that the government could confiscate their land. Some landlords stood their ground, but the Earth Collective's doesn't appear to be one of them.

I needed some weed, and fast, so I drove east down Sunset and stopped at the first dealership I could find. It was a little storefront with brightly painted walls and a chubby, friendly dude at the reception desk. After a brief chat, I went into the back, where another chubby guy awaited. It was like I'd stumbled into a Seth Rogen fan club. I had a long flight to New York coming up, I said, and I needed something I could take before I got on the plane. I was looking for something in a spray, or maybe a breath strip.

And then I saw them: Sativa full melt hash capsules—as portable as drugs get. It was $30 for a packet of five.

"Only take one at first," the guy said. "That'll definitely be a nice, mild high. If you take more, you might start to get really strong effects."

Please, I thought. Don't insult my stoner-ability.

At the Burbank airport a few days later, before getting on my plane, I gulped down two of the capsules. The most delightful trip in history ensued. Hey, I thought, my seat actually feels pretty roomy! United Airlines serves good food now, too! *Surf's Up* is hilarious!

As I flew in more ways than one, I thought about my life as a medical marijuana patient. I couldn't see the downside. Pot dealers weren't gunning one another down in the streets, at least not at any greater rate than before. Los Angeles hadn't seen a massive increase in stoned-driving fatalities. Yes, I'd probably given money to some shady characters, but I'd also given money to some nonshady characters who were dedicated to helping people in need. That's what this law had initially been about. Right now I'm the definition of a recreational user, but odds are high that I'll get sick someday. I don't want to live in a world where, if I'm a patient, I can't get marijuana if I need it. That wouldn't be right.

In the meantime, air travel is going to be a lot more fun. ●

Legal Notice

If You Purchased *Grand Theft Auto: San Andreas* Before July 20, 2005

You May Be Eligible for Benefits From A Class Action Settlement

If you purchased the video game *Grand Theft Auto: San Andreas* ("*GTA:SA*") before July 20, 2005, you may be part of a class action Settlement. This Notice is just a summary. For more complete information, you should read the full Notice. You can get a copy of the full Notice by calling the number or visiting the Web site below.

What is the Class Action Lawsuit About?

The lawsuit claims that Defendants, Take-Two Interactive Software, Inc. and its subsidiary Rockstar Games, Inc., manufactured and sold *GTA:SA* with hidden content that, if unlocked by the user, could display scenes of a sexual nature, which became known as the "Hot Coffee" scenes. The lawsuit claims the marketing of the game with this content under an improper rating violated Consumer Protection laws.

Who is Included?

The Class includes everyone who bought *GTA:SA* before July 20, 2005. Resellers are not included in the Class.

What Are the Terms of the Settlement?

Class members who meet certain eligibility conditions may be able to claim cash payments ranging from $5 to $35, and/or to exchange the game for a copy without the content at issue. For full details about the qualifications to make a claim you should read the full Notice.

Who Represents Me?

The Court has appointed attorneys to represent the Class. You may hire your own attorney, if you wish. However, you will be responsible for that attorney's fees and expenses. Class Counsel will ask the Court for an award of attorneys' fees and reimbursement of expenses in the amount of $1,000,000. This amount includes approximately $955,000 in attorneys' fees and approximately $45,000 for reimbursement of expenses. Defendants have agreed to and will not oppose this request. The Court may consider the request at the Final Approval Hearing on **June 25, 2008 at 10:30 a.m.**

What Are My Legal Rights?

- If you wish to stay in the Class, you do not have to do anything. If you want to get a benefit you must file a claim as explained below. If the Court approves the Settlement, you will be bound by all the Court's orders. This means you cannot sue the Defendants covered by the Settlement in the future.
- If you qualify, you must complete a claim form to receive any payment. Depending on the kind of proof of purchase you have, you may be eligible for different amounts of cash payments. You can get a Claim Form by calling the toll-free number or visiting the Web site below. Claim Forms must be postmarked no later than **May 16, 2008**.
- If you do not wish to be a member of the Class, you must submit a letter to the Settlement Administrator indicating that you do not want to be a member of the Class postmarked no later than **April 25, 2008**. If you request to be excluded from the Class you cannot make a claim for a cash payment under this Settlement.
- You can tell the Court if you do not like this Settlement or some part of it if you do not exclude yourself. To object or comment, you must send a letter to the Court postmarked no later than **April 25, 2008**.

Will the Court Approve the Settlement?

The Court will hold a Final Approval Hearing on **June 25, 2008 at 10:30 a.m.** to consider whether the Proposed Settlement is fair, reasonable, and adequate and the motion for attorneys' fees and expenses.

For a Notice of Proposed Class Action Settlement and a Claim Form

Call toll-free: 1-800-409-0328

or Visit: www.gtasettlement.com

Or Write: GTA: San Andreas 1st Edition Settlement Administrator, c/o of Rust Consulting, P.O. Box 1912, Faribault, MN 55021-7167

PRETTY IN PUNK

With three platinum albums and 35 million records sold, Avril Lavigne has gone from a teen hell-raiser who liked to spit on paparazzi to a stunning 23-year-old mogul (who'd admittedly still likes to spit on paparazzi).

BY ALISON PRATO PHOTOGRAPHS BY NAOMI KALTMAN

SHUFFLING AROUND BAREFOOT IN A CAVERNOUS STEEL-WALLED SANTA MONICA PHOTO STUDIO ON A RECENT TUESDAY AFTERNOON, clad in a black bustier and a skintight silver skirt, Avril Lavigne, 23, is the tiniest girl in the room by a good six inches. Still, she's the powerhouse on the premises, a 5'1" Canadian phenom who started singing in church at the age of seven, scored a record deal by 16, and had eight Grammy nominations (including Best New Artist, though she lost out to Norah Jones) before she was old enough to vote.

It's been six years since *Let Go*, 2002's best-selling album by a female artist, and since then much has changed on Planet Lavigne. For one, she's sold more than 35 million records, including 18 million of her aforementioned debut, 12 million copies of her sophomore effort, *Under My Skin*, and five million of her latest, *The Best Damn Thing*, which combines bubblegum blast with a softer, more sophisticated sound and debuted at number one on the Billboard charts.

Now she's about to embark on her worldwide tour, dubbed, with trademark Avril self-confidence, the Best Damn Tour. On a personal level, Lavigne shocked the world in 2005 when she had a fancy-schmancy wedding to Sum 41 singer and fellow Canuck Deryck Whibley. In addition to her being—holy shit!—just 21, people were floored that the former punk-pop princess—who moshed onto the scene with a song called "Sk8er Boi" and a closet full of men's neckties, Converse high tops, and Dickies—had curled her hair and chosen a traditional Vera Wang gown.

Tremendous success aside, there have still been a couple of bumps in the road. Last summer she was sued by members of the '70s rock band the Rubinoos, who claimed that her hit "Girlfriend" was too similar to their song "I Wanna Be Your Boyfriend." (They settled out of court.) In 2006 former collaborator Chantal Kreviazuk dissed Lavigne's writing skills in an interview with *Performing Songwriter Magazine*, though she later retracted her statements. And back in 2004, some creepy asshole was charged with a felony for stalking her.

Minutes after the last flashbulb has gone off, Lavigne is back in her street clothes—plaid pants, a black shirt, and sparkly heels—legs tucked beneath her on a ginormous black leather couch, providing the backstory on each of her tiny tattoos. She's got seven, including the star logo from her first album and a "D" inside a heart on her wrist, a tribute to Whibley, who has an "A" in the same place.

Excited about her imminent tour and itching to go home to cook some homemade tomato soup—have we mentioned that she's a dynamo in the kitchen?—for her man, the newly domesticated chanteuse lets out a shy grin and says, "Go for it"—and so we asked her about everything from surviving the male-dominated music industry to those pesky pregnancy rumors.

"I'M OLDER NOW, AND I'M REALLY ENJOYING BEING A GIRL. I'M ROCK GLAM NOW."

WHAT CAN WE EXPECT FROM YOUR UPCOMING WORLD TOUR?

I'm so excited because with three records under my belt, I have a lot of singles that people are familiar with. This will be a much bigger production than anything I've ever done. The color for this album is pink, so I'll be playing a pink piano, and there's a pink drum kit and a bunch of dancers. It's gonna rock.

IN YOUR LAST INTERVIEW WITH *MAXIM*, YOU WERE ALL ABOUT CLUBBING AND DOING JÄGER SHOTS. IS THAT STILL A TYPICAL NIGHT OUT?

I enjoy partying, sure. But I'm really enjoying wine now. I signed up to be on this wine list where they send you stuff that isn't sold in stores. I'm a wino now. Last night we drank some Opus One.

SO IS THE HARD DRINKING, POP-PUNK PRINCESS DEAD?

It's kind of weird to put labels on myself. When I first came out, I was a tough, tomboyish chick. Now I'm older and really enjoying being a girl. I would say I'm rock glam now.

WHAT DOES THE 23-YEAR-OLD AVRIL KNOW ABOUT THE MUSIC INDUSTRY THAT THE 15-YEAR-OLD DIDN'T KNOW?

I was innocent. I didn't realize that every single photo shoot and every single interview I did would be around forever. Also, when you say something about another famous person, it turns into the biggest deal. I made some comment about Britney Spears, and then everyone said I was the anti-Britney and that I hated her. Everything gets blown out of proportion. It happens all the time, especially in the U.K. They love to completely misquote you.

OK, WE'LL PUT YOU DOWN AS SAYING, "BRITNEY IS WORSE THAN BIN LADEN." SO WHAT'S THE WEIRDEST AVRIL RUMOR YOU'VE EVER HEARD?

I'm a target. A lot of stories have come up that aren't true that were extremely negative and really made me look bad.

CARE TO CLEAR ANYTHING UP?

Yes, because this pissed me off. I played an outside show in Vancouver with a foot of snow on the ground. I guess I went onstage an hour late, but I didn't even know it. I was just waiting for someone to go, "OK, Avril." I played a great show—outside, in the cold—and the crowd was awesome. The next day, all over the Internet it said, "Avril went onstage an hour late and pissed off her fans." I was like, That fucking *sucks*. I worked my butt off. I made the entire crowd sing Frosty the fucking Snowman.

NOW IT SEEMS THAT ALL THE BLOGGERS ARE SAYING YOU'RE PREGNANT...

Remember in high school when people would start fake rumors about you? Well, this isn't high school; it's like, the entire world.

ARE SOME CELEBS ADDICTED TO FAME?

Yeah. I think a lot of the Hollywood girls, I won't get into names, are obsessed with the paparazzi. They call them or go to the Ivy so they'll be seen and followed the rest of the day. I, like, won't go shopping on Robertson in L.A., because it's so cheesy. I would feel lame. It's embarrassing.

ANY THOUGHTS ON THE BRITNEY SITUATION?

No one else has it as hard as Britney. I feel bad for her. How does she even think with all those flashbulbs? When I'm being followed, everything's thrown off. They run red lights. ▶▶

STYLING, KAREN SHAPIRO; FASHION CONSULTING, LEAH SMITH; HAIR, ROBERT VETICA FOR MAGNET LA.COM; MAKEUP, DONALD SIMROCK FOR MARGARET MALDONADO.COM; SET DESIGN, DAVID ROSS FOR ART MIX

They cause accidents. She can't even walk to her car. Fucking stalkers.

IS BEING A PAPARAZZO THE SKEEVIEST JOB ON THE PLANET?

Yeah, and they're all really gross old men. They come up to you and are like, "Avril, what did you do today?" And I'm like, "Why the fuck would I talk to you? Eww."

HAVE YOU SPAT ON ANY OF THEM LATELY?

No. I've behaved. I'm not a tabloid girl. And because there is nothing scandalous about me, they make up lies. Look, I'm a strong person. I'm clear about what I like, what I don't like, and what I want. I'm not a pushover. I'm not an ass-kisser. I'm not a bullshitter. People can interpret that as me being a bitch, but in my position I have to be able to protect my image.

MR. BLACKWELL RECENTLY INCLUDED YOU ON HIS WORST-DRESSED LIST. DOES THAT TOTALLY PISS YOU OFF?

Whatever. I get put on the worst-dressed list all the time. I wore this big, '80s, pink prom dress to my CD release party, and everyone in the press was making fun of it. But I felt like the shit. I was Deryck's little princess that night.

WHAT'S THE BEST THING ABOUT BEING MARRIED TO A FELLOW ROCK STAR?

We have the same lifestyle: spending long hours in the studio and then being gone for months on tour. It's not as if I'm out on the road and he's sitting at home twiddling his thumbs, freaking out, waiting for me to get back.

WHO HAS THE MORE RABID GROUPIES?

I'm the one with all the stalkers. I get these weirdo, crazy guys. There are a lot of AVRIL, MARRY ME! signs. I've had fans tattoo my face on them, or get the same tattoos I have. I've had women tell me they named their daughters after me, which is kind of weird, because I think people will hear their name and totally think of me. If someone were named Shania, I'd think, Shania Twain.

FOR ALL THE GUYS OUT THERE, DO YOU HAVE ANY ADVICE ABOUT WOMEN?

Yes! Guys can be so cheesy and weird. They try to pick up girls in the dumbest way. They'll come over and say some line and try way too hard. My advice would be, Don't, like, try. ●

"I ENJOY PARTYING, SURE. I'M REALLY ENJOYING WINE. I'M A WINO NOW."

“I'M NOT A PUSHOVER. I'M NOT AN ASS-KISSER. I'M NOT A BULLSHITTER.”

GUY'S ANATOMY

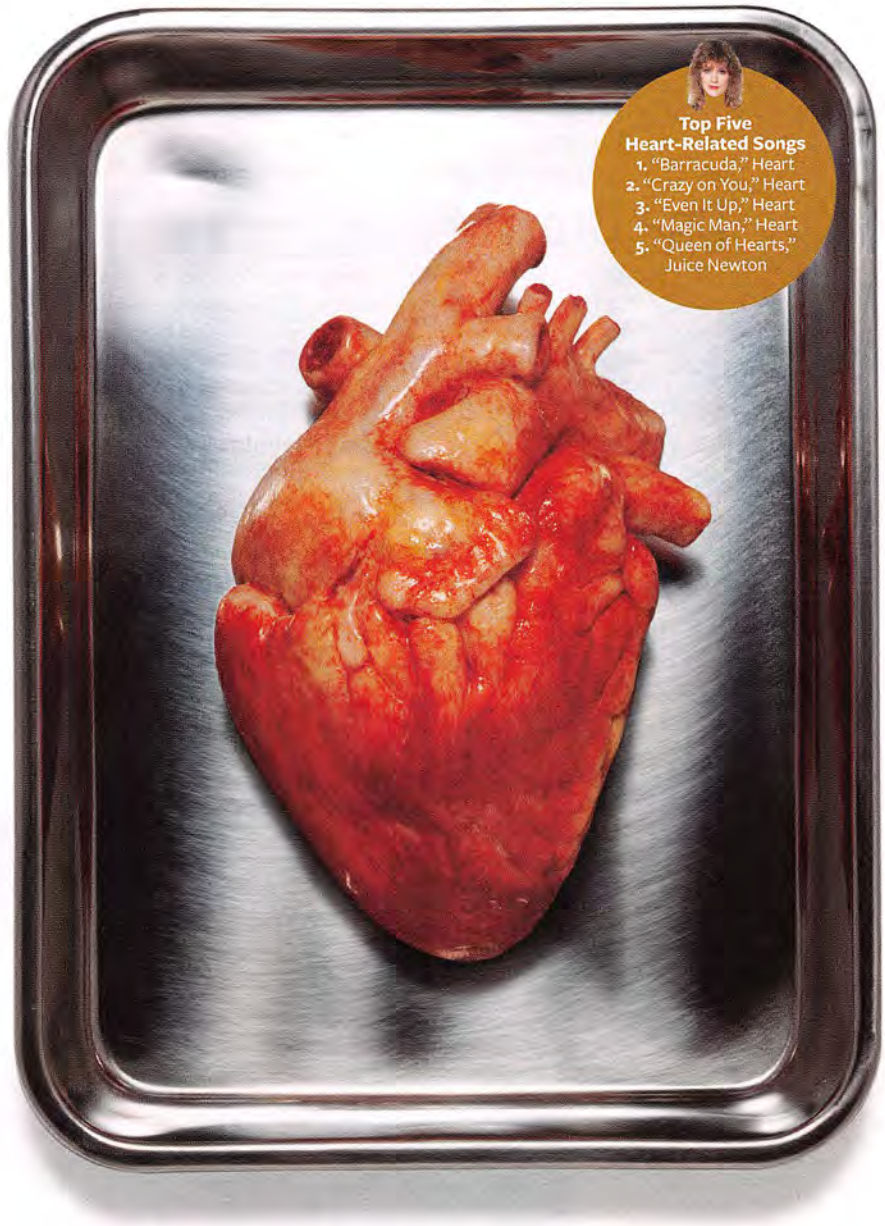
The Human Body: A User's Guide

"ANATOMY IS DESTINY," SIGMUND FREUD ONCE SAID. THEN again, Siggy also opined that "time spent with cats is never wasted," so perhaps he should've stuck to pondering the psychosexual ramifications of kielbasa. Nevertheless, he was onto something: The human body is a marvel yet to be equaled in nature or a Japanese robotics lab. Your 206 bones, 600 muscles, 100,000 miles of blood vessels, and assorted innards—all laboring in harmony—enable you to pursue the full spectrum of human endeavor. Of course, the typical guy treats his body like a rental car, filling it with garbage and dinging the chassis with no regard for what lies down the road. Luckily, your vessel is more resilient than a Taurus. The damage inflicted by most of your bad habits starts healing the moment you put down that bacon, rum, and tobacco sandwich. Since the dawn of the human race, we've been studying the mystery of our bodies, and in the past few years scientists have made incredible discoveries that help us further understand who we are. To quote another great thinker, your body is a machine, a chemical laboratory, a powerhouse. So get ready—we're going in.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SATOSHI

The Heart

It weighs less than a pound and thumps 100,000 times a day.



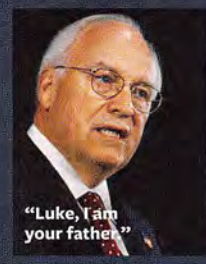
Top Five Heart-Related Songs
1. "Barracuda," Heart
2. "Crazy on You," Heart
3. "Even It Up," Heart
4. "Magic Man," Heart
5. "Queen of Hearts," Juice Newton

Lowdown: About the size of a clenched fist and located in the center of your chest—not on the left side—your heart has four chambers made of muscle that form a squishy pump. It beats about 100,000 times and processes 2,000 gallons of blood daily. "The heart makes the Energizer Bunny look like a wimp," says Dr. Clyde W. Yancy, chief of the cardiothoracic transplantation program at Baylor University Medical Center. "It goes on and on." Unless, that is, you treat it like a garbage disposal. "I've opened up blood vessels that look like congealed cheese," says Dr. Yancy. "I haven't eaten pizza in 15 years."

Destress for success: Scientific big-brains have yet to figure out the exact connection between stress and heart disease, but research indicates that the surge in adrenaline produced by stress causes the blood to clot more readily. On a behavioral level, mortgage payments and work deadlines tend to make us scarf cheesesteaks and skip Tae Bo class. "If you're a 30-year-old male and you don't have stress, either you're a bum or independently wealthy," diagnoses Dr. Yancy. "And if you hang on to stress, it will end up becoming a physical issue." So go for a swim or jog through a grizzly den while smeared with honey—whatever helps you blow off steam.

Cutting edge: Stem cells, those multipurpose little miracle organisms that scare President Bush more than a whole library of books, may be coming to a heart attack near you. Doctors intend to direct stem cell therapy to damaged areas of a diseased heart at the time of bypass surgery in hope of revitalizing tissue and improving overall heart function, says Dr. Yancy: "We could very well prevent the development of heart failure, or 10 to 15 years from now, actually reverse the effects of a heart attack." We've got an even bolder idea—inject stem cells directly into cheeseburgers! Bonus: New research on intuition demonstrates that the heart may keep us alive in more ways than one. When subjects were shown random images, their heart rates increased five to seven seconds *before* seeing an emotionally charged image such as a car crash or a coiled snake. Researchers propose that the heart's central role in "intuitive perception" may influence decision making in everything from defensive driving to high-stakes business meetings. In other words, yes, you have ESP.

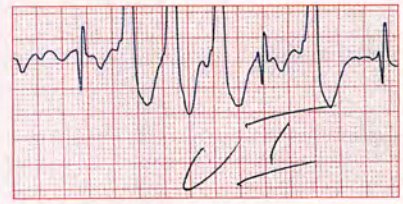
Can you live without a heart?



Yes—for a while. To date, 14 people have been implanted with the AbioCor device, the world's first fully implantable, self-contained artificial ticker. Once surgeons sew the bionic heart into a patient's chest, he can live a fairly normal life, though he'll need to carry a battery pack. One transplant beneficiary even appeared on *The Oprah Winfrey Show*. (We hear Oprah gave AbioCors away to the entire studio audience that day.) At best, however, it's just a furlough from the Grim Reaper—the longest-living AbioCor recipient died 17 months post-implant.

DEAD BEAT

"I'll have a Whopper, large fries, and a coffin, please."



This electrocardiogram shows a human heart besieged by an acute heart attack. It occurs when blood flow to a section of the organ gets blocked and the heart tissue starves of oxygen and dies. You have a 30 percent chance of this happening to you by age 55. Fun fact: Roughly half of all heart attacks result in death.

The Brain

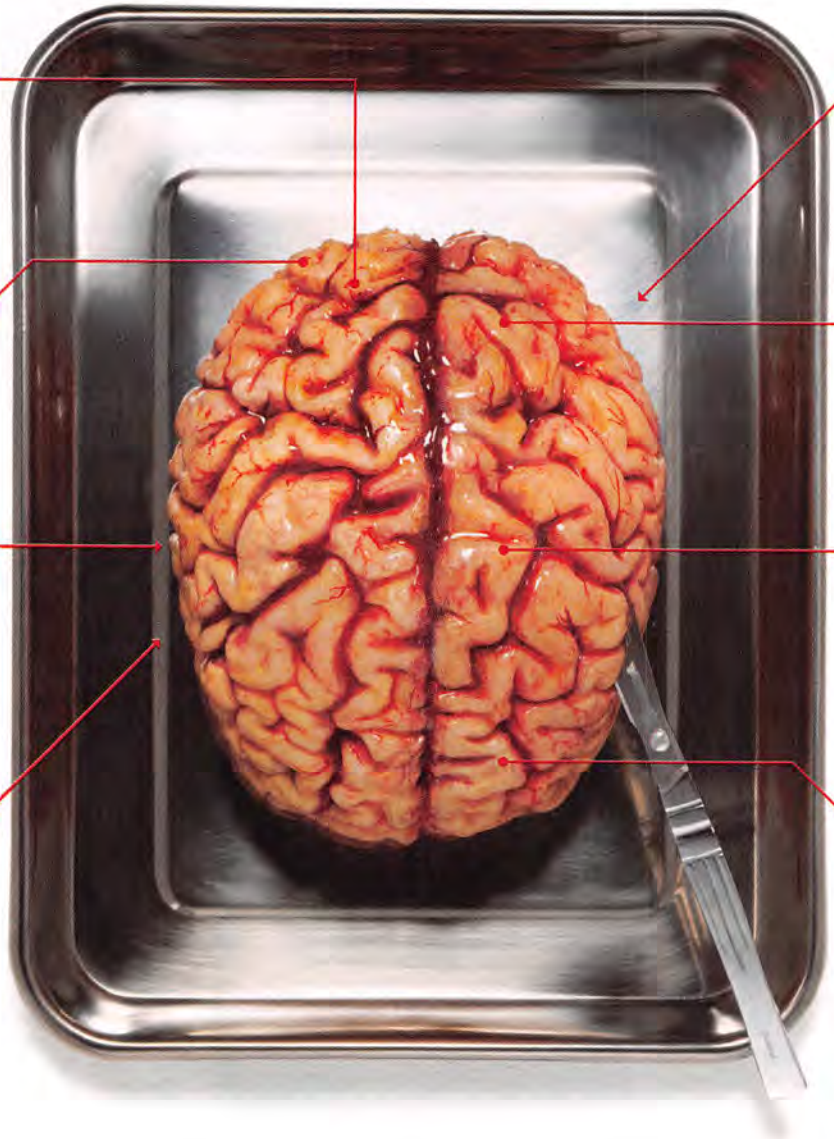
All you need to know about man's second-favorite organ.

Lowdown: Inside your quarter-inch-thick skull, wrapped in three layers of gooey membranes, your brain weighs in at about three pounds—roughly the same as a bottle of scotch. Made of soft, squeezable flesh deep red in color, the human brain contains more than 100 billion neurons, cells that process and transmit information back and forth. Not only is the organ the center of information processing and consciousness, but it also controls body temperature, pulse rate, and sex drive.

Cutting edge: New studies are solving the most intriguing human mysteries—how we feel love, what happens when we sleep, even the design of bionic limbs that'll be controlled by thought. In the hunt to cure diseases and injuries, scientists are focused on neurogenesis, the brain's ability to grow new neurons. But some of the most interesting research has nothing to do with our well-being. Take the dorsal striatum. Located in the center of the brain, it's responsible for cravings. Research at the Brookhaven National Laboratory has proved that if it's stimulated, cravings can occur when you're not hungry. Thus the fetishized adverts for Taco Bell's Cheesy Gordita Crunch, where hot sauce seems to ooze out of your TV screen. Those ads are designed to stimulate the same part of the brain that's responsible for cocaine cravings in addicts.

Turbocharge your brain: No operation or syringeful will turbocharge your noggin better than a regimen of physical exercise. "Studies in both animals and humans show that exercise leads to a lot of changes in the brain: increase in blood flow, regulation of chemicals associated with brain plasticity—our ability to learn—and neurogenesis," says Dr. Yaakov Stern, who heads the Cognitive Neuroscience Division at Columbia University Medical Center.

This is your brain on... Booze really does kill brain cells. "The threshold for neurotoxicity with alcohol is about one ounce a day," says Dr. Kenneth Heilman of the University of Florida. While social drinkers rarely show signs of permanent neuronal damage, studies in rats have found that binge drinking in adolescence leads to memory loss in adulthood.



Frontal lobe: The largest section of the brain is responsible for voluntary movement, reasoning, and problem solving. It enables you to give someone the finger, tally the tip on a lunch check, and a host of other quotidian activities.

Prefrontal lobe: Controls judgment and inhibition. Bruise this part of the brain and you'll be banging homeless chicks sans condom and betting your savings account on a craps game.

Hippocampus: Found in the medial temporal lobe, the hippocampus plays a critical role in long-term episodic memory, recalling experiences from your past. The memory of your first screw lives here. So does the memory of your first premature ejaculation.

Amygdala: Found in the frontal lobe, the amygdala tastes like chicken. Or so we're told. It's responsible for emotions such as terror and joy. Ever been so scared you wet your pants? That's your amygdala at work.

Hypothalamus: Located just above the brain stem, this almond-size region controls all of the body's metabolic processes. In other words, it's the annoying voice in your head that says, "I'm cold," "I'm hungry," "I'm thirsty"...

Temporal lobe: Critical for expressive speech, it commands the mouth to form sentences. Also plays a major role in memory retrieval. This is where all the lyrics from the Beatles' *White Album* are archived.

Parietal lobe: A key center for sensory processing and body orientation. Say you're in a bar and some dude throws a punch. While the frontal lobe says, "Get the fuck out of the way!" the parietal lobe enables you to see where the punch is going and duck it.

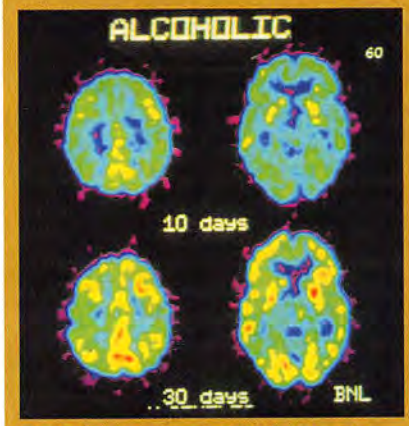
Occipital lobe: This is where most visual input is processed and interpreted, enabling you, for example, to comprehend what you're reading right now. It's also the portal into your visual perception.

How is the male brain different from the female brain?

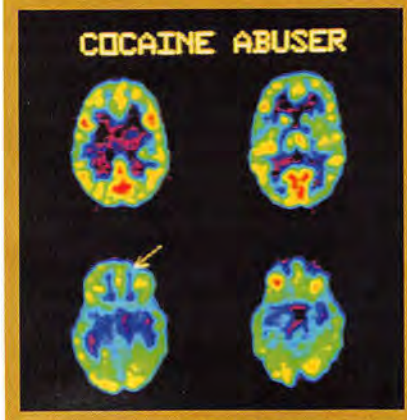
Though men have about 100 grams more brain tissue than women, there are no real differences in intelligence. But there are differences in what parts of the brain each uses most. Men have about 6.5 times the amount of "gray matter" in their brains, while women have about 10 times the amount of "white matter." Thus, men more often excel in things like math, and women tend to do better in areas that require integration of information, like language.

BRAIN PORN

Check out these head cases.



Two brain scans of an alcoholic in detox. Top: Ten days off the sauce. Bottom: Thirty days. The yellow areas signify high activity.



Top: Scans of a normal brain. Bottom: The same brain after four months of heavy coke binging, showing less brain activity (yellow).

The Blood

At all costs, keep this stuff on the inside of your body.

Lowdown: Since the beginning of recorded time, humans have worshiped blood—drunk it, painted with it, named their gangs after it. Technically, blood is a tissue, like muscle or skin. You have 5.6 liters of it pumping through roughly 100,000 miles of arteries, veins, and capillaries. Think of red blood cells, the key ingredient, as 18-wheelers moving around the superhighways and roads within your body, carrying oxygen and nutrients where they're needed and carting away the garbage. Your network of blood vessels also functions as a liquid cooling system that keeps your organs from stewing in their own juices.

How much can you lose without dying? Estimates vary. The Nazis reportedly did experiments, results unknown. "Generally, if you're athletic and healthy, you could lose maybe 40 percent of your blood and live, as long as you got a transfusion fairly quickly," says James Louie, M.D., a VP at the New York Blood Center. By the way, red blood cells have a lifespan of about four months, meaning your entire supply turns over three times a year. The dead cells head for the spleen, your heart's recycling dump.

Supercharge your blood: Blood doping is the process of adding more oxygen-carrying agents to the bloodstream through the injection of synthetic hormones (such as EPO) or blood transfusion. This practice can deliver up to a five-percent boost in your body's athletic capabilities, says Michael Ashenden, who heads the Science and Industry Against Blood Doping consortium. "Compared with the one-percent improvement an elite athlete might hope for during an entire training season and the half-percent difference between winning and losing," he adds, "it's easy to recognize the enormous temptation to cheat, especially when the chance of being caught is minimal."

HEARTY DRINK

On human bloodsuckers.

Sanguinarians believe they are mortal vampires. They "feed" on human blood, supplied by willing donors, to sustain "life force." What does human blood taste like? "V8 and beef broth," says one sanguinarian, who, not surprisingly, didn't want his name used. "That's what I use as a substitute if I can't find a donor." No horseradish? Hmm.

The $6 million question: Is there such thing as bionic blood?

Yup, but research is still perfecting it. One of the earliest blood substitutes was made with a chemical called PFCs—perfluorocarbons. The stuff was so oxygen-rich that a rat dropped into a tank full was able to breathe. The latest: HBOCs—hemoglobin-based oxygen carriers. One of the first, Baxter's HemAssist, made it all the way to FDA Phase 3 clinical trials. Another, Hemopure, is approved for use in humans, but only in South Africa.

SOMETHING TO CHEW ON

Dahmer, schmahmer. Get a load of this ravenous crew of cannibals.

Richard Trenton Chase
From late December 1977 through January 1978, "the Vampire of Sacramento" killed six; he raped, dismembered, and drank the blood of some. When police raided his home, they found his fridge stocked with body parts because, the diagnosed schizophrenic said, he needed fresh blood, as his was turning to dust. He offed himself in his death-row cell in 1980.

Issei Sagawa
While studying in Paris in 1981, Sagawa shot a classmate in his apartment, carved her up, and ate pieces of her. He was arrested, deemed insane, and institutionalized. In the 20-plus years since, Sagawa's returned to Japan and has become a celebrity cannibal, appearing on talk shows (and in pornos), writing novels, even penning a weekly column for a tabloid.

Armin Meiwes
The middle-aged German posted an ad online in 2001, looking for a guy to slaughter and eat. He shockingly found a taker in Bernd-Jürgen Brandes. Meiwes cut off Brandes' penis, cooked it, and they both ate it as Brandes bled to death. Meiwes consumed more than 40 pounds of flesh before his arrest in December 2002. He's now serving life in prison.

Joachim Kroll
A homely German with an IQ of 76, Kroll spent two decades raping and killing at least 14 victims. In 1976 he was captured trying to flush organs down a toilet in a shared bathroom. Police found a pot on his stove with potatoes, carrots, and a hand in it, and a freezer filled with human meat. Kroll claimed that one reason he ate his victims was to save on grocery bills.

The Bones

Like Yodels—they're hard on the outside, soft in the middle.

Lowdown: You're born with 300 bones. By the time you're an adult, some have fused together, so now you've got 206, assuming you haven't tangled with any wood-chippers. Bones do more than hold up all your skin and guts. Inside is a soft center—marrow, which produces red and white blood cells.

Cutting edge: Researchers at McGill University in Montreal have created a way to make artificial human bones using...an ink-jet printer. Let's say you show up in the ER with a crushed right leg. Doctors take a 3-D MRI of the uninjured bone in your left leg, then scan it into the printer. The machine then creates a 3-D object using a cementlike powder and coats it with phosphoric acid. (Phosphorous is one of the main components of human bone.) The result: a replacement bone. "Traditionally, doctors repair a missing bone with bits of the patient's own transplanted bone, which is painful, or from a cadaver, which is often rejected by your body," explains inventor Jake Barralet, professor of dentistry at McGill. "But since this new technology mimics your own bone's shape, structure and material, the thought is your body will accept it and healing times can be shortened." The procedure could be widely available within the next five years.

How breakable are bones? It ain't easy busting a bone. The impact on the bones in your knee as you walk, for example, equals seven times your body weight, says Dr. Vonda Wright of the University of Pittsburgh. When force is applied *across* the bone instead of lengthwise, that's when the suckers break. Think of that famous Joe Theismann ankle holocaust. "Depending on how the blow lands," says Dr. Michael Pearl of the American Academy of Orthopaedic Surgeons, "the pressure doesn't have to be all that great." Snap.

Health plan: Yeah, yeah—calcium, protein, multivitamins. Here's another tip: "Every time you jump, the fluid in your bone moves, signaling the cells to build more bone," says Dr. Pamela Hinton of the University of Missouri. Aim for three medium-impact exercise sessions a week. Or blow it off and buy an ink-jet printer.

? What's the best way to dispose of human bones?

"Experts" agree, you should never hide human bones in the freezer. Someone finds them and they'll think you're a crazy person. The best method of disposal: Feed them to pigs. Just ask Canadian Robert Pickton, on trial for some 20 murders. He's believed to have fed more than 60 victims' remains to the beasts at his pig farm, which he called Piggy Palace. It took cops decades to catch him.

The Guts

Check 'em out, if you have the intestinal fortitude.

Lowdown: Your high school coach told you that guts are what it takes to win football games. Technically speaking, however, the intestines and other associated innards support "everything involving the ingestion, digestion, and rejection of food," says Dr. Patricia Raymond of Eastern Virginia Medical School. They're also the source of some amazing and slightly repulsive trivia: **22 feet:** length of the garden-hose-diameter small intestine if untangled; **48 inches:** length of the firehose-diameter large intestine (a.k.a. the colon); **10 to 20 times a day:** "normal" rate for humans to pass gas (unless you're an elevator operator). **Bonus fact:** The tubes of the gastrointestinal tract are like interchangeable plumbing pipes. If surgeons had to remove a portion of your esophagus, a piece of colon can replace it. Eww.

The cutting edge: Does the word *colonoscopy* make you squirm? In the not-so-distant future, the rectum-poking procedure might be replaced by advanced capsule endoscopy, in which the patient simply swallows a tiny wireless probe that takes digital images of the bowel. "Technology companies are even working on capsules that can be remotely navigated to conduct biopsies and treat ulcers and tumors to avoid invasive surgery," says Dr. Mark Sapienza, a gastroenterologist at New Jersey's Englewood Hospital. Sorry, colonoscopy fans. You'll have to get your action elsewhere. ➤➤

BUT I DIGEST

How does your gastrointestinal tract handle that BLT you inhaled for lunch? Let's take a fantastic voyage!

1. As you chew that chunk of deliciousness, saliva turns each bite into a swallowable ball, or bolus, which takes about eight seconds to slide down your esophagus into your stomach.

2. Gastric acid and enzymes break down proteins while powerful muscles pummel the bolus. Over several hours, the stomach contracts, squirting the result into the small intestine.

3. Each bolus takes a 35 to 40 hour journey through the intestinal tract. White bread moves fast, while fats in the bacon pause to be broken down from triglycerides to monoglycerides.

4. Microvilli, countless tiny structures that increase the small intestine's surface area to the size of a tennis court, suck nutrients out of the food and filter them into the blood stream.

5. What's left gets shoved into your large intestine. Five to six billion foreign microbes live in your colon, essentially eating toxins. They're critical to keeping the traffic flowing smoothly.

6. The colon sucks the water out of the waste. When this part of your body gets angry, you get the runs. Finally, a high-amplitude peristaltic contraction exits leftovers, ideally into a toilet.

The Package

An up-close look into your underwear.

Lowdown: Your reproductive organ is the love of your life. It'll never leave you (let's hope), and, like a woman, despite its ups and downs, it's still incredibly fun to spend quality time with. The creation of sexual dysfunction drugs—Viagra, Cialis, and Levitra—has spurred a remarkable wave of scientific research into the function of the male reproductive system. This proves two things: The desire for sexual gratification will always be an impetus for innovation. And pharmaceutical company executives will crawl until their fingers bleed after the next big payday. By the way, your suspicions were correct: Ron Jeremy is a freak of nature. The average penis length is about 3.75 inches and six inches erect.

Cutting edge: All the latest research is focused on finding a sexual dysfunction pill that won't have side effects (seeing blue, headaches, those pesky 48-hour hard-ons—call your doctor if you grow a vagina). All three pills mentioned above employ the same basic mechanism; they relax the muscles around the blood vessels in the penis, allowing more blood to flow. What'll work better is anyone's guess. The holy grail? It's no secret—a Viagra that'll work on women.

Health plan: The first step to keeping your gun properly loaded is to "never, ever buy any pill or potion hyped on the Internet to increase size," says Palo Alto, California sex therapist Marty Klein, Ph.D. "They're all frauds." Instead, consider this: Everything that helps prevent heart disease helps your sex organ function properly, explains Fair Oaks, California sex therapist Louanne Weston, Ph.D. Flaccid or erect, penis size and health depend on the amount of blood flowing through it. That means don't smoke, eat a low-fat diet, exercise, and keep your gut from hanging over. "When you have a big belly," says Bloomfield Hills, Michigan psychologist and sex therapist Dennis Sugrue Ph.D., "fat encroaches on the base of your penis, making it look smaller," resulting in it's-in-there-somewhere syndrome. Meanwhile, the debate over surgical enhancement of the penis has the medical community enraged. Some 20,000 patients have gone under the knife; today the surgery costs between $8,000 and $10,000. There are dozens of lawsuits pending over botched jobs, leaving the poor guys in John Wayne Bobbit–like purgatory. Go forward at your own risk.

"I love you so much, baby."

? Why does taking a shot in the balls hurt so damn much?

And he calls himself a Dodger?

Imagine if your brain was hanging in a skin sack outside your body. You think it wouldn't hurt if it got hit by a snowball? The testicles are packed with nerve endings, which is why it's great when a girl reaches in your boxers and rubs. But it's also why sharp blows can ruin a guy's day. Pain intensity depends on two factors—how hard you're hit and your emotional reaction. Take an elbow to the ribs in a basketball game and it hurts—but you don't obsess. Catch a knee in your almonds and it's panic time.

This joke is gonna bomb.

"COMING, HONEY!"

A down-and-dirty biological blow-by-blow of the male orgasm.

You're in the bathroom at your local bar, undressing a beautiful woman. Never mind how you met her; you think her name is Tammy. As things heat up, your sex organ kicks into high gear. What's going on between your legs? A closer look.

1. **Corpora cavernosa:** When you're aroused, blood rushes into these hollow sacks in the shaft of the penis. That's the first thing that happens. The blood swells the organ, making it hard.

2. **Prostate:** This gland swells, too, squeezing shut the urethral duct to the bladder, preventing piss from getting into your semen (that's why it's hard to urinate when you've got wood).

3. **Cowper's glands:** These little buggers secrete pre-ejaculate (a.k.a. leakage), which neutralizes acid in the urethra that wounds sperm. Turns out the little fishes are delicate creatures. Is it getting hot in here? *Whoa!* Easy does it. Tigers 3, Yankees 1. Jeter, go for two!

4. **Seminal vesicles:** When you're about to orgasm, this gland secretes its murky liquid, the main component of semen.

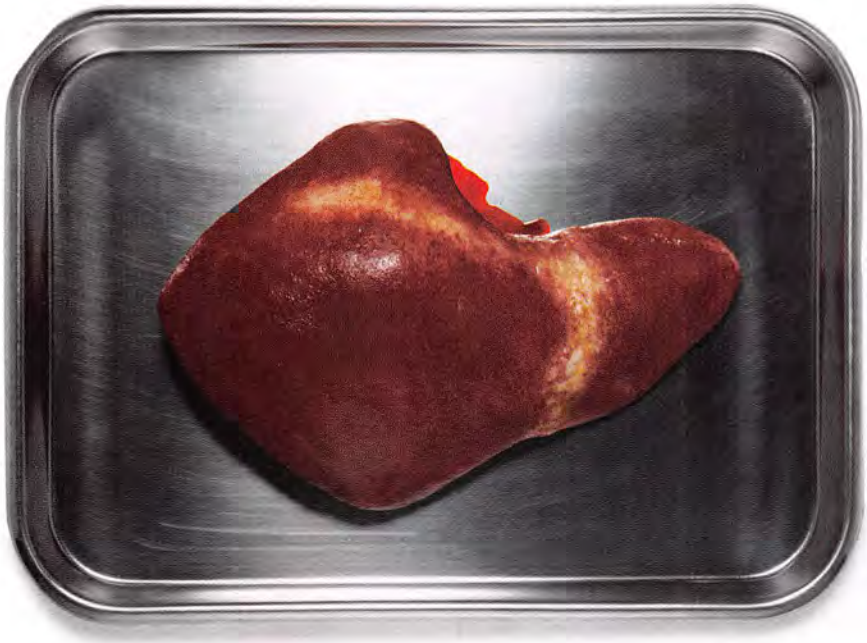
5. **Testes:** Your balls give birth to spermatazoa. Those nuts are to blame for any unwanted child support payments and should be punished accordingly.

6. **Epididymis:** Live semen are stored in here. It's like a neutral corner. When the bell rings, they come out swinging.

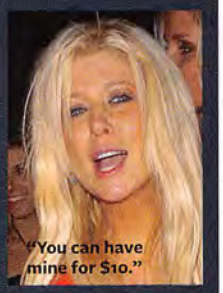
7. **Vas deferens:** This is the tube in which sperm swim on their way out the door. It's also the tube that doctors cut should you decide to get a vasectomy.

8. **Meatus:** Just as Tammy's reaching her third orgasm, your groin contracts, shooting semen out of this hole. Awkward postcoital chitchat commences.

CONTRIBUTORS: DAN REED (HEART); GINA SHAW (BRAIN); JOE LINDSEY (BLOOD); HALLIE LEVINE (BONES); STEVE MAZZUCCHI (GUTS); MICHAEL CASTLEMAN (PRIVATE PARTS); MATT TEAGUE (LIVER)



? How much does a non-alcohol-damaged liver go for on the black market?



According to Organs Watch, a University of California–based research project that tracks the illicit organ trade, one Philippines-based company called Liver4You.org promises to transplant a healthy liver into your body for $130,000. "I thought it was a joke at first," says Organs Watch founding director Nancy Scheper-Hughes. "It wasn't." Need a kidney? Liver4You.org will throw one in for an extra $85,000.

The Liver

It ain't pretty, but it's your best friend in a toxic world.

Lowdown: At three pounds, the liver is the largest internal organ, composed of two lobes the size and shape of a catcher's mitt, which palm the stomach. Unlike other organs, this bad boy can regenerate, much like Hayden Panettiere on *Heroes* but not nearly as cute. Cut out 60 percent—for donation or to pair with a silky Chianti—and it'll regrow itself. The liver is the body's "factory, recycling center, and storage facility," says Dr. James R. Burton Jr., assistant professor of medicine at the University of Colorado. It makes cholesterol, the gook that keeps cell walls healthy. It recycles your blood, filtering it through and pulling out the toxins like a sieve. And then it takes all the garbage, breaks it down, and routes it to your kidneys so you can piss it out.

Health plan: You know the story: Don't drink too much. But keep in mind, your liver is one tough hunk of disgusting-looking flesh. It's likely to handle all the abuse you can give it. One common practice it doesn't like, however, is the hangover Tylenol. Beat back a morning headache with this drug—the liver's nemesis—and you'll really feel the pain. "If you're a chronic alcohol drinker," says Dr. Sanjiv Chopra, dean for continuing education at Harvard Medical School, "taking just six Extra Strength Tylenol at one time can destroy your liver."

Cutting edge: The bad news is that the obesity epidemic is both ruining livers and decreasing the supply of healthy livers for transplant. The operation is not a pleasant procedure; the late Evel Knievel (who knows a thing or two about pain) compared getting his liver transplanted to "replacing a football in your stomach." The good news is that pork isn't just for barbecuing any more. God-like doctors are genetically modifying pigs so that their livers won't be rejected by picky human bodies during cross-species transplantation, and trying to make the pig livers produce more human-like proteins for continued function. The next hurdle: Convincing transplant recipients to keep their filthy rooms clean. ●

LIVER LET DIE

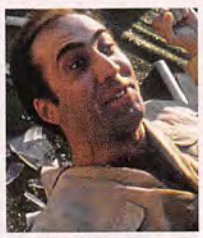
A time line of what a life of extreme boozing—say, a 12-pack a day—will do to your organ.

A Heavy Weekend
What happened? The last thing you remember is arriving in Vegas. Yes, you may have the clap, but your liver's probably fine, having filtered out, broken down, and gotten rid of the booze. It can handle roughly a drink an hour; the rest waits in your bloodstream, keeping you drunk.

Weeks of Abuse
As long as you're not combining heavy boozing with drugs or a disease like hepatitis, you should be fine. And two cups of coffee "reduces mortality from chronic liver disease by half," says Dr. Chopra. "Of course, drinking too much can still ruin your health, your marriage, and your life."

Months Go By, Not That You Remember
The rpm gauge on your liver is starting to redline. Your side aches, your skin starts to turn piss color from jaundice, and eventually your liver—now clogged with fatty deposits—will begin to swell up to the point that it can be felt beneath the bottom rib.

Years of Alcoholism
You've developed "liver confusion," in which the organ can no longer clear the toxins it absorbs. Fluid fills your abdominal cavity, so you look like you're pregnant. Keep going and you'll contract severe alcoholic hepatitis—liver failure—in which case you'll be dead in weeks. Care for another?



Decades of Darkness
If you've survived this long, you will develop cirrhosis, which killed Jack Kerouac and Billie Holiday. "It's scarring, basically," says Dr. Michael Charlton of the Mayo Clinic, explaining that a scarred liver is essentially a useless mass. The only cure: transplant. Get in line and start praying.

D.C. SMACKDOWN!

Grab a ringside seat as we pit Democrats vs. Republicans in a battle for badass supremacy!

ILLUSTRATIONS BY SEAN MCCABE

PUNCHY PUNDITS SCREAM THAT REPUBLICANS are immigrant-incinerating cowboys and that Democrats are peach-scented poetry majors who want to hug it out with Al Qaeda. Every politician on the Hill claims they're in the party of power, but who really is? To find out, we matched our nation's leaders in six rounds of 'nad-defining fisticuffs, then we enlisted Ann Coulter, Fox News' Sean Hannity and Alan Colmes, and Air America's Randi Rhodes to help score the bout. Utilizing boxing's Ten Point Must System, the winner of each round receives 10 points, and the loser 9. OK, elected officials, rub Vaseline all over your bodies and come out fighting!

Round 1
Lady-killers

REPUBLICANS

Tom Coburn (Sen., OK)
Married a former Miss Oklahoma. Once claimed, "There's no science that shows silicone breast implants are detrimental, and, in fact, they make you healthier."

John Warner (Sen., VA)
OK, she was in her 40s at the time, but as far as notches in the bedpost go, they don't come much bigger than being a former Mr. Liz Taylor.

Fred Thompson (former presidential candidate, TV character actor)
When the phlegmatic *Law & Order* star was asked what his most prized possession was by the AP, he responded, "Trophy wife." *The New York Times* considered whether the cleavage of his 24-year-younger wife, Jerri, would help get votes. (Um, nope.) Fred has actually fathered children with his babe wife, which is as inspiring as it is repulsive.

DEMOCRATS

Ted Kennedy (Sen., MA)
The fornicating fatty was caught enjoying the company of a female lobbyist's vagina under the table of a high-end D.C. restaurant in 1987. Two years later his naked ass was photographed atop a brunette on a boat in St-Tropez. Oh, and in 1969, he left a woman to die in a car he crashed into a river.

Dennis Kucinich (Rep., OH)
On his radio show, Glenn Beck speculated the flap-eared presidential hopeful bagged his mega-hottie, tongue-pierced Brit wife, Elizabeth, with the aid of "some sort of... date rape drug." Outrageous!...Or is it?

John Edwards (former Sen., NC; presidential candidate)
In 2000 *People* named him "sexiest politician alive." Eight years later, this champion of the impoverished is just as handsome, thanks to his proclivity for $400 haircuts.

Judges' Table

Randi Rhodes: "The Republicans as lady-killers? Giuliani is a cross-dresser, Mark Foley hits on little boys, and there's the toe-tapper guy. Gay, gay, gay."

Ann Coulter: "Obviously, Ted Kennedy wins the lady-killer competition, having actually killed a lady."

Round: DEM, 10-9

Round 2
Party Animals

REPUBLICANS

Randy Kuhl (Rep., NY)
His rap sheet of alleged misdeeds includes excessive drinking, womanizing, and yanking out two shotguns at a 1994 dinner party—and threatening to use them on his wife—and the dude still has a job!

Dana Rohrabacher (Rep., CA)
Refusing to pussy out with "I didn't inhale" excuses, the surfing lawmaker has said he "did everything but drink the bong water." Result: Rohrabacher's been reelected to Congress nine times in a row.

Jim Ramstad (Rep., MN)
In 1981 he woke up from a blackout inside a jail cell in Sioux City, South Dakota after being arrested for disorderly conduct, resisting arrest, and failure to leave a coffee shop at 2 A.M. Pretty badass, although he ruined it by stating that the incident humiliated him into entering a treatment program.

DEMOCRATS

Dennis Cardoza (Rep., CA)
Cardoza likes to fight dirty. This grandson of Portuguese immigrants used to stage female mud-wrestling shows in his family's Merced, California bowling alley.

Barack Obama (Sen., IL; presidential candidate)
Wrote in his 1995 memoir, *Dreams From My Father: A Story of Race and Inheritance*, that as a teenager he had a special way of dealing with the emotional problems of life: "Pot had helped, and booze; maybe a little blow when you could afford it."

Stephen Lynch (Rep., MA)
Lynch has tussled with cops twice: once for possession of dope at a Grateful Dead concert in 1977, and later for kicking an anti-American demonstrator's ass in 1980. Oddly, these arrests have been an asset in getting him reelected repeatedly in South Boston. Wicked.

Judges' Table

Alan Colmes: "Republicans are the best partyers. Democrats are the ones with the strong work ethic."

Sean Hannity: "Barack Obama wins. He's the only candidate I know who has made the admission of using cocaine and basically had no negative fallout."

Round: DEM, 10-9

Round 3
Military Valor

REPUBLICANS

Sam Johnson (Rep., TX)
Korea and Nam combat aviator endured seven years as a POW. In a meeting with President Bush, he said, "Syria is the problem... You know, I can fly an F-15, put two nukes on 'em and I'll make one pass. We won't have to worry about Syria anymore."

John McCain (Sen., AZ; presidential candidate)
Broke both arms and a leg when shot down over Vietnam in 1967, took a bayonet to the groin, and endured five and a half years of torture in the Hanoi Hilton—famously recounted in his 1999 memoir, *Faith of My Fathers*. Don't nobody fuck with McCain.

Chuck Hagel (Sen., NE)
His body on fire, the Nam vet dragged his brother out of a hit vehicle in 1968. After Cheney shot his pal, he noted, "If he'd been in the military, he'd have learned gun safety."

DEMOCRATS

Jim Webb (Sen., VA)
Vietnam Vet's Navy Cross citation reads in part: "Observing the grenade landed dangerously close to his companion [Webb] simultaneously fired his weapon at the enemy, pushed the marine away from the grenade, and shielded him from the explosion with his own body." Wore son's Iraq War combat boots every day of his 2006 senate campaign.

Daniel Inouye (Sen., HI)
Served as a volunteer at Pearl Harbor, earned 15 medals and citations, and lost right arm in WWII. Displayed "complete disregard for his personal safety" (per award citation) in neutralizing Kraut positions.

Charlie Rangel (Rep., NY)
The Army vet led 40 men from his unit in a three-day escape from a Chinese Army encirclement in Korea. He earned the Bronze Star and a Purple Heart.

Judges' Table

Ann Coulter: "Dems demand that we surrender in Iraq. A little on the unmanly side, don't you think?"

Randi Rhodes: "This is going to cause me a fucking headache for saying, but Democrats win because they never get caught by the enemy."

Round: GOP, 10-9

Round 4
Trash Talking

REPUBLICANS

Don Young (Rep., AK)
"Environmentalists are a socialist group of individuals that are the tool of the Democrat Party. I'm proud to say that they are my enemy. They are not Americans, never have been Americans, never will be Americans."

John Boehner (Rep., OH)
"I listen to my Democratic friends, and I wonder if they are more interested in protecting the terrorists than protecting the American people."

Rudy Giuliani (former New York City mayor; presidential candidate)
"Our military is too small right now to deal with the Islamic terrorism threats, but it really is too small to deter would-be aggressors to even think of challenging us. And that's due to Bill Clinton."

DEMOCRATS

Hillary Clinton (Sen., NY; presidential candidate)
"When you look at the way the House of Representatives has been run, it has been run like a plantation...I predict to you that this administration will go down in history as one of the worst that has ever governed our country."

Maxine Waters (Rep., CA)
"We're at a time when very smart people have been allowing this dumb-ass president of the United States to do as he pleases... I'm not backing off. I said it, and I mean it!"

Tom Harkin (Sen., IA)
"When I hear [criticism of John Kerry's heroics] coming from Dick Cheney, who was a coward, who would not serve during the Vietnam War, it makes my blood boil."

Judges' Table

Alan Colmes: "Republicans are the best trash talkers. The Democrats said the truth. The Republicans are number one at spewing."

Sean Hannity: "The Republicans win because Rudy hit the nail on the head. Rudy just tells it like it is."

Round: GOP, 10-9

Round 5
Random Acts of Machismo

REPUBLICANS

Timothy Johnson (Rep., IL)
In 2003 he punctured a lung and fractured a rib in a car accident en route to a speaking engagement at an Urbana, Illinois church. Through a clenched jaw, the heartland hard-ass delivered his speech on time before heading to the hospital.

Roscoe Bartlett (Rep., MD)
Took advantage of fact-finding trip to Iraq in 2003 by climbing into Saddam Hussein's spider hole just days after the dictator was captured. "I was probably the only Congressman who laid down there," crowed the 81-year-old.

Dick Cheney (vice president)
Shot his friend in the face with a shotgun after mistaking him for a quail. Whoops. Loses points for showing a partly human side in declaring that the accident was "one of the worst days of my life."

DEMOCRATS

Patrick J. Leahy (Sen., VT)
Confronted Cheney about his ties to Halliburton, which inspired Cheney to tell him to "fuck off" on the Senate floor. Leahy was also one of two Congressmen who received anthrax-laden letters following 9/11.

Harry Reid (Sen., NV)
The Senate majority leader was named head of the Nevada gaming commission in 1977 and went head to head with organized crime. He was such a fly in the Mafia's marinara that an unsuccessful attempt to kill him with a car bomb was made in 1981.

Jim Moran (Rep., VA)
Famous for taking a swing at Randy "Duke" Cunningham as they were leaving the House chambers in 1995. Cunningham charged that Moran "turned his back on Desert Storm." Moran later apologized, and Cunningham accepted. Bunch of Marys.

Judges' Table

Ann Coulter: "'Democratic machismo' is an oxymoron. Unless you're talking about Hillary."

Randi Rhodes: "All the Republicans did was go on a camping trip to Saddam's vacant house and show up to a meeting on time. Dems win."

Round: DEM, 10-9

Round 6
Embarrassing Infractions

REPUBLICANS

Mitt Romney (former Massachusetts governor; presidential candidate)
As a devout Mormon, abstains from alcohol and coffee, promotes premarital abstinence, and says he would "like to see less violence and sex on TV, in video games, and in movies." Drag.

Robin Hayes (Rep., NC)
In 2001 fellow Republicans pressured him into casting the deciding vote in favor of the controversial "Fast Track" bill, which gave the president authority to negotiate trade deals. According to one report, "Republicans yelped and cheered, and Hayes burst into tears. [Dennis] Hastert put his arm around Hayes' shoulders as the North Carolina lawmaker wiped his face."

Thad Cochran (Sen., MS)
Cochran dorked it up as the University of Mississippi's head cheerleader.

DEMOCRATS

Steve Kagen (Rep., WI)
Served as CNN's "allergy consultant" from 1995 to 2002.

John Kerry (Sen., MA)
Exhibits a deep and abiding love for windsurfing.

John Hall (Rep., NY)
Forgiven for singing "Still the One." Not for this album cover.

Judges' Table

Alan Colmes: "Democrats are proud of their masculine-feminine sides."

Sean Hannity: "You have to go with Kerry, who routinely emboldens our enemies by saying our troops are terrorizing women and children in Iraq."

Round: DEM, 10-9

PERHAPS PEOPLE
WHO DRINK IT GET INSTANT
BARTENDER RESPECT,
INCLUDING TIMELY REFILLS
OF MINI PRETZELS.

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THE DECISION

•WINNER•
DEMOCRATS
The Donkey Punch Delivers!

Ann Coulter
"Republicans in a landslide—get used to hearing that, by the way—because in order to be ballsy, you have to have balls. 'Wanted dead or alive!', 'Smoke 'em out of their holes!' That's George W. Bush, and it's not trash talk if you back it up, sonny. 'Bring it on!'"

Randi Rhodes
"If you think being tough is dressing up in costumes with codpieces and being fake warriors and fake patriots, the Republicans win. If you like phonies, then you like Republicans. But if you like your tough guys real, the Democrats are the shit."

Alan Colmes
"If you're a Democrat, you have to be tougher because you have to deal with nasty Republicans. The Democrats say it like it is, while the Republicans just spew. And just because you're in a party that is pro-war doesn't make you a tough guy. Democrats win."

Sean Hannity
"It's not even close. The Democratic Party is pathetically weak and timid and afraid—they are gutless and spineless. Democrats constantly call for retreat and defeat. They have emboldened our enemies and undermined troop morale. They are the party of weakness."

Democrats 58, Republicans 56

The Dems are the biggest badasses on the Hill. It was a close one, with Republicans giving a strong showing in trash talking and surviving seemingly insurmountable odds in the fields of battle. But the combo of cheerleading and crying in the final round proved to be a knockdown from which the GOP could not recover. You put up a good fight, guys, so go back to your corner with your heads held high and spit. That means you, Larry Craig.

HANNITY'S AMERICAN HISTORY OF MANLINESS

Fox News Channel's conservative bullhorn offers his unique perspective on past patriots and pussies.

Joseph McCarthy
"He was pretty tough. I think he was just standing up for his principles. There was another side to the story. Things went a little far, but there was legitimate concern about efforts to align with enemies of this country."

JFK
"He believed in strong national defense. If JFK were alive today, he'd be a Republican."

Jimmy Carter
"He was absolutely inept, weak, impotent, and a modern-day appeaser. Today's Democratic Party is an appeasement party that doesn't understand the nature of the conflict with Islamic extremism."

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TOYOTA
moving forward

ICON

Martin Lawrence

He starred in a hit TV show, then ran through traffic waving a pistol. Comedy's loosest cannon has been to hell and back—and despite two new family comedies, he's still shooting off that filthy mouth.

BY ERIC SPITZNAGEL

WHEN DID YOU FIRST REALIZE THAT YOU WERE, INDEED, SO CRAZY?
The first person who encouraged me to get into comedy was my high school art teacher, Miss Henderson, who we called Froggie. I'd always disrupt her class, so finally Froggie said, "If you can just chill during class, I'll give you the last five minutes to make us laugh." Then one day she mentioned this open mike night at a club in town. I was like, "I'm gonna make it big someday. Let me know if there's ever anything I can do for you." And she goes, "If you become an actor, you can buy me a car."

AND DID YOU DELIVER?
Yeah. As soon as the checks started coming in, I bought her a car.

YOUR FIRST BIG BREAK WAS *STAR SEARCH*, BUT YOU LOST. WHAT HAPPENED?
I guess you could say I was robbed.

ARE YOU ABLE TO WALK DOWN THE STREET WITHOUT BEING RECOGNIZED?
No, but I am gracious with my fans. They're why I do what I do. Well, that and the paycheck.

HAVE YOU HAD ANY NUTTY FAN RUN-INS?
One time some dude drove across the country, pulled in my driveway, and took off his shoes like he was home. He rolled up on me like he was part of my family, like he was just getting home from a long trip and we were expecting him for dinner or something. I had never met this man in my life.

WOW. SO AFTER A MOVIE ENDS, DO YOUR ROLES STAY WITH YOU? LIKE, AFTER *WILD HOGS*, DID YOU BUY A HARLEY AND JOIN A BIKER GANG WITH JOHN TRAVOLTA?
Hell, no! Harleys are no joke. I don't mess with them. I wouldn't get on one again unless somebody was paying me to do it.

AND NOW YOU PLAY A SELF-HELP GURU IN *WELCOME HOME ROSCOE JENKINS*. AFTER ALL

> "PEOPLE LIKE TO SAY, 'YOU CAN'T SAY THIS, YOU CAN'T SAY THAT.' BUT IT'S ALL WORKED FOR ME."

THE SHIT YOU'VE BEEN THROUGH, WHAT'S YOUR SECRET TO KEEPING IT TOGETHER?
My advice is to ride your life until the wheels fall off and surround yourself with people who tell you the truth. If you're not careful in Hollywood, it can go to your head.

WE COULD TOTALLY SEE YOU DOING A LATE-NIGHT SELF-HELP INFOMERCIAL.
You think? I'll keep that in mind.

WHAT DO YOU SAY TO PEOPLE WHO CALL YOUR STAND-UP ACT CRUDE AND MISOGYNISTIC?
I've dealt with that negativity my whole career. People like to say, "You can't say this, you can't say that, you shouldn't do this, you shouldn't do that." Sure, what I do may not be for everybody, but it's worked for me. If it ain't broke, I ain't tryin' to fix it.

IT'S BEEN SAID THAT TRACY MORGAN IS PLAYING AN EXAGGERATED VERSION OF YOU ON *30 ROCK*. GIVEN THE CHOICE, WHO WOULD PLAY YOU IN THE MOVIE OF YOUR LIFE?
Denzel Washington.

YOU WERE BANNED FROM ALL NBC PRODUCTIONS BECAUSE OF THINGS YOU SAID IN YOUR *SATURDAY NIGHT LIVE* MONOLOGUE, INCLUDING TELLING WOMEN, "SOME OF YOU ARE NOT WASHING YOUR ASS PROPERLY." WERE YOU SURPRISED THE NETWORK FREAKED?
Yeah, but I'm no longer pissed off about it. It's in the past. During that time I was very headstrong about what I believed in. I didn't understand all the politics of *SNL*. It was a different audience for me and I didn't want to fail, so I used material that I knew was proven.

SO YOU'RE NOT HAVING DINNER WITH LORNE MICHAELS ANYTIME SOON. ANY REGRETS?
If I had a chance to do it over again, yeah, I'd probably do it differently.

CONSIDERING ALL THE FEMALE CHARACTERS YOU PLAYED ON *MARTIN*, FROM MAMA PAYNE TO SHENENEH, ARE YOU BY CHANCE A WOMAN TRAPPED IN A MAN'S BODY?
I didn't even know I could do all those characters until I got the show. I wanted to succeed at any cost, so the characters came out of complete desperation. I was thrown into the fire and had to deliver.

WERE THOSE CHARACTERS BASED ON REAL WOMEN IN YOUR LIFE?
Big Mama came from my grandmother and my mother. Sheneneh had a lot in common with my sisters. I always knew they could whip my ass at the drop of a dime.

FINAL QUESTION: IF YOU HAD ONE DAY LEFT ON THE PLANET, HOW WOULD YOU SPEND IT?
Fucking. Just straight fucking. ●

Why Martin is afraid to go on *Oprah*

Martin's *Welcome Home Roscoe Jenkins* is in theaters now, and *College Road Trip* hits theaters March 7.

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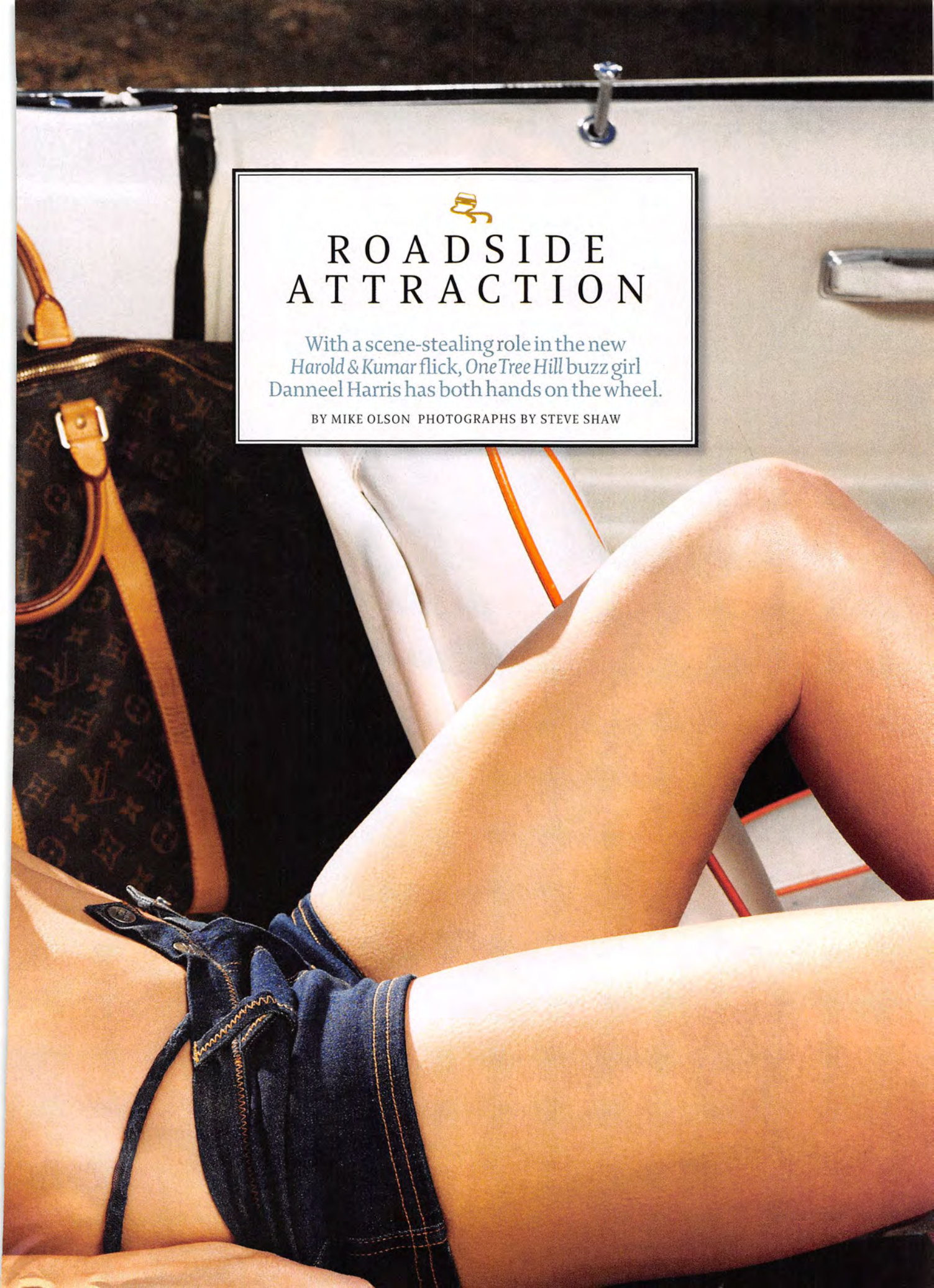


ROADSIDE ATTRACTION

With a scene-stealing role in the new *Harold & Kumar* flick, *One Tree Hill* buzz girl Danneel Harris has both hands on the wheel.

BY MIKE OLSON PHOTOGRAPHS BY STEVE SHAW

“
THERE’S A LOVE SCENE
WITH ME, KUMAR, AND
A GIANT BAG OF WEED.
”

WE CAN PICTURE IT NOW. YOU'RE IN THE theater watching this spring's stoner opus *Harold & Kumar Escape From Guantanamo Bay*, confident that nothing will distract you from the madcap adventures of this generation's Cheech and Chong. Then it happens: A gorgeous woman appears on-screen, and suddenly all those jokes about Neil Patrick Harris and the munchies seem about as funny as someone going, "It's 4:20, du-u-u-u-u-u-de!" The woman in question? Danneel Harris. And with her role in *Harold & Kumar*, a part on *One Tree Hill*, and another gig in the forthcoming comedy *Still Waiting...*, she's speeding her way to the top of Hollywood's A-list.

DID THIS LATEST SEASON OF *ONE TREE HILL* REALLY JUST FAST-FORWARD INTO THE FUTURE?
Yeah. They wanted to skip over the college years because we all know from other shows how well that works out. In real life everybody's 25 to 28, so we look older to begin with. Remember on *90210* how all the characters were, like, 30 when they were in high school? My mom had the biggest problem with Dylan. She goes, "Danneel, this is ridiculous. That guy has a receding hairline and forehead wrinkles."

WHAT HAPPENS TO YOUR CHARACTER, RACHEL?
She's a heroin addict! They find her on the ground, partied out with a needle in her arm.

YOU BEGAN YOUR CAREER PLAYING ANOTHER MESSED-UP CHARACTER ON *ONE LIFE TO LIVE*. ARE YOU BEING TYPECAST?
I know, right? I'm constantly thinking things like that. I'll walk into a party, see someone I don't like, and think, *If this were a parallel universe, I'd grab some scissors and cut her hair off.* Everybody thinks those crazy thoughts, right?

UM, SURE. IS VANESSA, THE GIRL YOU PLAY IN *HAROLD & KUMAR*, EVIL, TOO?
No, she's a cool chick who smokes pot and used to date Kumar in college. The movie begins with Harold and Kumar seeing me at the airport. I introduce them to my fiancé, and Kumar decides he's got to stop the wedding.

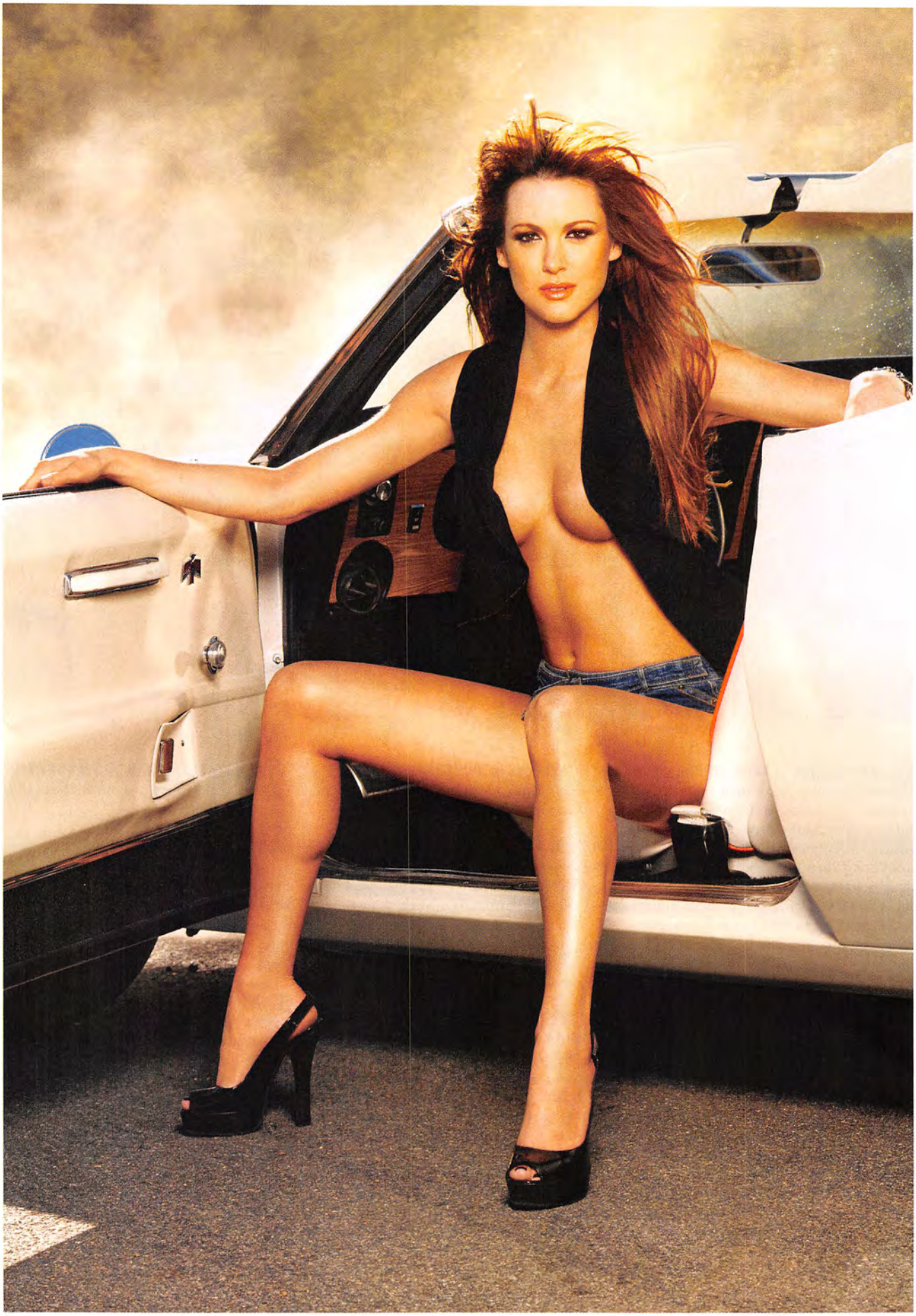
THERE'S A BOTTOMLESS PARTY IN THIS MOVIE, BUT YOU'RE NOT IN IT. ARE NUDE SCENES OFF LIMITS FOR YOU?
Totally. Once you go down that road, it's hard to come back. But there's a love scene with Kumar, Vanessa, and Weedy, a giant bag of weed.

YOU FILMED A SEX SCENE WITH A BAG OF WEED?
Yeah. It's really weird, like one of those HBO fetish documentaries.

ARE YOU A STONER IN REAL LIFE?
In college I was into all that, but every time I smoked pot I would get paranoid and either lock myself in the closet or sit crying in a corner with my fingers on my neck, checking for my pulse. I can't remember how many times people said, "You can't die from pot, Danneel."

SO HOW DO YOU BLOW OFF STEAM?
My new rule is that if I go to a bar, it has to have some other activity, like shuffleboard, pool, or darts. Otherwise I'll just sit there drinking, getting annihilated.

YOUR BOYFRIEND IS JENSEN ACKLES FROM *SUPERNATURAL*. DO YOU CRINGE WHEN HE MAKES OUT WITH OTHER GIRLS ON THE SHOW?
I don't cringe, but he does make out with a different hot chick every week. His character is a big womanizer, so he's always talking about their tits and asses. Usually he ends up killing them, because they're evil demons, so I get my revenge in the end. ●



“ONCE YOU GO DOWN THE NUDE SCENE ROAD, IT'S HARD TO COME BACK.”

ON A FREEZING-COLD DECEMBER MORNING AT INDUSTRIA SUPERStudio on the edge of Manhattan's Meatpacking District, the two British owners of a new modeling agency—one somewhat beefy, the other tall and thin—are waiting for a casting call to begin. Marc French and Simon Rogers boast nearly half a century's experience between them in the glossy world of fashion and advertising. And they know what they're looking for when it comes to talent. "It's instinct," says Rogers, a former commercial print model himself. "It's like picking out a suit. You know it when you see it." A small army of publicists and bookers buzz around the bare white-walled space, and a photographer loads film, preparing to test shoot. *Law & Order: SVU* actor Chris Meloni arrives to scout potential performers for a forthcoming National Lampoon movie in which he is set to star.

One by one, the talent begins to walk through the door. Each model is assigned a number and waits patiently to be called in front of the camera. Among the first up is Tana Brandt, a disheveled young woman whose hair is dyed silver-gray (think Helena Bonham Carter in *Fight Club*) and whose skin looks as translucent as tracing paper. As the photographer starts shooting, she lifts her shirt up to reveal a shocking sight. A number of agency staffers nearly choke on their breakfast bagels: Brandt is so thin she resembles a concentration camp victim. Her gnarled ribs, looking as brittle as twigs, poke out of her chest.

"I love her," says French, beaming. "If you were casting a smackhead, she'd be fantastic."

Trailing on the heels of Miss Holocaust, Michael Curry steps in front of the camera. He's shirtless, his body covered in tattoos—all over his

AMERICAN UGLY

Give us your freaks, your little people, your morbidly obese! Aiming to fill the demand for not-so-ordinary models and actors, a new talent agency opens its doors.

BY FRANK OWEN PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARIUS BUGGE

torso, back, and neck. On his chest is a near-life-size skull, underneath which the word RUTHLESS is printed in red ink. He's wearing an entire jewelry store on his ears. Curry is quickly followed by Claudia Lo Brown, a 5'8" blonde with a long face that seems half-human, half-horse, and who, despite the winter weather, arrives wearing nothing but a bikini under her coat.

As the camera snaps and the talent file in—nearly 300 would turn up by the day's end—Rogers and French stand in search of stars. Suddenly, a young woman appears, and their eyes light up. She has sparkling blue eyes, a megawatt smile, and a round bubbly face framed by a cascade of reddish brown curls. Dressed in jeans and a hooded sweatshirt, she stands 3'11". She carries a giant cup of Starbucks coffee that's nearly half the size of her torso. "Hi, everybody," she says confidently. Then she turns to the two men who own this modeling agency and introduces herself. Her name is Jordanna James, and she's just come from Radio City Music Hall, where she is playing an elf in the Christmas Spectacular alongside the Rockettes. When she steps in front of the camera, Rogers smiles. Talent: *It's like picking out a suit. You know it when you see it.*

"Some people," he says, "jump right out at you."

ROGERS AND FRENCH RUN AN AGENCY CALLED UGLY NY. CROOKED noses, missing teeth, and fat rolls are the company's bread and butter. Influenced by the success of *American Idol* and YouTube, and the desire of the anonymous masses to have their 15 minutes of fame, companies as varied as Dove, Levi's, and Apple are increasingly turning to "interesting faces" and regular Joes to fill their advertisements. The idea is ▸▸

Kurt Jo, agency co-owner Simon Rogers, and Jordanna James

that consumers have grown bored with the endless assembly line of prefabricated beauty that peers down at us from billboards. What passes for hot has become as homogenized as milk. What's more, there is a demand in film, TV, and advertising for those the uncharitable would call "freaks"—little people, the morbidly obese, contortionists, prison thugs. The success of such models puts the very notion of modeling talent on trial. Is a model someone to be desired? Or is the point merely to grab attention, even transfix?

This trend isn't particularly new. The Italian clothing company Benetton has used real people in its adverts—everyone from AIDS patients to convicted killers—since the mid-1980s. The Ugly agency began in 1969 in London when two British fashion photographers noticed a gap in the market for unusual faces. Today the London branch of Ugly represents more than 1,000 models, ranging in age from 18 to 100 years old, and in height from 4'1" to 7'6". There's Andrulla, the female (we think) bodybuilder, and Empress Star, who defies description (see her at ugly.org). The New York office has been open since last June but has already signed scores of models, such as Manny Yarbrough, a 6'7", 600-pound sumo wrestler, and 21-year-old Nick Reddy, better known as Mini–Marilyn Manson, a 3'9" shock rocker who makes a living impersonating the real Manson onstage. And many of them are working, appearing in bit parts in movies and on TV, and in ads for companies like Levi's, Nike, and Nokia.

Can someone be too ugly for Ugly? "Maybe if you have big warts all over your nose or something," says Rogers. "That might be an issue."

No way, counters French. "Even if you're disfigured, we could still get you work on a science fiction or horror movie."

> "EVEN IF YOU'RE DISFIGURED, WE CAN GET YOU WORK ON A HORROR MOVIE."

On average an Ugly model will pull down $200 to $600 per booking; most of them need side gigs to pay the rent. "We don't want them coming in and thinking they're going to be the next Gisele Bündchen," says Rogers. "We always tell them it's a crapshoot."

For most of the models, however, the money is secondary to the thrill of joining the one profession they never dreamed would accept them. Take Kurt Jo, a 29-year-old, 350-pound Hawaiian house-music DJ with a Mennonite beard who moved to New York to pursue his music career. One night, while traveling home from his job at the Virgin Megastore in Times Square, he found himself falling asleep on the subway when a blond-haired man with an English accent tapped him on the shoulder and handed him a business card.

"Hi. My name is Simon Rogers. I represent an agency called Ugly NY. Have you ever considered yourself a model?"

Since signing to the agency in the summer, Jo has scored half a dozen bookings. His first gig was an appearance on the Australian version of the TV show *Dirty Jobs*. For $250 he got to lie on a slab and experience a fanny facial—a masseur scrubbed his sizable butt and then attached electrodes to it as the cameras rolled. The magazine *Scientific American* ran a story on global obesity and featured Jo in a spread wearing jeans and a T-shirt, a globe printed on his spilling girth. His best-paying gig (a princely $600) was as an extra in a skit for *The Big Gay Sketch Comedy Show* on Logo. The skit was a spoof of the Werner Herzog movie *Grizzly Man*; Jo got to play a gay bear. (He self-identifies as a "bear," part of the subculture of big, hairy gay men who like other big hairy gay men.)

Reclining in his downtown Brooklyn apartment, his substantial load filling up an entire couch, Jo says he's not bothered by being labeled ugly. "Americans are scared to offend people," he says. "I don't mind the name, because I know that I'm not ugly. A lot of big people are not comfortable with the way they look. I'm comfortable in my own skin. It's about time companies realized that not everyone is 110 pounds."

JORDANNA JAMES SITS ON A BED IN A HERALD SQUARE APARTMENT, her tiny legs dangling over the edge. She's dressed like any other 19-year-old girl—jeans, sweatshirt, sneakers—though her clothes were purchased in the children's department. She has a prominent forehead, short limbs, and fingers the size of pigs-in-a-blanket. She's explaining why she dislikes the word *dwarf*.

"It makes us sound like fairy-tale characters," she smiles. "And we're not. We're human beings." This sounds odd coming from somebody who plays a fairy-tale character onstage at Radio City Music Hall. But if James dislikes *dwarf*, she loathes the M-word even more. "Whenever someone says the word *midget*, my stomach turns," she says. She prefers the euphemistic phrase *little person*.

James suffers from a genetic condition known as achondroplasia, the most common form of dwarfism. She's lucky because she's healthy; some achons experience severe joint pain and have trouble breathing. Her condition hasn't stopped her from forging a successful career as a dancer and performer.

Dwarfs are a hot commodity right now, thanks in part to TLC's series *Little People, Big World*, which introduced viewers to a family of them. The

HAIR AND MAKEUP, GREG B FOR ARTISTS BY TIMOTHY PRIANO USING NARS SKIN

Ugly agencies do a robust business in finding work for little people in the entertainment industry. "Back in London, I got about 50 dwarfs on my books," says French. "Coming up to Christmas, the demand is incredible." In Las Vegas a revue called Little Legends features the pint-size sensation Mini-Britney, a Britney Spears impersonator who some contend is a better performer than the real thing.

"With *Little People, Big World* and Mini-Britney," says James, "I'm seeing a big change in the way little people are being accepted. I don't think of myself as disabled. I'm happy being small. I'm different. Different is unique."

Ever since she can remember, James wanted to be an entertainer. As a child she would dress up as the main character in her favorite movie, *Matilda*, and pretend to have magical powers. From an early age, she took ballet and tap-dance classes; later, she attended a performing arts high school. The history of dwarfs as entertainers is a troubled one. In the old days, little people were sold by their parents to circuses and freak shows, but today many of them, like James, choose to work as entertainers. Still, roles tend to be limited to comic relief or cutesy oddities. Rare is the actor like Peter Dinklage, who has managed to break out of the dwarf ghetto, playing Shakespeare's Richard III at New York's Public Theater in 2004.

James grew up comfortably middle-class in West Haven, Connecticut with three normal-size brothers, and while she never got tossed on a circus stage, she did endure her share of barbs. When she was 10, she recalls, a girl pulled her aside and asked, "'Why are you wearing shorts? You should be wearing pants. Your legs are disgusting-looking.' My legs are bowed—the outside bones grow faster than the inside. After that I didn't wear shorts until I left high school."

James accepts the fact that her achondroplasia limits her to certain kinds of work, and that in some ways it's responsible for her getting work in the first place. And she's enthusiastic about joining Ugly and getting different types of jobs. "They're not like, 'You have to lose 10 pounds,' or, 'You have to change your hair.' They accept you for who you are," she explains. "That's the key to beauty...being yourself." After a pause, she says, "This is the first time I've been in a magazine." She couldn't be happier about the way things are going. It's not like any fairy tale, but her dreams are coming true.

THE GOOD, THE BAD, AND THE UGLY

Man, does Simon Cowell have it in for this lot!

(from left): Al Becker Becker is an actor who appeared in his first movie last year—*Night Falls Fast*, about a meth addict. **Asher Suss** His first Ugly NY gig was a cover shoot for the magazine *Time Out*. He was shot licking another model's face. **Jordanna James** Played an elf in Radio City Music Hall's Christmas Spectacular. **Michael Curry** His first gig with Ugly NY was a shirtless cover shoot for the Dining & Wine section of the *The New York Times* for a story on beer. **Sheila Mart** An actress, Mart "is supersweet, but she has that snotty Upper East Side matron look," says Ugly NY boss Simon Rogers. **Kurt Jo** Jo weighs in at about 350 pounds, with a waist size of 56. He's scored a half-dozen gigs in his first six months with Ugly NY **M. Nahadr** "Obviously," says Rogers, "M is a fairly special creature." **Nicolas Reddy** Better known as Mini Manson, Reddy makes a living impersonating Marilyn Manson. **Azzam Bazrouk** This Palestine-born model lives and breathes rugged cowboy archetype. Care for a light?

AT INDUSTRIA SUPERSTUDIO, THE LAST OF THE TALENT HAS BEEN photographed. Rogers and French are pleased with the turnout. "There's a high percentage of people who are right for the agency," Rogers says. A crew from Leopard Films came to film footage for a reality TV show pilot. Of the nearly 300 ugly people who turned up for the casting call, Rogers signed more than 40 new faces.

"Every culture has its own sense of beauty," says Rogers. "We would like to break down some barriers, especially in America. You don't have to be a size 2 and look like a Barbie doll to be beautiful."

But it isn't beauty that Ugly is trying to sell so much as weirdness. It's the same quality that has drawn people to carnival freak shows for centuries. No one can look at a little person and not look twice, especially if he is in a Marilyn Manson costume. And maybe that's the point. Victims of ugliness are turning it on its head and making it work for them.

And that *is* beautiful. ●

Ugly Hall of Fame

If ugliness is a talent, these characters are three of the greatest geniuses who ever lived.

Shane MacGowan (1957–)

The legendary Pogues frontman is a health nut—a big fan of Pilates and flax seeds (they lower cholesterol). OK, none of that is true except for the Pogues part. Shockingly, MacGowan is still alive. He turned 50 on Christmas Day.

Maurice Tillet (1910–1955)

In the early days of pro wrestling, "the Angel" captivated audiences. He suffered from acromegaly, a disease that caused bones to grow wildly out of control. He is said to be the inspiration for the character Shrek.

Joey Ramone (1951–2001)

Born Jeffrey Hyman in Queens, he had a hair helmet, a horse's face, and women's hips. Hyman busted onto the scene in '74 with the Ramones. He died of cancer 21 albums and 2,263 live shows later, a rock legend for the ages.

IT WAS LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT. BUT IT TURNED INTO OBSESSION. THE MURDEROUS ODYSSEY OF A TEENAGE THELMA AND LOUISE.

DANGEROUS LOVE

"I'm so fuckin' tired of always havin' to walk away or drive away. It's like my world falls apart. U mean everything to me. U R my whole world, the only thing that matters to me is U! U R all I care about & I can't wait for the day when we are together & will never have to leave each other again. That is, if we even have a future."

—Holly Harvey, in a letter to Sandy Ketchum, June 29, 2004

HOLLY HARVEY THOUGHT SHE WAS FREE AT LAST.

A petite girl, not much more than five feet tall and just over 100 pounds, Holly burst out of the kitchen door of the ranch-style house. Her brown hair framed a pretty face that made her look younger than she really was—15 years and four months old. Holly ran under the carport, across to where a dark blue Chevy truck was parked. She was slippery with blood, giddy with adrenaline, panic-stricken.

Reaching the passenger side, Holly opened the door and threw in a seven-inch carving knife, smeared from point to handle with fresh blood. She slid onto the seat as her best friend and lover, Sandy Ketchum, climbed in through the driver's door. Sandy, a year older but just as slight and baby-faced as Holly, held the truck's key but was shaking so violently that all she could do was stab at the ignition.

"Oh my God, oh my God..."

Holly leaned over and took Sandy's slick hands, holding them tight. Keeping them cupped in hers, she guided Sandy's fingers toward the ignition. The key slid straight in. As the car backed out of the driveway, Holly took one last look at the house that held so many bad memories. Then Sandy gunned the Silverado's engine and they were gone, down onto Plantation Drive, a long road running through Fayetteville, a small town that pushes up against the northern Fayette County line in Georgia.

Chain-smoking Newports, they tried to think what to do next. They had nowhere to go and they had to get cleaned up. The truck's extended cab filled with the sweet, coppery smell of blood, which coated Holly's face, hair, hands, and arms. Her T-shirt and jeans were soaked through; when she later undressed she found blood in her underwear, her socks, and even inside her shoes. They hit the GA-92 highway and minutes later were out of Fayetteville, constantly reassuring each other:

"I love you."

"I love you, too."

"We're together now."

"Forever."

* * *

BEFORE THEY MET EACH OTHER, THE MOST EXTRAORDINARY thing about Holly Harvey and Sandy Ketchum was just how ordinary they appeared to be. They were both bright, sensitive kids who liked all the things many teenagers like—listening to music, hanging out at the mall, smoking weed. They came from chaotic, dysfunctional families, not rare in the environs in which they grew up.

But after they met, these two unremarkable girls became something else altogether. Friendship turned into love, love became obsession, and obsession mutated into paranoia, then madness. Extreme crimes are usually born of extreme circumstances and this one was no different. Still, for the residents of Fayetteville, the crime's genesis seemed far removed from the town's clean-cut image. Even before the bodies the girls left were removed from 226 Plantation Drive, Fayetteville residents were swapping rumors and gossip over church pews and beers at Applebee's, reveling in the shocking details: *Lesbians. Drugs. Murder.*

Mostly, though, they shared a sense of disbelief that this could have happened in their modest, conservative Southern Baptist town, so firmly anchored to the trinity of God, Country, Family.

It was the most brutal crime in Fayetteville's history.

Now Holly Harvey and Sandy Ketchum were together, on the run, and armed with knives. And they were desperate. One local newspaper dubbed them a "teenage Thelma and Louise."

* * *

HOLLY HARVEY WAS BORN INTO TROUBLE. HER MOTHER, CARLA, was a high school dropout who'd run away at the age of 17 with Gene Harvey, a petty crook with a long record who was wanted by the police. Dodging the law, the couple spent four years on the road, bouncing all the way to California and back again. "We must have lived in 16 states in those years," recalls Carla Harvey in a cigarette-roughened Southern drawl that is part Marlene Dietrich, part Dolly Parton.

She remembers Harvey as a violent, jealous drunk. Once, while staying at a Texas motel, he saw Carla talking to another man while she sunbathed by the pool. He dragged her to their room and, as she recalled later, "beat my ass so bad he broke my nose and both my eyes were swollen shut." When he was finished beating her, Harvey went to sleep.

"Why did I stay with him? I don't know," says Carla. "I loved him. I was desperate for someone to love me and for a family of my own to love. I wish I'd known it takes more to be a parent than just having a baby."

The day after the police caught up with Harvey, Carla discovered ▶▶

BY SIMON COOPER ILLUSTRATION BY ERIC HEINTZ

that she was pregnant. With nowhere to go, she turned to her parents.

If there is such a thing as the Fayetteville establishment, Carla's parents were part of it. They knew most everyone, and most everyone knew them. "They were kin," says Randall Johnson, who has been Fayette County's sheriff for 30 years and knew the Colliers for 40. Married since 1951, Carl and Sarah Collier lived in an understated white brick house in the Newton Plantation subdivision on the edge of town. Carl, a house painter, was unable to father children, and so he and his wife Sarah adopted—a boy, Kevin, in 1965 and then Carla in 1967. Like many in Fayetteville, a town of 14,000 located just 15 miles south of Atlanta, the Colliers were devout Christians. They were prominent figures in the First Baptist Church, one of more than 100 congregations in the town.

After Holly's birth, Carla moved in with her parents, but the joy the baby brought was short-lived. The Colliers discovered Carla had visited with Gene Harvey and, after a furious row, disowned her. Carla left, taking with her a bitter resentment that Holly was eventually to inherit.

When Holly was 10, Carla found a job waitressing at the Crazy Horse Saloon, a few minutes from Atlanta's Hartsfield-Jackson airport. "It's a titty bar," Carla says. "Girls dancing there were earning $400 on a bad night." Soon she graduated from waiting tables part-time to dancing on them full-time.

An unusual relationship evolved between mother and her preteen daughter: Carla became less a parent and more a friend to Holly. "I wanted to be the kind of mother I wish I'd had," she says. "Maybe that was a mistake." One night the bond between the two unraveled. After dancing a shift at the Crazy Horse, Carla returned home drunk and began arguing with her daughter. According to Holly, Carla suddenly grabbed her by the throat. "You make me sick," she shouted, throwing her daughter onto the bed. Holly fled screaming from the room: "Mama tried to choke me! Mama tried to kill me!"

In 2002, Carla was sentenced to three years in jail, but was out within months. She sent Holly to live with an old high school friend, Anita Beckom, near Peachtree City, a small town 20 miles from Fayetteville.

☆ ☆ ☆

I'm glad I found U. God sent U to me (I don't care what it says about gay people in the Bible).—*Holly Harvey to Sandy Ketchum*

"Sandy!"

Holly Harvey couldn't help herself. She had to shout the name out, and to this day she has no idea how she knew the girl standing in front of her was Sandy Ketchum. She just knew. She was 13 and like Sandy was attending Fayetteville Middle School. She'd been friends with a boy named Walt, Sandy's cousin. Walt had told her about Sandy, but the two had never met. But on that day, walking toward the school bus, Holly had an instinct that the girl with the burgundy hair was Walt's cousin. She suddenly had the urge to call out.

It was a defining moment for her, one she relived in a letter to Sandy:

U turned around and U looked like an angel! I didn't even kno who U were, but I fell in LOVE w/U! I used to think lesbians were like the nastiest thing on earth. But yet, here I was 'fallin head over hills' 4 U in a matter of 2 seconds.

Both girls felt an instant connection. Holly, reeling from her mother's jail sentence, discovered in her new friend someone who felt as disconnected from her family as she did. Sandy had been abandoned by her natural mother when she was one. Now 14, she was on her third stepmother: the first died after a series of aneurysms, the second physically abused her. She lived in an apartment complex in downtown Fayetteville.

Sandy introduced Holly to her small group of friends—Kitten, Amanda, and Lacey—who, like Holly, felt like outcasts at Fayetteville Middle School. Together the gang would go to the $1 showings at the Movies 10 theater on Thursday evenings. They'd raid the Hobby Lobby for spray paint and leave their tags all over town—Sandy's trademark PEACE OUT FOREVER is still visible on the walls behind the cineplex.

Sandy confided to Holly she'd had boyfriends and girlfriends before. But she preferred girls.

"You're so pretty," she told Holly.

Holly struggled to resolve her feelings for Sandy. "I was falling in love with her, but I didn't understand it," she recalls. "I'd never felt this way about anyone before. And certainly not about a girl."

Sandy began inviting Holly to her house, where she met Tim and Beth Ketchum. Tim was impressed by Holly, whom he remembers as "possibly the nicest kid I've ever met." When Sandy asked if Holly could sleep over, Ketchum didn't give it a second thought.

"I'd never felt this way about anyone before," Holly Harvey, above, said about Sandy Ketchum.

On April 20, 2002, Holly sat with Sandy on her bed listening to music. Sandy's parents were asleep in the next room. In the privacy of her room, the door closed and Sandy made the first move, asking Holly, "You wanna go with me?"

"You're just saying that to mess with me," Holly replied.

"No," said Sandy. "I really do like you." They kissed, shyly at first and then with more confidence. To Holly it felt right: the smell of Sandy's skin, the way her hipbones poked Holly as they held each other.

"I love you," she whispered to Sandy.

"THEY KISSED EACH OTHER, SHYLY AT FIRST AND THEN WITH MORE CONFIDENCE."

But for both girls the elation of that first night was soon snuffed out by the realities waiting for them outside the closed door of Sandy's room. In a town like Fayetteville, secrets are difficult to keep. Sandy and Holly's relationship quickly became the subject of gossip and rumors. Within a couple of weeks the whispers turned to shouts:

"Dykes!" "Queers!" "Lesbians!"

It became a daily refrain unleashed as Sandy and Holly walked up the aisle of the school bus, a gauntlet that soon became unbearable.

Sitting in the neat living room of her little house next to the railroad tracks in Griffin, a small town 40 miles south of Atlanta, Sandy's stepmother, Beth Ketchum, recalls how "I couldn't get Sandy to ride the school bus—they would pick on her, call her names." Adds Tim Ketchum: "She dressed like a little boy, baggy pants, bandanna. I don't know. Maybe she should have been a boy."

Holly and Sandy began ditching classes to go hang out in the woods, smoking more and more weed, their fledgling romance developing into

a full-blown love affair. "We'd get high, lie around, and laugh at each other," says Holly. "We'd laugh all day." They spent every minute they could together, and when they were apart they wrote long, impassioned letters to each other.

> You give me that feelin' when I'm with you. It's like paradise. I figured out the word for it. It's called Estacy *[sic]*—not the kind U buy. Look it up. Another word: utopia—look that up too.—*Holly to Sandy*

Sandy was equally passionate, rejecting any notion this was just a teenage crush, once writing, "I hate it when older people say that young people don't know what love is... But I know what love is and how it feels cuz age ain't nothing but a number." They discussed the future, Sandy saying they should get married, have children with sperm bought from a clinic. "Are you serious?" Holly asked. She loved the idea, telling Sandy, "I don't have much to give, but you can have it. You can have me."

taking other drugs, too; methamphetamine when they could get it, cocaine when they could afford it.

It wasn't long before they were busted, Sarah Collier coming down hard on Holly. "I don't have to put up with you," the old lady yelled, her hands planted on her hips. "You can go be a whore like your mom."

Tensions in the Collier house were rising to unbearable levels, especially between Holly and her grandmother. Things were a bit better with Holly and Carl Collier; the two had always doted on each other, but in the hothouse atmosphere of that summer, Collier became wary of the increasingly angry teenager in his home. She sometimes scared him, he confided to his son, Kevin.

On the weekend of July 24, 2004, Holly and Sandy packed smokes, food, a $50 bag of weed, and some meth and took off. As darkness fell, they found an unlocked car and spent their first night away cuddled up on its backseat. The girls ran out of cash and came home four days later. The Colliers told police to charge Holly as a runaway, resulting in a hearing, but there was no punishment.

August 2, 2004: Sarah and Carl Collier were slain in their home in Fayetteville, Georgia. Crime scene photos show Carl, the home, and the murder weapon.

IN THE SUMMER OF 2004, CARLA HARVEY LANDED IN JAIL AGAIN, this time receiving a three-year sentence for possessing marijuana with intent to sell. Holly moved in with her grandparents, Carl and Sarah Collier. They were now in their 70s and enjoying a comfortable retirement. But they were, as Holly had learned, unhappy people. In Sarah Collier, Fayetteville knew a devout, teetotaling woman. But she had a hidden side, one the family kept secret. Holly's grandmother had a cruel streak, and a hair-trigger temper, which had much to do with the falling out between her and Holly's mother years before.

Like everyone else in Fayetteville, Sarah Collier knew of her granddaughter's romance with Sandy. And it disgusted her. She vowed to break the couple up, to "bring structure" to Holly's life. She refused to listen to Holly's pleas. "You're too young to know what love is," she told her granddaughter.

Holly lived in the basement of 226 Plantation Drive, a self-contained home within a home with a bedroom, a living room with a fireplace, and glass patio doors leading out to the lawn. Despite the relative freedom of her space, Holly felt trapped. She cut herself on the arms and legs. "I'm addicted to pain," she would later confess. She was smoking 15 to 20 joints a day.

Sandy was 20 miles away in Griffin, but with Holly's grandparents determined to keep the girls apart, she may as well have been on the moon. The girls were too young to have driver's licenses. "Man I fuckin miss you," Holly wrote Sandy. "I can't stand this shit no more. I really need to see you."

Holly and Sandy conspired to find ways to grab a few precious hours together. Sometimes Sandy would show up at the Colliers' home and wait near the bushes by the Collier house. "My grandparents always went to bed by 10 P.M.," says Holly. "So as soon as they were asleep, I'd sneak out or she'd sneak in to see me."

Pot offered a relief from school, town, and family. They started

After the Sarah Collier hearing, a furious Holly ground out her cigarette on the hood of her grandparents' truck. "I'm going to kill you," she told them. Sandy also vented her anger on paper, telling Holly, "I finally got you back and I'm not going to lose you again god dammit...I love you so fuckin' much that it drives me crazy not to be with U every day! I mean damn! What do I have to do?"

The answer: Defy everyone—her parents, the Colliers.

* * *

> Oh, my God, Sandy! I had a fuckin' nightmare! I was walkin' down these stairs & this old black lady was walkin' in front of me. I pushed her ...& her head hit the edge of the step & blood splattered up on my face & shit. It killed her instantly...This is not the bad part of the dream...I laid back & I took a deep breath, when I exhaled or whatever I was fuckin' breathin' out fire. That's the part that's fuckin' w/my head! Sandy, I had the motherfuckin' devil inside of me. —*Holly to Sandy*

At about 11 p.m. on the night of Sunday, August 1, Sandy slipped in through the basement of 226 Plantation Drive. The girls locked themselves inside Holly's room. They made love, smoked some weed. At 2 A.M. they escaped to a friend's apartment and spent three hours smoking joints laced with crack. At 5:30 A.M. their friend drove the girls back. They sneaked into the Colliers' house and again locked themselves in Holly's room.

They spent the day of August 2 hidden in there. They played music and smoked cigarettes, squirting air freshener into the air vents to disguise the smell, hiding the butts in Coke can ashtrays.

As the afternoon rolled around, both girls were edgy and paranoid, still feeling the effects of the crack. They had enough weed for just one more joint. Sandy wanted more. But they had no money between

them and, worse, they had no way to get to any of the local dealers.

"We should take their truck," said Sandy, referring to the Colliers' 2002 Chevy Silverado.

"We'd have to kill them to do that," Holly replied.

"We could hit them with the lamp," said Sandy, indicating the seashell lamp near Holly's bed.

"That might just make them pass out."

"Go get a knife."

Holly slid upstairs and returned with a carving knife. They took turns stabbing Holly's mattress to test the knife's sharpness. Then they laid a painting of some white puppies on the bed and took turns stabbing that too. The knife was sharp enough.

Holly scrawled a to-do list on her arm.

KEYS. KILL. MONEY. JEWELRY.

The girls lit their last joint and waited for the smell to drift upstairs, where it would reach the noses of Holly's grandparents and surely bring them down to investigate.

From left: Sandy Ketchum arrives for court hearings. "Those people didn't have to die," she later said. Lt. Col. Bruce Jordan of the U.S. Marshals testifying.

THERE WAS A KNOCK ON THE DOOR.

Sandy hid, squeezing down into the narrow space between Holly's bed and the wall. Holly put the carving knife behind her back and slipped it into the waistband of her jeans. She opened the door.

Sarah Collier, standing with her hands on her hips, immediately noticed the knife.

"What are you going to do with that?" the old lady demanded.

"I'm going to kill myself. I hate it here."

"You're going to end up just like your mother," Sarah Collier retorted and turned her back to her granddaughter. Holly pulled the knife from her waistband, closed her eyes, stepped forward, and plunged it into her grandmother. The knife punched through Sarah Collier's pastel T-shirt and cut deep into her flesh, the blade passing between her ribs and into her right lung.

Oh, my God, Holly thought. *I just messed up so bad.* She opened her eyes. She heard the sound of the old lady's screams. She pulled the knife out and saw her grandfather lunging at her. A punch landed on her chin.

And then the lights went out.

"I went numb," Holly recalls. The next thing she knew she was pinned to the bed by both grandparents. Holly began stabbing at Carl Collier, shouting: "Help me. Sandy! Why aren't you helping me? Help me!"

Carl fell off Holly and fled from the room, heading for the kitchen, where there was a telephone. He left behind his glasses, twisted and broken on the carpet. Sandy emerged from her hiding place as the old man escaped the room.

"Go get him!" she shouted at Holly.

Holly handed the carving knife to Sandy and chased after Carl Collier, down the length of the basement, flying up the stairs that led to the house's upper level. As Holly entered the kitchen, she saw her grandfather holding a phone in one hand, a long filleting knife in the other. *I'm going to die,* she thought, then charged forward.

In the next few seconds of chaos, she wrestled the knife from her grandfather's hand. Behind her Sandy appeared, wild-eyed, shaking, and bloody. Carl Collier reached for a coffee cup and hurled it at the girls. Half-blind without his glasses, he missed, the cup smashing the wall by Sandy's head. Sandy turned her head to avoid the impact and, as she looked back, saw Holly strike.

"I just closed my eyes and started stabbing," says Holly. She heard screaming, somewhere way off in the distance. Later she would realize that was the sound of her own voice. Between 17 and 20 times, the knife went into Carl Collier. Holly stabbed at his face, his shoulders, and his arms as he tried to fend her off. She felt something hot splash her face. She opened her eyes. Her grandfather was walking away from her, the knife sticking out of his neck. "Oh, shit," he said and fell to the floor. The blade had sliced across his vertebrae, cutting his aorta.

> **"HOLLY SCRAWLED A TO-DO LIST ON HER ARM; KEYS. KILL. MONEY. JEWELRY."**

Holly returned to the basement. Bloody streaks along the length of the white walls bore testament to the old lady's last desperate flight. Sandy had chased and slashed at her head, neck, and chest. Sarah Collier finally fell at the base of the stairs, faceup. The lovers stood over the old lady, who was still moving a little.

Sandy: "You've got to finish her."

Holly: "I won't!"

Sandy: "You've gotta."

Holly stabbed her grandmother—the 22nd and final wound.

The girls moved quickly now, grabbing a change of clothes, scooping some jewelry into Holly's knapsack. They went back to the kitchen. "We had to jump over the pool of blood," Holly says. They squabbled briefly about pulling the knife out of Carl Collier's neck.

"We've got to. It's evidence against us," Holly said. She pulled the knife out. Then they ran.

At 19:32 the Fayette County sheriff's department received the following call: "This is Spalding County. We need a residence checked on—to check on the welfare of two subjects in your county."

"OK, what's the address?"

"226 Plantation Drive. This would be the residence of a Sarah and Carl Collier."

"OK. What's the problem?"

"Earlier today their granddaughter was at a friend's house...advised she had killed her grandparents...by stabbing"

"How old is she?"

"She is 15 years of age."

Ten minutes later detectives dispatched to Plantation Drive discovered the crime scene.

FAYETTE COUNTY'S CHIEF INVESTIGATOR, LT. COL. BRUCE JORDAN, followed bloody footprints to the body of Sarah Collier. The dead woman's shirt was torn and soaked with blood. She was still wearing her glasses, and her eyes and mouth were open. It looked like she was frozen in midscream.

Jordan walked past her to the back basement bedroom, still redolent of marijuana and in disarray, a seashell lamp smashed on the floor, bedcovers tangled up, blood on the walls. As cops sifted through evidence, one officer handed Jordan a stack of pictures of Holly at the beach, where she'd vacationed over the years. Jordan studied them and was struck by a sudden instinct.

They're going to the beach, he thought.

Four hours and 250 miles away, Sandy steered the stolen Silverado along a quiet residential street in the resort town of Tybee Island, 18 miles south of Savanna, Georgia. The girls just made it: The needle of the truck's fuel gauge was deep in the red.

Brian Clayton, 22, and his brother, Brent, 14, were as new to Tybee Island as the two girls driving by in a blue truck, having moved to a nearby beach house with their mother, Trish Pellerin, earlier that day. The truck stopped up the street, turned around, and pulled up alongside them.

Georgia superior court judge Paschal English hears evidence; Holly and Sandy in prison browns.

Did they have a cigarette, asked the driver, a young girl with reddish-brown hair and a bandanna. Brian did and walked over to the truck to hand one over.

"What y'all doin'?" Sandy asked, passing the cigarette to Holly, who dragged gratefully on it. They'd run out of smokes 100 miles back.

"We're just going for a walk on the beach," Brian replied.

"Mind if we come?"

Leaving the truck in the parking lot of a nursing home, they walked to the beach and shared a joint, looking out at the Atlantic surf.

"I've always wanted to go to the beach," said Sandy. Holly, sitting beside her, was silent.

Sandy told Brian they were runaways and asked if he could offer a bed for the night. What the hell, he thought. An hour or so later, the girls were curled up on a mattress in a back bedroom of Brian's new beach house, their limbs intertwined, their faces touching.

"I fell asleep looking at Sandy," Holly says.

* * *

BACK IN FAYETTEVILLE, THE U.S. MARSHALS' FUGITIVE TASK FORCE was on the girls' trail, using GPS technology to track Holly's cell phone. But at 1 A.M. the phone's signal disappeared. In Tybee Holly had turned the phone off.

Through the early hours of the morning, marshals fanned out through Tybee, searching the coastal town for the blue Chevy. At 9 A.M. they found it abandoned at the Oceanside Nursing Center, just a few yards from the beach. By the time Jordan arrived, at 11 A.M., the hunt had narrowed to a two block radius on Bright Street.

Inside one of those houses, Trish Pellerin was meeting the two strays her sons had brought home. Holly and Sandy sat in the living room. Because the phone company hadn't yet connected their home phone, Pellerin asked to borrow Holly's cell. Without knowing it, she was about to bring Holly and Sandy's flight to an end.

Outside, the U.S. Marshals' GPS came to life, pinpointing the phone's location. They moved in to surround the area. At about 2 P.M. Brian heard a commotion and stuck his head out the door. Coming toward him, guns raised, were at least a dozen cops.

It was over in seconds. Holly and Sandy were found in the upstairs bedroom, pinned to the floor by the cops, arrested, and handcuffed. Detectives found two knives in Sandy's pockets. As he got on his cell phone to inform Fayette County of the arrest, Jordan saw Holly trying to pull her hands free of the cuffs. He dropped a knee into her back. "You're not fighting with your grandmama now," he said.

Holly was led out first. Jordan pulled Sandy to her feet and walked her to a waiting patrol car. "Are you going to tell the truth about what happened?" he asked her.

"Yea," said Sandy, "I'll tell you the truth."

Tearfully, Sandy told Jordan everything. She said they had killed Holly's grandparents so they could "be free"—so they could be together forever. She talked and she cried for about an hour, describing the killings in detail.

"Those people didn't deserve to die," Sandy told Jordan.

Sandy and Holly sobbed through the indictment hearing. Swaddled in bulletproof vests, hands shackled to their waists, they sat just a few feet apart, separated by their lawyers. During the first hearing, Holly turned to her lawyer, Judy Chidester, and whispered, "I can't believe they are dead. I can't believe I did that. I feel like it's a bad dream."

Sandy agreed to testify against Holly, but in the end both girls cut deals. In return for guilty pleas, Sandy was sentenced to life for the murder of Sarah Collier; Holly received two life sentences for the two killings. During Holly's lengthy allocution, Judge Paschal English demanded, "Why did you decide to kill them?"

"For Sandy."

"Why?"

"So we could be together. We could leave."

"Where would you go?"

"Anywhere."

* * *

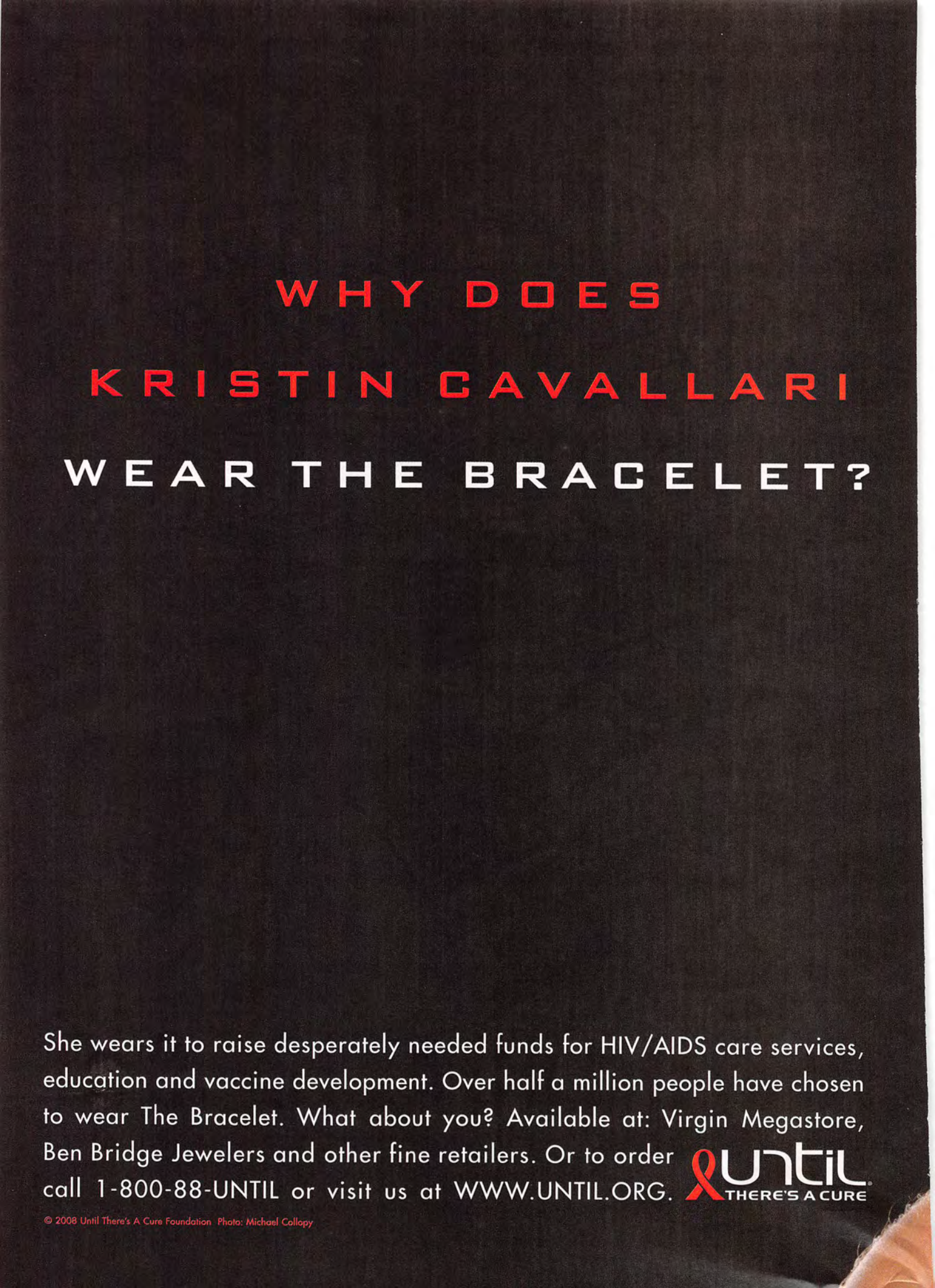
DROWNING INSIDE HER OVERSIZE PRISON "BROWNS"—THE STANDARD uniform of state prisons in Georgia—Holly is soft-spoken and occasionally tearful, twisting her hair and looking down at the table when she speaks because she is shy and still, really, just a little girl. Yet out of this little girl's mouth come the gruesome details of the killings, described as though she is recalling the plot of a movie she has just seen.

But mostly she tells me about Sandy, incarcerated hundreds of miles away. Her passion remains undimmed, even though Sandy agreed to testify against her. "I understand why," says Holly philosophically. "She was just trying to save herself. I would probably have done the same thing." She had even made two engagement rings, woven out of thread pulled from her prison blanket. "I love her so much it hurts," Holly says. "I miss her so much."

Sandy will be 30, Holly 35 before they are first eligible for parole. Holly says they still plan to marry. "Sandy says she'll be waiting for me at the gates when I come out," Holly says and smiles.

And for the first time, she looks truly happy. ●

WHY DOES KRISTIN CAVALLARI WEAR THE BRACELET?



She wears it to raise desperately needed funds for HIV/AIDS care services, education and vaccine development. Over half a million people have chosen to wear The Bracelet. What about you? Available at: Virgin Megastore, Ben Bridge Jewelers and other fine retailers. Or to order call 1-800-88-UNTIL or visit us at WWW.UNTIL.ORG.

until THERE'S A CURE

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EXPERT

The bright side: In this prison there's no soap to drop.

FLIRTING WITH DISASTER

Headed abroad for spring break? Our guide to managing travel emergencies can keep your oblivious Yankee ass out of harm's way.

Last year 6,000 U.S. citizens traveling abroad died, 9,000 went missing, and 7,000 paid visits to local prisons. Heed our travel experts' advice on preserving your person and pension and have the most trauma-free vacation of your up-till-now uninformed life.

Destination: Southeast Asia
Danger: Arrest!

In places like Singapore and Sri Lanka, narcotics crimes are punishable by death. In Vietnam foreigners aren't even allowed to bring nationals of the opposite sex to their hotel rooms. Just going to wank it? A single item of pornography can land you a $2,000 fine and expulsion from the country (or locked up with charming fellows like these shown here).

Travel tip: Everything's negotiable, even the law. Officials may expect bribes and other "gifts." If cold American currency fails, prepare for a long stay. "If you find yourself in a foreign prison," says Bruce McIndoe, vice chairman and president of iJet, a global risk management company, "it helps to have chocolate and cigarettes. You may be able to use them as bartering tools to get out quicker." And develop a taste for gruel; Asian nations have been known to hold Americans for years without even notifying U.S. embassies.

Destination: Latin America
Danger: Kidnapping!

Abductions are particularly popular in Colombia, but even on-the-beaten-path spots like Mexico and Brazil are getting in on the craze, with roughly 3,500 incidents annually. And overfed gringos aren't immune. In 2001 five Americans were abducted from an Ecuadorian oil field. Before their $13 million ransom was paid, Ronald Sander, 54, was executed and left on a jungle road.

Travel tip: "Express kidnappings" account for the vast majority of the abductions in Latin America: Hapless victims are snatched off the street, taken to an ATM, compelled to withdraw the maximum amount, held until the ATM resets, and forced to make a second withdrawal. U.S. State Department reps recommend traveling in packs and traveling insured, but if cornered, don't be a hero. "The only time people get hurt in these cases is when they resist," says McIndoe. "If you're compliant, you'll probably be released with just a few scratches."

Destination: Eastern Europe
Danger: Fraud!

Fraud is rampant all over the former Soviet Bloc, but Russia's ripoff rate is off the charts: five times higher than the global average. "I used my card once at an upscale restaurant—and by the time I got home, some guy in Poland was using my account to buy computers," says McIndoe. Thanks for the Dell, dude!

Travel tip: Many online merchants won't even process orders from Eastern Europe. So leave the plastic in the hotel and, as McIndoe advises, carry cash in small denominations. And don't trust a uniform. The U.S. State Department warns that hucksters will often pose as police in complex good Samaritan schemes. You pick up a dropped money clip, and suddenly an "officer" is confiscating everything you own...a BFF ring and your AV card.

Destination: Africa
Danger: Disease!

There's monkeypox in Central and West Africa, the guinea worm in Sudan, Ghana, and Nigeria, and chikungunya fever throughout. In 2006 there was even an outbreak of the *plague*. Hey, what century is this, anyway?

Travel tip: "About a week before leaving, go to a travel clinic or your doctor and begin a series of antimalarial medication," recommends Dr. William Schaffner, vice president for the National Foundation for Infectious Diseases. While in Africa, keep Cipro and Imodium on hand, as well as a stash of granola bars to eat instead of fruit (a cholera spreader).

Destination: The Middle East
Danger: Evildoers!

In the past two years, approximately 300 Americans have died abroad in terrorist incidents. The Overseas Security Advisory Council fingers Middle Eastern and North African destinations like Bahrain, Egypt, Saudi Arabia, Lebanon, and Israel as hotbeds of violence. Were you seriously thinking of going here?

Travel tip: Register with the local U.S. consulate. They'll keep you updated on the latest security intelligence. Avoid public transportation, and know your opponent—terrorists are well aware that embassies and other U.S. facilities have hardened over the years, and will target more public places in hopes of taking a corn-fed American out. After an initial attack, run: Secondary attacks are a common tactic.

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QUAFF ON THE CHEAP!

These top-notch wines may stain your teeth, but they won't break the bank.

Marqués de Cáceres Crianza Rioja 2004 ($12)

Grapes: Spain's northerly La Rioja region is to tempranillo (a robust wine grape) what Colombia is to the coca plant (minus the rebel ambushes). The area serves up king-size flavor—and value, if you know where to look.

Why so cheap? Reds from La Rioja come in several quality levels, based on how long they spend in oak barrels before being bottled and sold; crianza versions slosh around for a year in each casing (compared with two or more for the region's top vintages). The price tag reflects this distinction, but don't sleep on it: Notes of vanilla, coconut, and the signature tobacco finish give these wines complexity for pennies.

Use it to wash down... Any Spanish-influenced dish, but especially hearty tapas like enchiladas, empanadas, and chorizo.

Bogle Vineyards Old Vine Zinfandel 2005 ($11)

Grapes: Balloonlike zinfandel grapes are grown almost exclusively in California, where ample sunshine in places like the Sacramento River Delta region paves the way for ripe fruit flavors (and, yessir, sky-high alcohol levels: 16 percent versus the traditional 11 to 13 percent). But it's not just a more intoxicating brew, the old vine style lends the taste of nutmeg and pepper to the heady mix.

Why so cheap? Zin enjoys a better reputation than merlot, but because it hasn't achieved the staggering popularity of "elite" reds like pinot noir and cabernet sauvignon, you get much more bang for your booze-soaked buck.

Use it to wash down... Subtly saccharine foods like BBQ ribs and wings (while technically a dry wine, fruity zins—like unicorns, rainbows and you—are often described as "sweet").

Penfolds Koonunga Hill Shiraz Cabernet 2005 ($9)

Grapes: From the winery that put Oz on the winemaking map comes this consummately drinkable blend of shiraz and cabernet sauvignon grapes, the two powerhouse reds that thrive Down Under. Why blend? Shiraz can taste like a kiss from a blotto grandma—overly syrupy. By mixing it with the robust cabernet grape, a once ladylike drink grows a backbone with flavors of tobacco, cocoa, and toast.

Why so cheap? Penfolds sources cabernet and shiraz from all over South Australia for this wine, enabling it to charge less than if the grapes came from a single region or vineyard (and the entire wine world agrees that this selection overdelivers on quality and skimps on price).

Use it to wash down... Pepper steaks, smoked meats, aged meats, meat-meats, and the fieriest chili your chapped lips can slurp down.

Casa Lapostolle Rapel Valley Merlot 2005 ($13)

Grapes: Merlot's fall from grace after the movie *Sideways* was akin to Britney's performance at the '07 VMAs, but what naysayers often forget is that this grape is a world classic...when it isn't aged too long.

Why so cheap? Merlot's decline in sales is reflected in its price tag. This is good news for collectors, critics, and consumers alike, and the French-owned Lapostolle makes theirs in the signature style of Bordeaux's famous reds.

Use it to wash down... Velvety merlots work best with filet mignon and similar fancy beef cuts, but portobello burgers and soft cheeses pair up swimmingly as well.

Alamos Mendoza Malbec 2006 ($11)

Grapes: Sometimes called the black grape, Malbec was a bit player on the international scene until it broke out as the lead act in Argentina, winemaking's newest hot spot. Formerly an afterthought within Bordeaux blends, it took to the sandy, elevated soils of Mendoza and quickly came into its own.

Why so cheap? The currency crisis in Argentina continues to be a source for value in all sorts of goods, wine included. Stock up now, before they get their *mierda* together.

Use it to wash down... Marinated meats, steak fajitas, chimichangas, and any dish with a little south-of-the-border sass to it.

PHOTOGRAPH BY SATOSHI

Ever tried lying on a thousand vibrating cell phones?

Ever tried 5 Gum?

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MARCH MADNESS MONEYMAKING TIPS!

It's tourney time, and everyone is looking to beat their bookies. Oddsmaking legend Danny Sheridan teaches you how.

There are two things wrong with this picture.

God of Efficiency!

Every March college kids, office drones, and degenerate gamblers alike drop everything to lay a few bucks on the NCAA men's basketball tournament. We enlisted *USA Today* sports analyst Danny Sheridan to dissect four years' worth of tournament trends and give you a toe-tapping edge on the Big Dance.

Round One: Beginner's Luck

Always take a No. 7 seed over a No. 10 seed and a No. 6 seed over a No. 11 seed, as these teams are 12-4 and 10-6 against the spread, respectively. What's with the lopsided pattern? No. 10 and 11 seeds score impressive records in crappy conferences, but No. 6 and 7 seeds earn mediocre records in brutal, big-name conferences.

Round Two: Getting Dicey

Teams who aren't favored heavily (from -1.5 points to -7 points) are a money-burning 8-24-2 against the spread. This record might be due to a lack of prep time (coaches don't know who they're playing until a day before the game). If a team happens to be a double-digit favorite, go ahead and lay down some hard-earned cash—they're 6-2 against the spread.

Sweet 16

Cinderellas usually meet their makers in the Sweet 16: Underdogs coming off an upset win in round two have a 9-22-1 point-spread record. On the flip side, teams coming off double-digit victories in round two are a profitable 18-9 against the spread in this round.

Elite Eight

Most No. 1 seeds will likely make it to the Elite Eight—almost 70 percent have survived to this stage since the tournament evolved to a 64-team format in 1985. But don't bet on anyone favored by 1.5 points or more here, as teams with this point spread are a putrid 3-11-1. Why? The short weekend turnaround between rounds three and four.

Final Four

By this point every schmuck with a dollar to his name is wagering big money. Expect to see exactly two No. 1 seeds in this stage (it's happened 11 times since 1985), and always play it smart by picking teams that are favored by 3.5 points or more (4-1 against the spread).

NCAA Championship

For the past seven years, the favorite has gone 6-1 against the spread. The only underdog winner was Carmelo Anthony's precious (and vitamin C rich) Syracuse Orangemen over the Kansas Jayhawks in 2003. Don't go busting your bracket now—pick the favorite and lay the points in the title game, then go see your banker with that armload of dough.

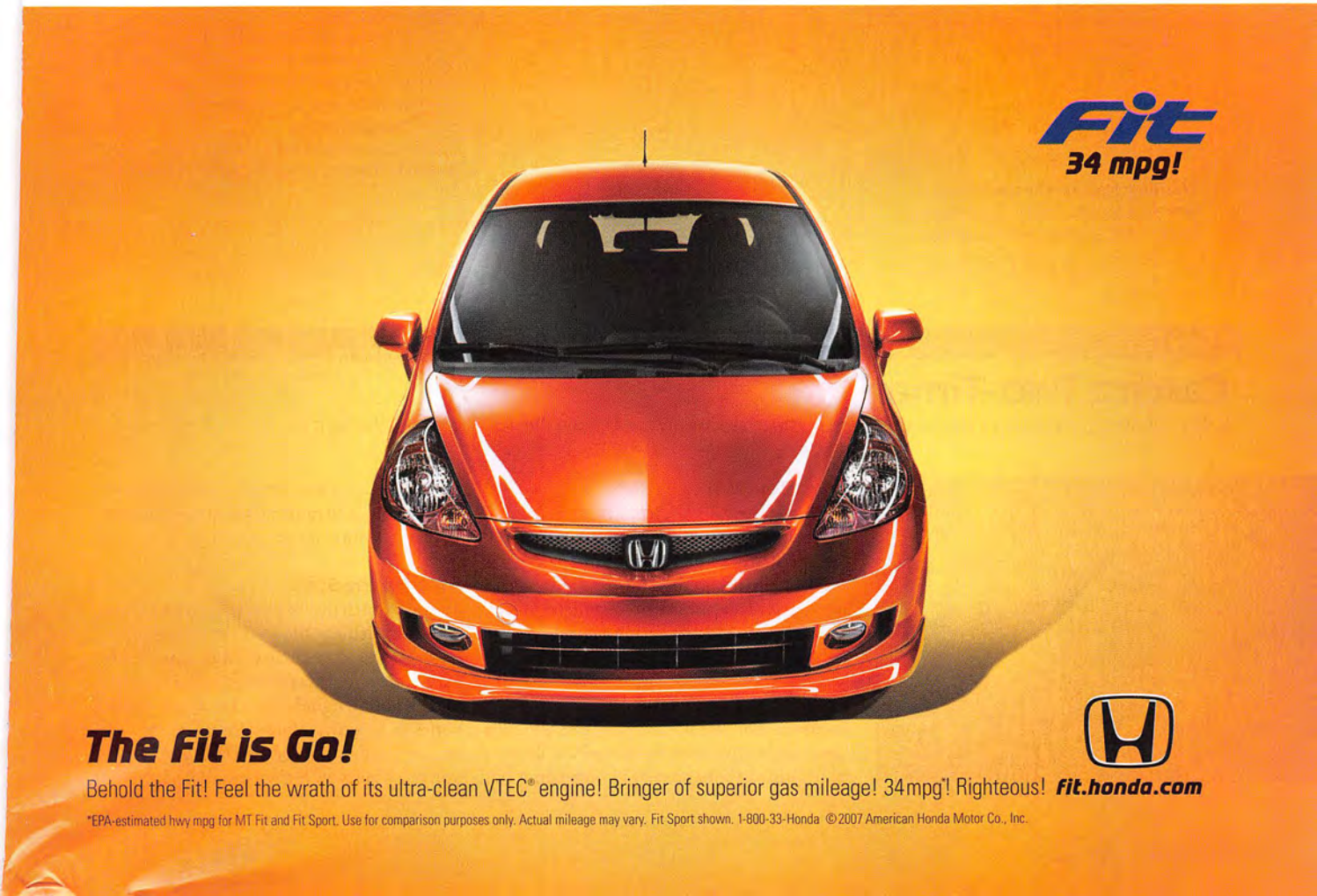
Tourney Digits

Wins aren't the only numbers that count.

13.5
minutes
Average amount of time Americans will spend tracking the tournament online per day for 16 straight business days.

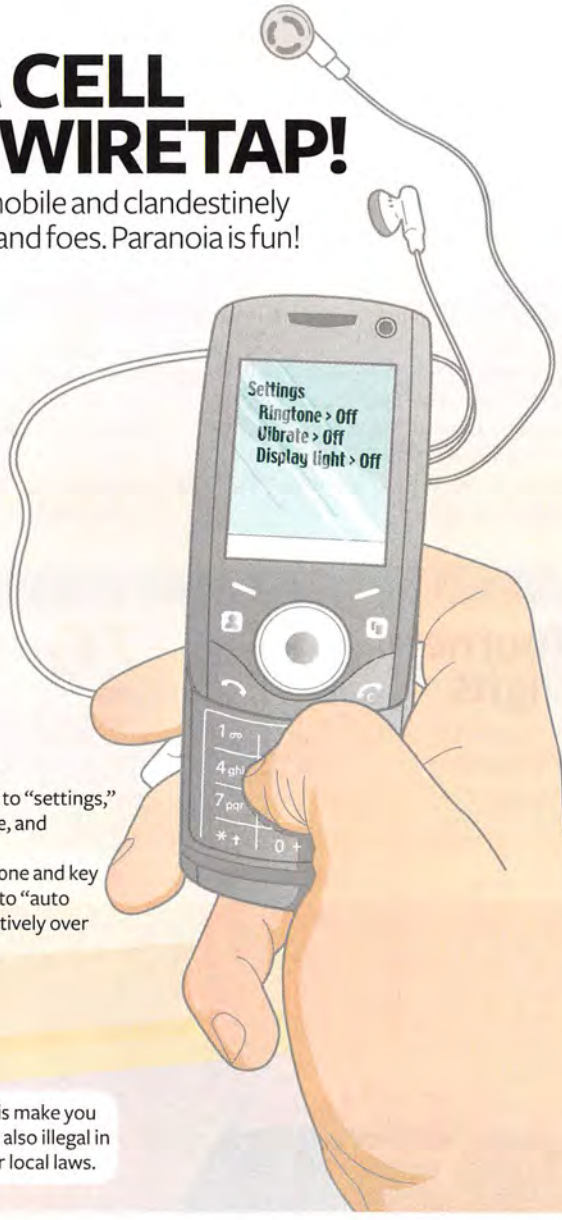
7.6
million
Approximate number of households tuning in to Jim Nance and each two-and-a-half-hour March Madness telecast.

3.8
billion
Anticipated nationwide productivity loss, in dollars, during March Madness, according to a leading research firm.


Fit
34 mpg!
The Fit is Go!
Behold the Fit! Feel the wrath of its ultra-clean VTEC® engine! Bringer of superior gas mileage! 34 mpg*! Righteous!
fit.honda.com
*EPA-estimated hwy mpg for MT Fit and Fit Sport. Use for comparison purposes only. Actual mileage may vary. Fit Sport shown. 1-800-33-Honda ©2007 American Honda Motor Co., Inc.

MAKE A CELL PHONE WIRETAP!

How to repurpose a mobile and clandestinely eavesdrop on friends and foes. Paranoia is fun!



Supplies:

Cell phone

Headset (plug-in, not Bluetooth)

Cell phone charger

Secret hiding place

The Setup

1. Grab a working cell phone, go to "settings," and switch off the ringer, vibrate, and display light options.
2. Plug your headset into the phone and key to the settings menu. Change it to "auto answer, headset on." Glance furtively over your shoulder with shifty eyes.

Warning: Not only can this make you look like a toolshed but it's also illegal in some states, so check your local laws.

The Plant

3. Hide the phone in the room you want to bug with only the headset microphone exposed. Plug the phone itself into the wall, keeping the charger, charger cord, phone, and headset cord all neatly out of sight.

The Execution

4. Call your cell phone from another line to open the connection and initiate your espionage mission; you should be able to get a crystal-clear audio read on whatever's happening in your bugged room.
5. Use what you've learned to destroy someone's life. Thanks, Unlimited Anytime Minutes!

Catch a Two-Timer!

Is she cheating, or are you a suspicious creep? You're definitely the latter—here's how to tell the former.

Trust Your Gut

Barring a colossal case of cluelessness, the first sign of infidelity you'll detect in your lady is detachment in bed. "Having multiple partners is emotionally tough for a lot of women," says George Lemieux, president of Lemieux & Associates, a private investigation agency. "If she's unfaithful, she may shy away from intimacy."

Follow the Paper Trail

Focus on her cell phone, suggests *Infidelity Sleuth* author Julia Hartley Moore. She'll keep a death grip on the handset if she's cheating, but the calling pattern on her bill—multiple short conversations to him bracketed by long calls to you—is a sure cheater giveaway.

Step Up the Stalk

Trying to catch her in the act? Get a Real Time GPS with Cellular Assist ($640, cnasecurity.com). At less than three ounces, this credit-card-size nugget keeps tabs on your "target" via cell phone signal and 24 satellites. Accessories include a waterproof case, belt clip, and the knowledge that if she catches you before you catch her, you're sleeping alone...again.

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DIRECTOR'S CUT

Meet the new wave of filmmakers who are redefining guy flicks for 2008.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DOMINICK GUILLEMOT STYLING BY KELLY RAE AND BONNIE FRIEDMAN

1

Paul W.S. Anderson

Age: 42
Past classic: *Resident Evil*
Get ready for: *Death Race*, starring Jason Statham, Tyrese, and Ian McShane (opens in September)
The rundown: "*Death Race* is a reimagining of the 1975 movie. I saw the original on video and thought it was the coolest thing ever. It's about running people over and scoring points for the number of people you knock down—very violent and politically incorrect."
Tao of Steve: "Most of the movie is set behind the wheel of a car, and Jason Statham's racing outfit was based on what Steve McQueen wore in *Le Mans*. McQueen didn't try too hard; he had an intrinsic kind of style. I think Jason Statham is the new McQueen. He's a hard man from working-class roots, a man of action."
Born in the U.S.A.: "There are no visual effects in the film, and the cars are based on real models. Since we shot the movie in Canada, it took a long time to source all the weaponry because, of course, the biggest guns come from America. It's just a fact."

Jil Sander brown leather bomber jacket, $3,600; Jib Hunt dark blue jeans, $94.

BOSS Black suit, $895, and shirt, $125; Reiss gray cardigan, $180; Hickey tie, $118.

2

Peter Berg

Age: 43
Past classic: *Very Bad Things*
Get ready for: *Hancock*, starring Will Smith, Charlize Theron, and Jason Bateman (opens in July)
Hero or zero: "Hancock's a dysfunctional, broken-down, alcoholic superhero played by Will Smith. He generally ends up destroying more property than he saves. It's certainly not a traditional superhero story; it seemed like an opportunity to do something fresh with the genre."
No spandex here: "Our superhero outfit is different than any other you've seen. Hancock looks like a homeless surfer. He doesn't need to wear the whole getup. He's superstrong. He's bulletproof. He can fly. We couldn't justify why he'd need to dress to impress, so he dresses for comfort and ease."
Function vs. fashion: "When I'm directing, I generally wear cargo shorts and a New York Giants T-shirt. I'm about complete functionality. Spike Lee is the best-dressed director I've ever worked with. He'll wear bright red down jackets and custom-made New York Knicks Converse. No other director dresses nearly as well."

3

Peter Segal

Age: 45
Past classic: *Tommy Boy*
Get ready for: *Get Smart*, starring Steve Carell, Anne Hathaway, and Bill Murray (opens in June)
Smart aleck: "I had turned down a couple of earlier offers for doing *Get Smart* over the years—the movie version of the '60s show has been in development for over a decade—and then they cast Steve Carell as Maxwell Smart. This was before *The 40-Year-Old Virgin*, so I asked Judd Apatow if I could take a look at an early screening. As soon as I saw it, I thought, *This guy is great! Where do I sign?*"
Ice-cold: "The original *Get Smart* was politically satirical and was born during the Cold War. We also wanted to reflect the times, so the movie's kind of about what's happening with the whole North Korean nuclear threat. We beefed up the scope of the TV show."
Glamour boy: "I wear a lot of terry cloth with corduroys and really wide belts. I'm kidding, but I'm not exactly the most fashion-conscious person. I don't even own a suit. When I told my daughters about this photo shoot, they started laughing, saying, '*You* were in a fashion shoot?' Go figure."

Ermenegildo Zegna blue trench coat, $1,495; Burberry charcoal pinstripe suit, $1,095; Canterbury of New Zealand royal purple pinstripe shirt, $128; Vineyard Vines tie, $85; Johnston & Murphy Greenwich wingtip shoes, $265.

4
5

Jon Hurwitz and Hayden Schlossberg

Age: 30, 29
Past classic: *Harold & Kumar Go to White Castle* (writers)
Get ready for: *Harold & Kumar Escape From Guantanamo Bay*, starring John Cho, Kal Penn, and Neil Patrick Harris (opens this month)
The fugitives: "The new movie begins where the first one left off, with Harold and Kumar on their way to Amsterdam. They're accused of being terrorists and sent to Guantanamo Bay. They escape, and it ends up being the story of the guys on the run. They start off in *Eurotrip* but find themselves in *The Fugitive*."—*Jon* (left)
Patriot act: "Costuming is very important. Rob Corddry, who plays the homeland security guy chasing Harold and Kumar, is always wearing the flag lapel pin that all the politicians wear. We didn't end up shooting it, but we wrote a scene where he was wearing the pin in his skin while showering." —*Hayden*
T-time: "We love coming up with ridiculous T-shirts. Goldstein wore one in the first movie that said ASS...THE OTHER VAGINA. We wanted to continue the trend, so we came up with some filthy ideas. We were shooting in Louisiana, however, and the local T-shirt maker found our list offensive. In the end we convinced them to make less racy shirts. Thank God they didn't know what smegma was."—*Jon*

GROOMING, STEPHANIE POHL FOR ARTISTS BY TIMOTHY PRIANO AND NATALIE MILLER FOR THE CLOUTIER AGENCY (ANDERSON), CHERI KEATING FOR ARTISTS BY TIMOTHY PRIANO (HURWITZ AND SCHLOSSBERG), AMY CHANCE FOR SOLO ARTISTS (SEGAL AND BERG); SET DESIGN, DAVID ROSS FOR ARTMIX BEAUTY AGENCY. FOR BUYING INFORMATION, SEE PAGE 144.

JH: Calvin Klein Collection black two-button suit, $1,450; Original Penguin gray button-up shirt, $89. HS: Etro gray two-button seersucker suit with flat-front trousers, $2,095; BOSS Black slim-fit Ronny shirt, $145.

Gray Matters

SPRING INTO ACTION

Shake your winter blues with fresh takes on four classic looks.

1

Spring Cotton + Cool Gray = Hotter Business Casual
By trading in your wool suit for gray cotton, you'll be staying cool in more ways than one. Layers are big this spring, so try a sweater over a striped shirt; when the workday's done, lose the jacket, leave the sweater, and get set to knock back a few at happy hour.

Calvin Klein suit, $256; Salvatore Ferragamo belt, $340; Aldo Talmone shoes, $100; Perry Ellis tie, $35; Geoffrey Beene shirt, $50; Versace Jeans Couture sweater, $305; Prada Blue Saffiano wallet, $290.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY NIGEL COX STYLING BY RENATA CHAPLYNSKY COMPILED BY KELLY RAE AND BONNIE FRIEDMAN

All-American

2

White Denim + Polo Shirts = Country Club Hip
This season, mixing clean-cut perennials with urban flourishes is all the rage. Starch up your trousers and break out that polo, because rising temps mean it's time to make like Ty Webb and hit the clubhouse in all your preppy splendor. Which is nice.

Champion sneakers, $28; American Eagle Outfitters shirt, $30; J.Crew belt, $43; D&G denim jeans, $295; Lacoste Advantage watch, $195; Burberry messenger bag, $995.

Oceans Away

3

Painted Khakis + Colored Windbreakers = Nautical Dreams
If you're looking to personalize your "maniform," the devil is in the details. Try painted khaki trousers, boat shoes with a metallic skull, and wicker-wrapped aviators. This added attention to the little things lends a rock'n'roll edge to some yacht club staples.

Polo aviator glasses, $260; Polo by Ralph Lauren skinny navy tie, $115; Zoo York sneakers, $65; K-Swiss windbreaker, $110; Prada cargo pants, $555.

FOR BUYING INFORMATION, SEE PAGE 144.

Dressing Down

4

Denim + Leather = Urban Warrior
Update that rolled-out-of-bed look with a new take on some old essentials. These Guess jeans mold to your body, while the badass leather Diesel jacket breaks in to perfection. And you can never have too many comfy graphic T-shirts, so stock up and rock out.

Diesel Loscua leather jacket, $1,000, and Tokirr shirt, $130; Guess by Marciano Rebel straight-leg jeans, $148; D&G wallet with detachable chain, $495; Alexander McQueen Puma high tops, $270.

THREE'S COMPANY

A good suit gets you noticed and impresses the boss. Imagine what a new three-piece can do.

Owning 365 different ties isn't the only way to keep your corporate uniform fresh. Three-piece suits may sound stodgy, but the new breed can boost both your fashion and intellectual cred. So invest in a quality three-piece and use our tips to get the most out of it.

A|X Armani Exchange pinstripe blazer, $225, vest, $98, and trousers, $98; Claiborne tie, $35; Van Heusen button-up shirt, $38; Coach belt, $98; Ecco Montreal shoes, $275.

Tip #1: Sub in a black cardigan—consider it a wardrobe necessity—and ditch your jacket. Presto: You're business-casual and less threatening to children and the elderly.
Calvin Klein Jeans cardigan, $80.

Tip #2: Individualize your look with a standout tie tack, then pair your coat and vest with a more casual shirt and a nonfilthy pair of jeans.
Theory Coupe tie, $98; John Varvatos shirt, $265; Replay jeans, $195; Quiksilver A-frame belt, $22.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EFFI COHEN STYLING BY BONNIE FRIEDMAN

Fully Vested

Go sleeveless and casual *without* resorting to a gnarly white tank top.

The Cockney Gangster
Ted Baker London vest, $245; Quiksilver Beached 2 Henley, $30; Bing Bang tie tack, $150; Pulsar pocket watch, $165.

The Well-Read Keg Minder
American Eagle Outfitters vest, $50; A|X Armani Exchange T-shirt, $25; J.Crew cashmere sweater, $188; Agave Goldenstate jeans, $240.

The Stylish Rugby Fan
DKNY Jeans Read vest, $60; Calvin Klein Underwear T-shirt, $30 (pack of three); Calvin Klein Jeans hoodie, $70; 7 For All Mankind Mercer blue jeans, $167.

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Duffy-Marie Arnoult/WireImage.com; Hannity, Nancy Kaszerman/ZUMA/Corbis; McCarthy, Jim Mahan/Bettman/Corbis; JFK, AP Photo; Carter, Bettman/Corbis. **p.104:** Inset movie still, courtesy of Universal Pictures **p.115:** Ugly Hall of Fame: MacGowan, Jo Hale/Getty Images; Ramone, Globe Photos **pp.116-121:** Photo illustration: Harvey and Ketchum, and Grandparents Portrait, WSB-TV Channel 2/AP Photo (2); Ketchum in court, John Munford/The Fayette Citizen (2); Lt. Col. Jordan, John Munford/The Fayette Citizen; Judge English, Ric Feld/AP Photo; Holly and Sandy prison headshots, courtesy of the Georgia Dept. of Corrections (2); crime scene photos, Ric Feld/AP Photo **pp.128-129:** Basketball game, Jim McIsaac/Getty Images **p.130:** Girl, Vincent Besnault/Corbis **p.152:** Feet, Roy McMahon/Corbis; Tombstone Pizza, courtesy of Kraft Foods; Joplin, *Evening Standard*/Getty Images; alien, Everett Collection; Ghandi, Hulton-Deutsch Collection/Corbis; Noid, courtesy of Dominos Pizza, LLC; DeLouise, ABC Photo; carrot, Foodpix/Jupiter Images; family, Jim Craigmyle/Corbis; Bagel Bite, courtesy of Heinz; Plato, Poodlesrock/Corbis; albino, Columbia/Everett Collection; Carnegie, Corbis; Pregnant woman, Annie Enge/Corbis.

Where to Buy

DIRECTOR'S CUT

Page 132-133: Paul W.S. Anderson wears a Jil Sander jacket, $3,600, Saks Fifth Avenue. Jib Hunt jeans, $94, dtlr.com.

Page 134: Peter Berg wears a Hugo Boss suit, $895, and shirt, $125, 800-HUGO-BOSS. Reiss cardigan, $180, Reiss store, L.A. Hickey tie, $118, hickeystyle.com.

Page 135: Peter Segal wears an Ermenegildo Zegna trench coat, $1,495, Ermenegildo Zegna stores; Burberry London suit, $1,095, burberry.com. Canterbury of New Zealand shirt, $128, canterburynzusa.com. Vineyard Vines tie, $85, vineyardvines.com. Johnston and Murphy Greenwich wingtip shoes, $265. johnstonmurphy.com.

Page 136: Jon Hurwitz wears a Calvin Klein Collection suit, $1,450, at Calvin Klein Collection store, N.Y.C. Original Penguin shirt, $89, Original Penguin stores.

Page 137: Hayden Schlossberg wears an Etro suit, $2,095, Etro boutiques. BOSS Black slim-fit Ronny shirt, $145, (800) HUGO-BOSS.

SPRING INTO FASHION

Page 138: Gray Matters: Calvin Klein suit, $256, Macy's. Salvatore Ferragamo leather belt, $340, Salvatore Ferragamo store, New York; Aldo Talmone shoe, $100, aldoshoes.com; Perry Ellis silk tie, $35, perryellis.com; Geoffrey Beene shirt, $50, Macy's; Versace Jeans Couture crew neck sweater, $305, Versace Jeans Couture boutique, Las Vegas; Prada Blue Saffiano leather wallet, $290, select Prada boutiques.

Page 139: All-American: Champion sneakers, $28, payless.com; American Eagle Outfitters shirt, $30, ae.com; J.Crew belt, $43, J.Crew stores; D&G white denim jeans, $295, Saks Fifth Avenue; Lacoste Advantage watch, $195, Macy's; Burberry London messenger bag, $995, burberry.com.

Page 140: Oceans Away: Polo aviator glasses, $260, and Polo by Ralph Lauren skinny navy tie, $115, ralphlauren.com. Zoo York sneakers, $65, soholab.com. K-Swiss windbreaker, $110, Barneys New York. Prada cargo pants, $555, select Prada stores.

Page 141: Dressing Down: Diesel Loscua leather jacket $1,000, and Tokirr Shirt, $130, diesel.com. Guess by Marciano Rebel straight leg jeans, $148, guess.com. D&G black wallet with detachable chain, $495, 800-979-3038. Alexander McQueen Puma high tops, $270, Puma Black store, N.Y.C.

THREE'S COMPANY

Page 142: Main look: A|X Armani Exchange blazer, $225, vest, $98, and trousers, $98, Armani Exchange stores. Claiborne tie, $35, 866-549-7467. Van Heusen shirt, $38, Macy's. Coach belt, $98, Coach stores. Ecco Montreal shoes, $275, eccousa.com. Tip #1: Calvin Klein Jeans cardigan, $80, Macy's. Tip #2: Theory Coupe tie, $98, theory.com. John Varvatos shirt, $265, at John Varvatos stores. Replay jeans, $195, 888-REPLAY-8. Quiksilver "A-frame" belt, $22, quiksilver.com. Fully Vested: The Cockney Gangster:

Ted Baker London vest, $245, 202-558-5508. Beached 2 Henley, $30, quiksilver.com. Bing Bang tie tack, $150, bingbangonline.com. Pulsar pocket watch, $165, pulsarwatches.com. The Well-Rested Keg Minder: American Eagle Outfitters vest, $50, ae.com. A|X Armani Exchange T-shirt, $25, Armani Exchange stores. J.Crew cashmere sweater, $188, J.Crew stores. Agave Goldenstate jeans, $240, agavejean.com. The Stylish Rugby Fan: DKNY Jeans Read vest, $60, dknyjeans.com. Calvin Klein Underwear T-shirt, $30 (pack of three), and Calvin Klein Jeans hoodie, $70, Macy's. 7 For All Mankind Mercer jeans, $167, 7forallmankind.com.

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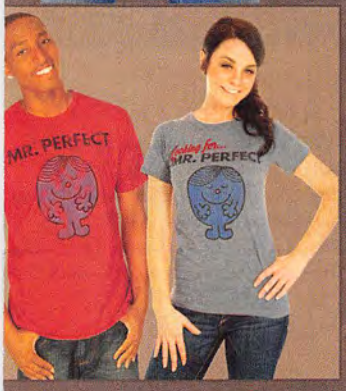

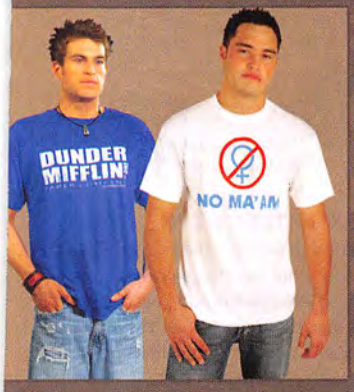

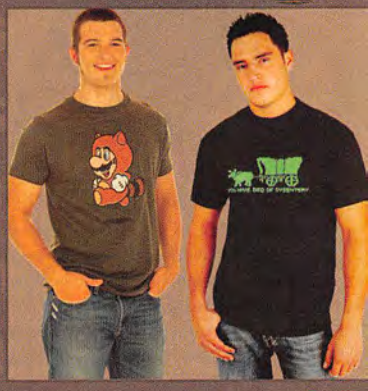

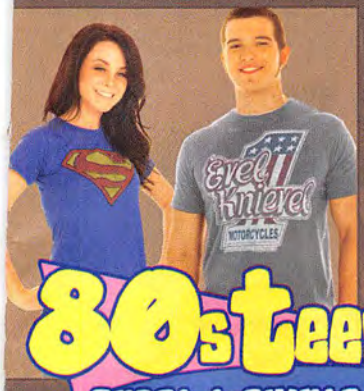

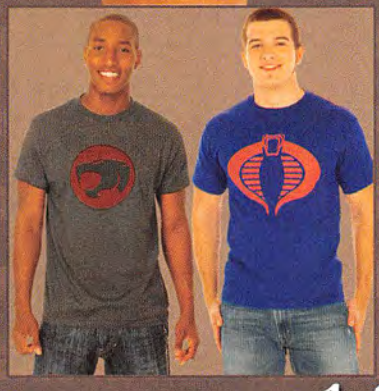

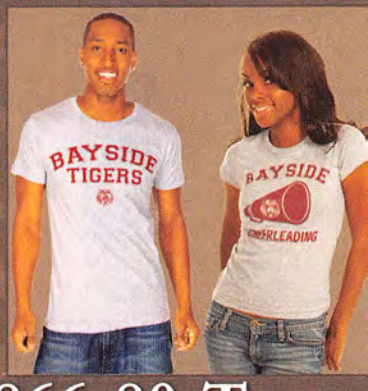

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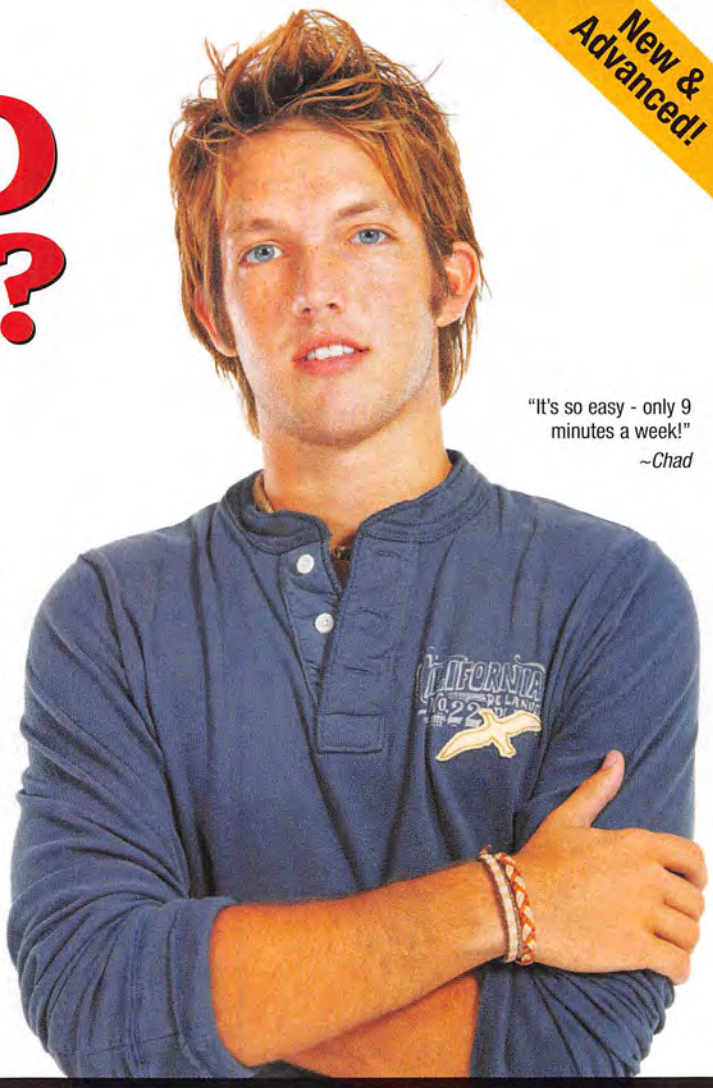

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~Chad

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THE DOCTOR BEHIND MAGNA-RX+®

The genius behind MAGNA-RX+ is George Aguilar M.D., a board certified urologist who has treated over 70,000 patients with erectile problems. He is a member of both the College of Urology, and the director of 46 urologists. He is also a past president of his state society of urologists. Over three years ago, Dr. Aguilar made the amazing discovery that is now known as MAGNA-RX+, a powerful natural *Penis Enhancement Formula.*

Using this potent formula daily, his patients dramatically increased their erectile size, performance, and pleasure in only a few short weeks. Best of all MAGNA-RX+'s breakthrough herbal formula is 100% natural and safe, with no known side effects.

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THE WORLD'S NUMBER ONE PENIS ENHANCEMENT FORMULA AND STILL GROWING!

With millions sold, demand for MAGNA-RX+ has exploded worldwide as word of mouth has spread about what many medical experts have called the world's most powerful Penis Enhancement Formula. In one of this country's state-of-the-art pharmaceutical laboratories, a dedicated team of biochemists has meticulously worked around the clock to produce enough of MAGNA-RX+'s proprietary, all-natural botanical formula for men, just like yourself, who want a bigger, thicker, more energetic penis fast!

NOTHING ELSE TO BUY EVER AGAIN!

The MAGNA-RX+ formula is so powerful, so effective, so complete, we 100% guarantee that you'll NEVER have to purchase any more than the 60-day supply included in this special offer. We could easily make MAGNA-RX+ much weaker in order to have you buy more like some companies do. Instead, we focus on getting the best results as quickly as possible. That's the secret of our success! With the MAGNA-RX+ system, you can skyrocket 2", 3", even 5" in 60 days or less – with nothing else to buy ever again!

BUY ONE, GET ONE FREE! *SAVE $59.95!*

If you're ready to become the biggest man you can be, then order your supply of MAGNA-RX+ today! See for yourself what thousands of satisfied men (and their lovers) have already discovered: MAGNA-RX+ is the world's #1 best-selling Penis Enhancement Formula for one very simple reason: *IT WORKS AND NOTHING ELSE CAN COMPARE!*

Need another reason to try MAGNA-RX+? How about 50% OFF our regular price! MAGNA-RX+ normally retails for $59.95 for a 30-day supply, but if you order now we'll include a second month's supply absolutely FREE!

FREE GIFT! MAGNA-RX TOPICAL LOTION

Hurry! For a limited time when you order MAGNA-RX+ pills, we'll also include *ABSOLUTELY FREE* a full 30-day supply of Dr. Aguilar's new and amazing MAGNA-RX Topical Lotion – an $89.95 value! (Limit one per household.)

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE!

We are so confident that MAGNA-RX+ will transform you into another *HUGELY SATISFIED MAGNA MAN* that we offer you an unconditional 100% 60-day money-back guarantee and either way, please keep the MAGNA-RX Topical Lotion as our *FREE GIFT* to you!

MAGNA-RX TOPICAL LOTION

Works From The Outside In!

Dr. Aguilar's new, fast-acting, powerful topical lotion can be used any time you want to guarantee to give you biggest and best lovemaking performance. Only moments after you rub it in, you'll actually start to feel the potent botanicals of this amazing new transdermal lotion go to work as it safely increases blood flow for maximum erectile size and stimulation. However, when this state-of-the-art lotion is used in conjunction with MAGNA-RX+ pills, please be prepared for massive increments of peak sexual performance and *unparalleled euphoric pleasure for both you and your partner!* 30-Day Supply **$59.95**

FREE WITH MAGNA-RX+ PILLS!

ALPHA MALE PLUS™

Meet Nature's #1 Super Stud!

Alpha Male Plus is a medical doctor's amazing, all-natural male hormonal stimulant that contains pure *Wapiti Elk Extract.* Scientists believe the male *Wapiti Elk* possesses the strongest sex drive in nature allowing him to repeat a "world-class" performance again in as little as three minutes. *And he has been known to mate up to 20 times in a row!* Until you experience the power of Alpha Male Plus for yourself, you won't believe men are capable of having almost non-stop sex, experiencing the male equivalent of intense euphoric pleasure associated with multiple orgasms. By safely combining the *Wapiti Elk Extract* with other potent nutrients, a revolutionary formula has been created to *turn almost any average man into a virtual super stud overnight.* 30-Day Supply **$39.95**

TRX™

Testosterone Enhancer For Massive Results!

As reported in the cover story of the January 19, 2004 *TIME* magazine (page 72) *testosterone is the #1 factor that determines your sexual desire and your ability to perform in the bedroom.* TRX is a revolutionary, all-natural, doctor designed and endorsed formula that many medical experts are calling the most powerful testosterone pre-cursor and enhancer ever without a prescription. *WARNING:* Please use TRX only if you want to: *be infused with intense passion and desire; experience extreme stamina and performance; produce monstrous erections; establish a beastly reputation for giving ultimate satisfaction again and again.* 30-Day Supply **$39.95**

LAVA™

Natural Libido Enhancer For Women!

LAVA For Women is a fast-acting *(use only with her permission)* doctor-designed passion formula to help quickly stimulate female desire, performance, and ultimate satisfaction over and over again. You'll find the results irresistible as she erupts and overflows with intense pleasure. 30-Day Supply **$39.95**

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The Decider: Pizza

Should you have one more slice?

START HERE

How long has it been since you saw your feet?

I'm looking at them right now. Can't take my eyes off my new Crocs!

Not sure...I may still be wearing a cast from when I broke my ankle in high school.

What do you want on your tombstone?

A tasteful epitaph

A

B

C

D

E

What kind of pizza is it?
A. Little Caesars Hot-N-Ready Hula Hawaiian
B. Plain
C. Vegetable topping
D. Meat topping
E. Irrelevant—I'm stoned

Any food allergies?

I can handle the gluten if you can handle the EpiPen.

Only to wasting it when it's delicious

A tasteful mix of pepperoni, sausage, and black olives

Complete this sentence: Two roads diverged in a yellow wood...and I—I took the one less traveled by, and that has made...

all the difference.

True or false: You always thought Janis Joplin was asking you to "take another little pizza my heart now baby."

Does seeing pregnant women on the street give you sympathy hunger pangs?

True or false: I considered it an honor and a privilege when classmates called me pizza face.

my mouth water. Is it me, or do these woods smell like pineapple and Canadian bacon?

true

false

no

yes

false

true

If I were being executed in the morning, I would...

Find Ms. Jenkins, my sexy seventh-grade math teacher, and guilt-trip her into giving me a handy.

Get off my ass and make amends with all the people I've wronged—ooh, *Stargate SG-1* marathon!

After testing your cholesterol, did your doctor tell you to "go home and be with your family"?

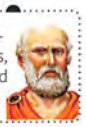
When it comes to life philosophies, I identify most with...

My favorite part of a porn movie is...

no

yes

Plato: "Temperance in all things, including stuffed crusts"



Is this a joke? The part where the delivery guy shows up with the sausage pie.

Reading the credits. What can I say? I'm a film buff.

What is your big picture goal in life?

To replace all the metal at the U.S. Mint with dough, forcing the nation to adopt Bagel Bites as currency

The albino from *The Da Vinci Code*: "Take the slice and flog thyself with it"

Do you love pizza so much that you set it free?

Are you truly convinced that it's not delivery, it's DiGiorno?

To be remembered as a great man of industry

To start a beautiful family

no

yes

yes

start over

no

What is the best way to handle this little guy?
A. High-five
B. Avoid

B

A

Yes
Grab another slice. And while you're at it, pluck that glob of pepperoni goo stuck to the top of the box.

No
You failed to avoid the Noid, and you got out of breath taking this quiz. Time to get your Gandhi on, friend.

BY SCOTT JACOBSON AND HALLIE HAGLUND

MAXIM presents

GET IRISH

March 2008

GET LUCKY!

9 DAYS OF PREP FOR ST. PATTY'S DAY SUCCESS

"KISS ME, I'M IRISH"

8 MORE LINES TO HELP STEP UP YOUR GAME

THE 5 WAYS TO A GREENER LIFE

Add a Little Irish to Your Game™

ASK THE LASSIES

She's Got Game

Think you got game? We asked some of Ireland's finest what plays worked for them and which ones crashed and burned.

ERIN
AGE: 25 / BARTENDER / DUBLIN, IRELAND

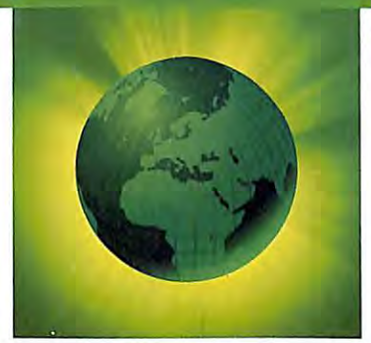
1. Confidence. If a guy doesn't like himself, I'm definitely not going to like him.
2. Saying hello and asking me my name. Please don't come up to me and recite some cheesy line you heard in a movie.
3. Smelling Irish Spring Fresh. I don't like girly smelling colognes. A man should smell like a man.

ELSIE
AGE: 22 / PARALEGAL / BELFAST, IRELAND

1. Be yourself. Don't put on some act when we first meet. You won't be able to keep it up through the second date.
2. Let me pick the drink. Don't just send me a beer, because I can't stand the stuff.
3. Wash your hands. The first thing I'm going to see is your fingernails. Make sure they're clean.

ROSE
AGE: 21 / STUDENT / KILKENNY, IRELAND

1. Look me in the eyes. Believe it or not, I can tell when you are checking out the girl across the bar.
2. Know a few good jokes. All girls love to laugh, and a joke is a great ice-breaker.
3. Check your teeth. I can't tell you how many guys have tried to talk to me with a hunk of something stuck in their teeth. Go look in a mirror first before approaching.



TREND SPOTTER

Going Green

5 Steps to a Greener You

Green beer. It quenches your thirst and says to the lassies, "See? I care about our planet."

Dress your dog up for St. Patty's Day. Because the earth belongs to all of us.

Irish kilt. Turn off the AC, because these babies have ventilation built right in.

Plant some clover. It doesn't need any upkeep at all, and planting stuff makes you look sensitive to the lassies.

Irish Spring Body Wash. And to save water, ask your lassie to shower with you.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY

Countdown Calendar

We usually start mentally preparing for St. Patty's Day six months in advance. But since you actually have a life, just follow the steps in this calendar for the final week.

MARCH-2008

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
9	10	11	12	13	14	15
Clean Up Your Flat	**Do Your Homework**	**Go Meet Lassies**	**Get Some Props**	**Buy Warm Clothes**	**Get Comfy Shoes**	**Call Your Buddies**
Your place will end up being a mess. It shouldn't start that way.	Preparation prevents perspiration. School up on your Irish folklore.	Invite them to party with you. It won't be much fun with just you and your pals.	We'll give you a hint: buy green stuff.	It's been known to snow on St. Patty's Day. Be prepared for the cold.	Have you ever marched in a parade with a blister? Not pretty.	Be the organizer. Otherwise you'll all end up on the couch watching TV.

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY
16	17	18
Stretch Out	**Freshen Up**	**Sleep**
The only thing worse than a blister on parade day is a pulled hammy.	Hit the shower and get ready. Your parade mates will thank you.	Call in sick or take another vacation day. You've earned it.

Cut out this invitation, fill it out, make some copies, and hand them out:

_____ 's

St. Patty's Party

WHERE: _____

_____

WHEN: _____

THIS INVITATION ADMITS ONE GUEST AND AN UNLIMITED NUMBER OF LASSIES.

LITTLE GREEN MEN

Get Irish Now

Not born Irish? It's okay, we won't hold it against you. We'll even give you a little Irish boost. Just go to **GetIrishNow.com** and upload your photo. With a few clicks, we'll transform you into an Irishman, complete with red hair and kilt.

Plus we have an Irish dialect translator so you can talk the talk like a true Dubliner. The next time you say to a lassie, "Kiss me, I'm Irish," you'll actually be telling the truth.

TEST YOUR GREEN

Irish? I Wish.

Take this quiz to determine your true Irishness. If your name is Collin or Patty, you can skip this section.

1. What color is your hair?

A) Brown
B) Blonde
C) Red
D) I'm bald

2. What's the capital of Ireland?

A) Dublin
B) Ireland City
C) Des Moines
D) Greenville

3. What is soccer called in Ireland?

A) Bally kicky
B) Football
C) Jig practice
D) Hurling

4. Who drove the snakes out of Ireland?

A) St. Patrick
B) Frank the Exterminator
C) A wild pack of mongooses
D) A guy with a broom

5. What will you find at the end of a rainbow?

A) Snakes
B) A pot of gold
C) A better rainbow
D) The sun

6. What's the significance of March 17?

A) Chinese New Year
B) Boxing Day
C) Bastille Day
D) St. Patrick's Day

7. The Irish flag is green, white, and:

A) Fuchsia
B) Brown
C) Orange
D) Electric pink

8. What's the best way to add a little Irish to your game?

A) Eat a leprechaun
B) Use Irish Spring Body Wash
C) Wear a green headband
D) Grow some potatoes

Irish O'Meter:

Add up the number of questions you got right and check the Irish O'Meter. Didn't get at least one question right? You have bigger issues than just lack of Irishness.

Answers: 1-C, 2-A, 3-B, 4-A, 5-B, 6-D, 7-C, 8-B

1	2	3	4	5	6+
Wee bit	Off Green	O'Kay	Teal	Going Bragh	Emerald

POT 'O GOLD

Vegas, Baby, Vegas!

The leprechauns have really gotten their act together, because these days it's nearly impossible to find a pot of gold. So to make it up to you, we're giving away something even better.

Go to **GetIrishNow.com** and enter to win the ultimate 2009 St. Patty's Day party in Las Vegas. We're giving away:

- Airfare for you and three of your mates
- Three nights in a VIP suite
- $1,000 spending money
- A round of golf for four
- An ATV excursion for four

We might even throw in a green hat or two. But get going. Because the more of your mates that enter, the better your chances of getting to Vegas.

NO PURCHASE NECESSARY. Void in Puerto Rico and where prohibited. Must be 21 or older to enter. Odds of winning depend on number of entries received. Sweepstakes ends 7/01/08. To enter and for official rules, go to www.getirishnow.com. Sponsored by Colgate-Palmolive Company, 300 Park Avenue, New York, NY 10022. ARV of grand prize is $15,900.

STRANGE NEWS

Leprechaun Sightings

We're used to seeing strange people walking around New York City, but we really weren't expecting a leprechaun. We managed to snap a picture of him before he scurried into the subway. Keep an eye out for leprechauns in your town. If you see one, take a picture and submit it at **GetIrishNow.com.**

LANGUAGE OF LOVE

Kiss Me, I'm Irish

If you can't look Irish, at least try to sound Irish. Use these phrases and the lassies will think you just stepped off a plane from the Emerald Isle. Even if your last name is Patel. **Go to GetIrishNow.com for more Irish lingo.**

- I'm on the pig's back. (I'm ready to party.)
- Ye a fine thing. (You're a hot lassie.)
- Will ye go for a jar? (Want to get a drink?)
- Will ye leave this shower of savages. (Want to leave this loud party?)
- 'Bout ye? (How you doing?)
- Lovely hurling. (Things are going well.)
- The craic was mighty. (The party was great.)
- Chance the arm. (Try it.)

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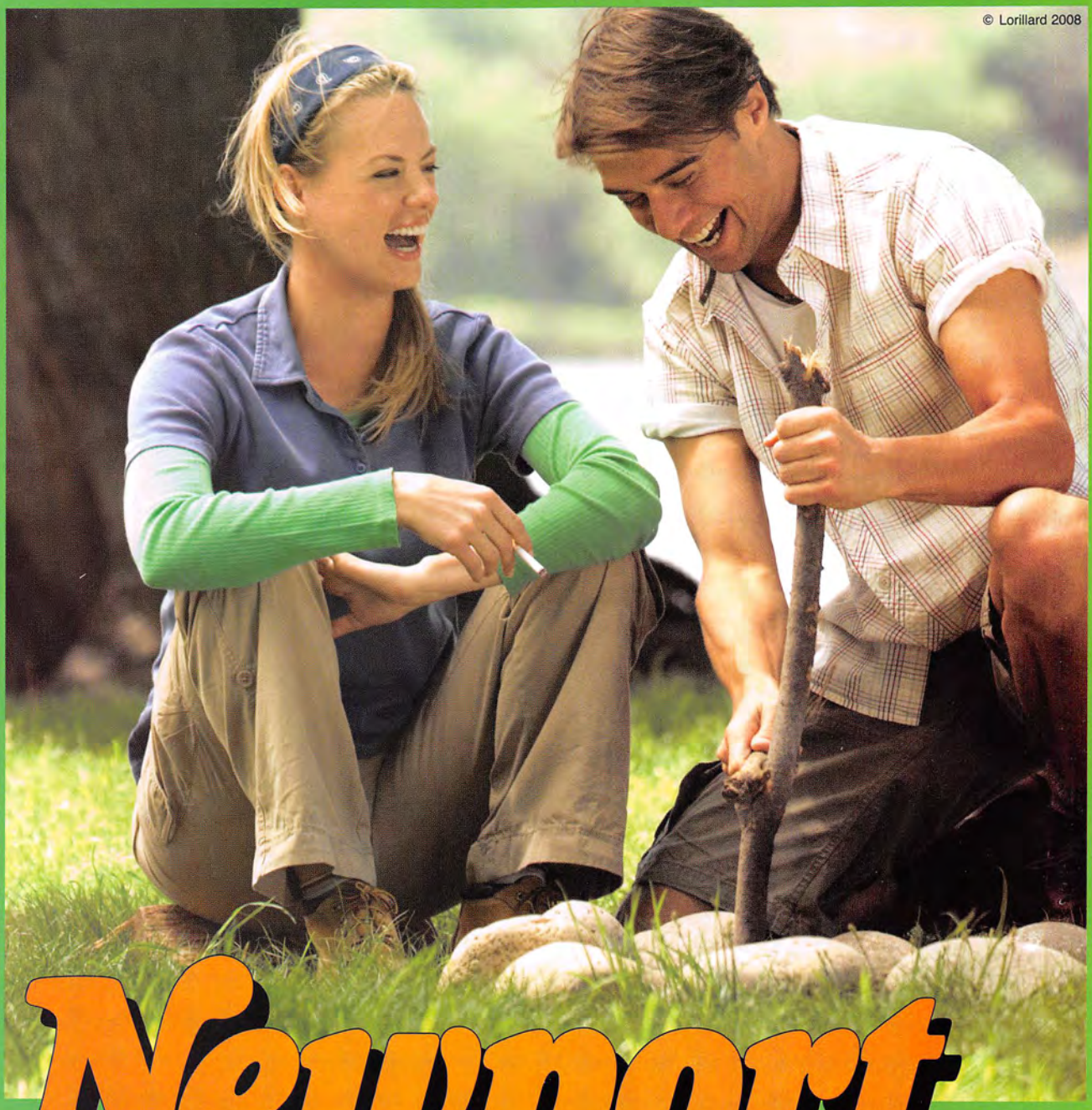

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